JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 37

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YEAR: 2125

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CONTENTS & CREDITS

2000 AD

6 THE TRIAL OF ORLOK

Script: John Wagner Artist: Cam Kennedy
Colour: Chris Blythe Letters: Tom Frame
Originally published in **2000 AD** Progs 1336-1337

19 A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

Script: Gordon Rennie Artist: Paul Marshall
Colour: Chris Blythe Letters: Tom Frame
Originally published in **2000 AD** Prog 1338

25 HARD DAY'S NIGHT

Script: Robbie Morrison Artist: Patrick Goddard (pencils)
Dylan Teague (inks) Colour: Chris Blythe Letters: Tom Frame
Originally published in **2000 AD** Progs 1339-1341

43 REVENGE OF THE CHIEF JUDGE'S MAN

Script: John Wagner Artist: John Burns
Letters: Tom Frame
Originally published in **2000 AD** Prog 1342-1349

92 THE SATANIST

Script: John Wagner Artist: Charlie Adlard
Colour: Chris Blythe Letters: Tom Frame
Originally published in **2000 AD** Prog 1350-1356

134 HOLDING ON

Script: Gordon Rennie Artist: Ian Gibson
Letters: Tom Frame
Originally published in **2000 AD** Progs 1357

140 CLUB SOV
Script: Gordon Rennie Artist: Simon Fraser
Letters: Tom Frame
Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 1358

146 MEET THE FLOOKS
Script: Gordon Rennie Artist: Paul J Holden
Colour: Gary Caldwell Letters: Tom Frame
Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 1359

152 SEE ZAMMY RUN
Script: Gordon Rennie Artist: Inaki Miranda
Colour: Eva De La Cruz Letters: Tom Frame
Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 1360-1361

164 THE IN CLUB
Script: John Wagner Artist: Dean Ormston
Letters: Tom Frame
Originally published in 2000 AD Prog 1362

170 INSIDE JOB
Script: Ian Edginton Artist: Steve Pugh
Letters: Tom Frame
Originally published in 2000 AD Progs 1363-1364

MURDERER
MURDERER
MURDERER
MURDERER
MURDERER
MURDERER
MURDERER
MURDERER
MURDERER
MURDERER
CUT ELECTRO SCREEN.
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT?
POETRY. GOOD FOR THE SOUL.
KNOW ANY GOOD RHYMES FOR LETHAL INJECTION?
LET'S GO, ORLOK.

ALL RISE FOR JUDGES GUNTHER, WING AND SANDLER.
BRING IN THE ACCUSED.
PUT HIM IN THE CAGE.
MURDERER!
KILL HIM!

THIS EXTRAORDINARY COURT OF THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE IS NOW IN SESSION.
ORLOK, THE CHARGE IS THAT WITH MURDEROUS INTENT YOU DISSEMINATED A BACTERIUM THAT TOOK THE LIVES OF OVER EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND CITIZENS OF MEGA-CITY ONE. HOW DO YOU PLEAD?
NOT GUILTY.
WITH THE COURT'S PERMISSION--
WHAT IS IT, EMERY?
I WISH TO LODGE A PROTEST AT MY OWN APPOINTMENT AS COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.
AS A JUNIOR JUDGE WITH NO EXPERIENCE OF FORMAL COURT PROCEEDINGS, TO PIT ME AGAINST TWO OF OUR BEST LEGAL MINDS SEEMS A DELIBERATE PLOY TO PREJUDICE THE CHANCES OF THE DEFENDANT.
YOUR PROTEST IS NOTED.
SECONDLY, I ASK THAT THE DEFENDANT'S MASK AND SHACKLES BE REMOVED.
THE MASK WAS PUT ON AFTER HE ATTACKED A WARDER, RIPPING A SECTION OF HER FACE OUT WITH HIS TEETH.
IT IS HUMILIATING, DEGRADING AND UNNECESSARY. AREN'T THERE ENOUGH GUNS HERE TO COPE WITH ONE MAN IN A CAGE?
VERY WELL, REMOVE THE MASK. THE SHACKLES STAY.
NARRRRRR!
LOOK AT YOU! SO SCARED YOU HAVE TO PEN ME LIKE AN ANIMAL!
SILENCE!

I DO NOT RECOGNISE THIS COURT! I DO NOT RECOGNISE YOUR RIGHT TO SIT IN JUDGEMENT ON ME, YOU WHO ARE GUILTY OF THE MOST HEINOUS CRIME OF ALL!
NEVERTHELESS YOU WILL BE GIVEN A FAIR TRIAL.
AS THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE GRAND HALL BAYED FOR BLOOD, PROSECUTING JUDGE VERNON RECONSTRUCTED EVENTS LEADING TO THE RELEASE OF THE BACTERIUM ABOARD SIN CITY, THE GIANT FLOATING PLEASURE ISLAND --
WE ESTABLISHED CONTACT WITH THE DEFENDANT. ONE OF MY OPERATIVES POSING AS THE TERRORIST *LILA DANSER* ARRANGED A MEETING IN A SIN CITY BAR.
SOMETHING WENT WRONG. ORLOK LEFT HER AND SEVERAL OTHER UNDERCOVER OPERATIVES DEAD.
WE CORNERED HIM ON THE BRIDGE OF TEARS. DREDD TRIED TO REASON WITH HIM-- PROMISED HIM SAFE PASSAGE IF HE'D HAND OVER THE BACTERIUM...
AND ORLOK REJECTED THE OFFER?
TO HELL WITH YOU, DREDD — AND ALL YOUR PEOPLE!

WE FOUND AMPLE EVIDENCE OF AN IDENTICAL BACTERIUM WHEN WE CONDUCTED A PUNITIVE RAID ON THE NEW KREMLIN SOME WEEKS LATER
IT'S A MILITARY GRADE WEAPON, DESIGNED TO SPREAD RAPIDLY
THE PITY OF IT IS I DIDN'T RELEASE IT IN YOUR CITY -- THEN A HUNDRED MILLION OF YOU WOULD HAVE DIED!
ONE MORE OUTBURST FROM THE DEFENDANT AND I'LL HAVE THAT MASK PUT BACK ON
INFECTION FIRST SHOWS IN FLU-LIKE SYMPTOMS, FOLLOWED BY WEAKNESS AND NAUSEA. SKIN PUSTULES APPEAR AFTER SIXTEEN TO EIGHTEEN HOURS.
DEATH IS CAUSED IN THE MAIN BY SEVERE INTERNAL BLEEDING AND LIQUIFICATION OF TISSUE. MORTALITY RATE OF THE SIN CITY PLAGUE TOPPED 89 PER CENT.
I OBJECT TO THIS!
THE DEFENDANT IS NOT DISPUTING HIS ACTIONS. TO DISPLAY THE EFFECTS IN SUCH GORY DETAIL IS SUPERFLUOUS.
I THINK WE HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW WHAT THE DEFENDANT IS ACCUSED OF. SIT DOWN, JUDGE EMERY.
KILLING'S TOO GOOD FOR HIM!
WH-WHAT IF THEY JUST GAVE HIM A LIFE SENTENCE? I COULDN'T BEAR IT!

THE FACTS ARE CLEAR-- IN CONCERT WITH ULA DANSER AND THE NEW KREMLIN, THE DEFENDANT BROUGHT ABOARD SIN CITY AND DISSEMINATED A DEADLY BACTERIUM -- THEREBY COMMITTING THE COLD-BLOODED MURDER OF NEARLY A MILLION CITIZENS
FACED WITH A CRIME OF THIS MAGNITUDE, WE MUST REQUEST THE DEATH PENALTY
THE PROSECUTION RESTS ITS CASE
COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE
THE DEFENDANT REJECTS THE AUTHORITY OF THIS COURT AND REFUSES TO ADDRESS IT—
EXCEPT TO HARANGUE US WITH HIS UNPLEASANT COMMENTS..
I THEREFORE HAVE ONLY ONE WITNESS
I CALL JUDGE DREDD.
TO UNDERSTAND WHY THE SIN CITY PLAGUE HAPPENED, WE HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE ROOT OF THIS WHOLE, SORRY AFFAIR, TO THE EVENTS SURROUNDING THE APOCALYPSE WAR..
I FAIL TO SEE THE RELEVANCE. WE HAVE THE FACTS, WE DON'T NEED TO KNOW THE REASONS.
WE AGREE. PLEASE MOVE ON, EMERY
B-BUT IT'S MY WHOLE CASE!
IF THE DEFENDANT IS GUILTY THEN I CAN PROVE THERE ARE OTHERS IN THIS COURT WITH JUST AS MUCH TO ANSWER FOR!
I TAKE IT COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE IS REFERRING TO ME. I'D LIKE TO ANSWER HIS QUESTIONS.
WE'VE MADE OUR RULING
I REQUEST THAT YOU CHANGE IT. IT'S ESSENTIAL THAT BEFORE THE WORLD'S EYE THE DEFENDANT IS GIVEN EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO SAVE HIMSELF.
VERY WELL. YOU'RE ON A SHORT LEASH, EMERY.
I'VE HEARD ALL EMERY'S ARGUMENTS BEFORE. I ASSURE HIM, HE'S ONLY DIGGING ORLOK'S GRAVE.
AS FAR AS I CAN SEE IT'S ALREADY DUG. I'M TRYING TO GET HIM OUT OF IT...

JUDGE DREDD, LET ME TAKE YOU BACK TO THE LAST DAYS OF THE APOCALYPSE WAR. THINGS WERE GOING BADLY FOR MEGA-CITY ONE.
OUR ALTERNATIVES WERE SURRENDER -- OR LAUNCH AN ATTACK SO DEVASTATING THAT THE EAST-MEG ASSAULT WOULD BE HALTED IN ITS TRACKS.
YOU CHOSE THE SECOND OPTION. THE EUPHEMISM FOR THE WEAPONS WAS TADS— TOTAL ANNIHILATION DEVICES. WHAT WAS THE RESULT?
JUST WHAT IT SAYS ON THE BOX.
TOTAL ANNIHILATION
AN ACT THAT NO DOUBT STILL GIVES YOU A WARM GLOW OF ACHIEVEMENT.
I DID WHAT HAD TO BE DONE. THEY STARTED IT. I FINISHED IT. END OF STORY.
LET'S SAY YOU BELIEVED MEGA-CITY ONE TO BE UNDER IMMINENT THREAT OF SUCH AN ATTACK -- TO PREVENT IT, WOULD YOU FEEL JUSTIFIED IN WIPING OUT THE AGGRESSOR?
I CAN'T ANSWER A HYPOTHETICAL QUESTION.
BUT YOU WOULD FEEL JUSTIFIED IN TAKING SOME VIOLENT ACTION -- ACTION THAT RESULTED IN LOSS OF LIFE?
YES.
GOOD. SO IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF DEGREE.
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR BREATH, BABY JUDGE! THEY'VE ALREADY GOT ME DEAD AND BURIED!
ORLOK! YOU'RE ON YOUR LAST WARNING!
LET'S GO BACK A LITTLE FURTHER, TO SOME WEEKS BEFORE THE WAR BROKE OUT. DO YOU RECOGNISE THIS DOCUMENT?
I KNOW WHAT IT IS -- OUTLINE PLANS FOR A PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE ON EAST-MEG ONE. A DISCUSSION DOCUMENT, NOTHING MORE
BUT IF IT HAD BEEN PRESENTED TO YOU AS FACT? IF THE BOOT WAS ON THE OTHER FOOT--
WOULD I HAVE TAKEN ACTION BASED ON IT? POSSIBLY. IT'S IRRELEVANT-- IT DIDN'T HAPPEN

BUT IT DID HAPPEN TO ORLOK. IF HIS ACTION IN SPREADING THE BLOCK MANIA CONTAMINANT WAS THE FIRST EXPLOSION OF THE WAR, THEN THAT DOCUMENT CAN BE SAID TO BE THE TOUCHPAPER.
THE DEFENDANT WILL TESTIFY TO THIS?
I'M AFRAID NOT. AS I'VE SAID, HE REFUSES TO RECOGNISE THE COURT
THEN THE EVIDENCE IS INADMISSIBLE
ATTABOY! THERE'S MEGA-CITY JUSTICE!
THE DEFENDANT HAS TRIED OUR PATIENCE TOO OFTEN! REPLACE THE MASK!
BUT THIS IS ALL I HAVE! IT GOES TO STATE OF MIND!
HOLD HIM, DAMMIT!
THE FIRST AGGRESSIVE ACT WAS OURS! EVERYTHING STEMMED FROM THAT, INCLUDING WHAT ORLOK CONSIDERS TO BE A DUTY TO SEEK RETRIBUTION.
YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING, EMERY
OR MAYBE YOU WERE SICK WHEN THEY COVERED IT AT THE ACADEMY...
ALMOST A YEAR BEFORE THAT DOCUMENT WAS PRODUCED EAST-MEG AGENT NIKITA KRAMM WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN DIRECTING A NUCLEAR STRIKE ON MEGA-CITY ONE -- AND DON'T TELL ME ORLOK DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT
WE'VE CUT YOU A LOT OF SLACK, EMERY, BUT WE FAIL TO SEE THE RELEVANCE OF YOUR ARGUMENT. REASONS MAY EXPLAIN THE ACT, THEY DO NOT JUSTIFY IT. REVENGE IS NOT A MITIGATING FACTOR.
I HOPE YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO WORK SOME SORT OF INSANITY PLEA HERE...?
NO, SIR.
THEN IF YOU HAVE OTHER ARGUMENTS, LET'S HEAR THEM. WE'RE DONE WITH THIS.

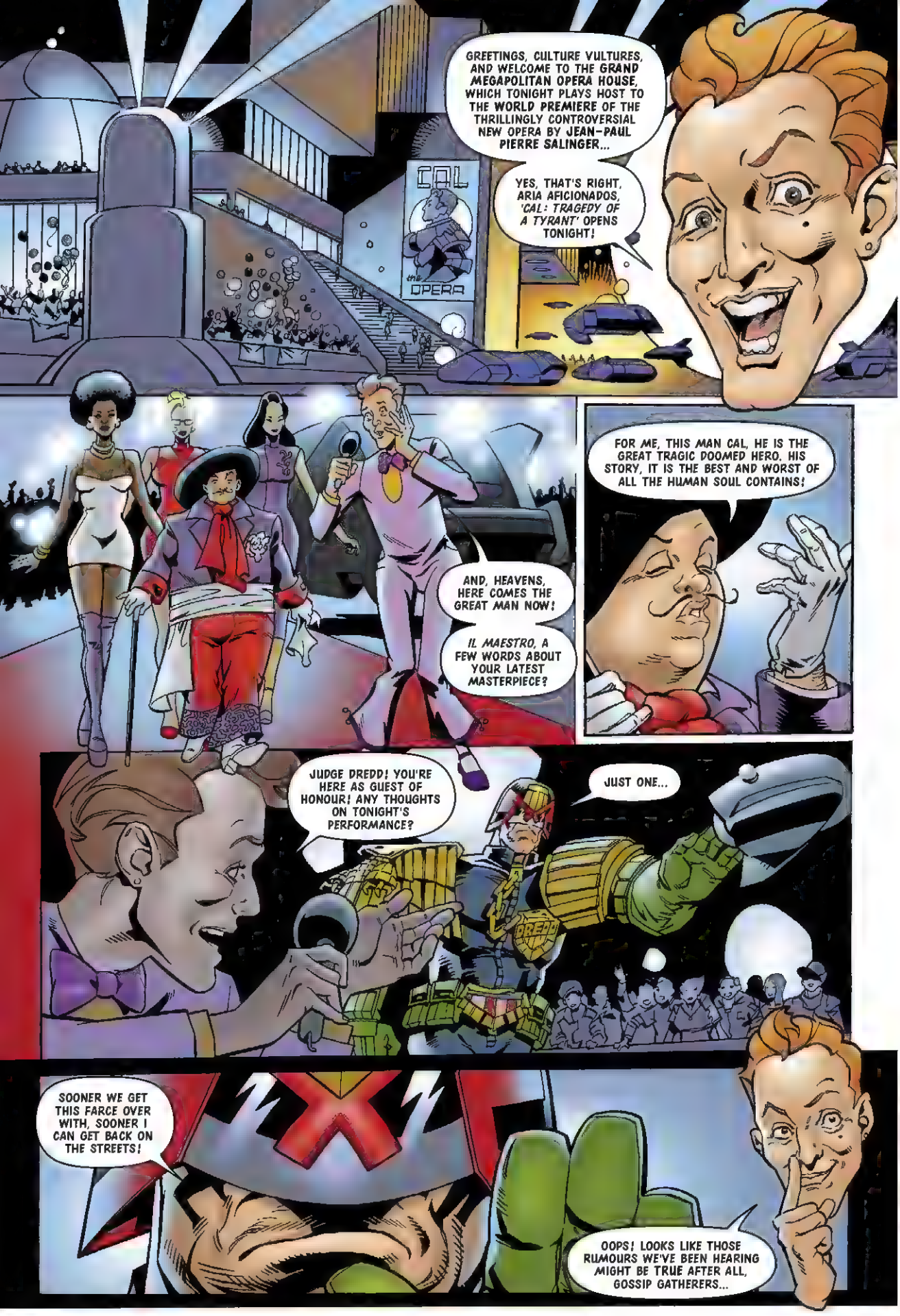
I...
JUDGE DREDD -- WHY DIDN'T YOU EXECUTE ORLOK AFTER HE RELEASED THE BACTERIUM?
I...I PUT IT TO YOU THAT THE REASON YOU DID NOT DO SO IS THAT YOU BELIEVE THE DEATH PENALTY TO BE INHERENTLY WRONG.
DON'T BE ABSURD.
ONE OF THE WORST ACTS OF TERRORISM IN HISTORY HAD BEEN COMMITTED AGAINST US -- SOMEONE HAD TO ANSWER FOR IT. THE PEOPLE NEEDED A TRIAL -- CLOSURE.
'JUSTICE NOT ONLY HAD TO BE DONE,' DREDD SAID ,'IT HAD TO BE SEEN TO BE DONE.'
PRESIDING JUDGES WING, SANDLER AND GUNTHER CONFERRED ONLY BRIEFLY BEFORE PRONOUNCING SENTENCE.
FOR THE CRIMES OF TERRORISM AND MASS MURDER WE FIND YOU GUILTY WE ACCEPT NONE OF THE ARGUMENTS IN MITIGATION.
THE SENTENCE IS THAT YOU SHALL BE TAKEN THIS DAY TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION AND THERE DIE BY MEANS OF LETHAL INJECTION.
AS THE CROWD OUTSIDE REJOICED, THE CONVICTED MAN WAS DRAGGED FROM THE DOCK. THE APPOINTED TIME OF EXECUTION HAS BEEN SET FOR 21 00 HOURS. WE'LL BE BRINGING YOU ALL THE ACTION LIVE, SO DON'T GO AWAY!

IT'S TIME, ORLOK.
SEE THAT THIS IS DELIVERED TO MY PEOPLE.
NEVER FORGET. NEVER FORGIVE ORLOK.
SURE.
YOU DID YOUR BEST, EMERY. YOU WERE NEVER GOING TO SAVE HIM.
PROBABLY KILLED MY CAREER
AND NOW, AS THE MURDERER IS LED INTO THE EXECUTION CHAMBER, A HUGE CHEER RISES FROM THIS CROWD.

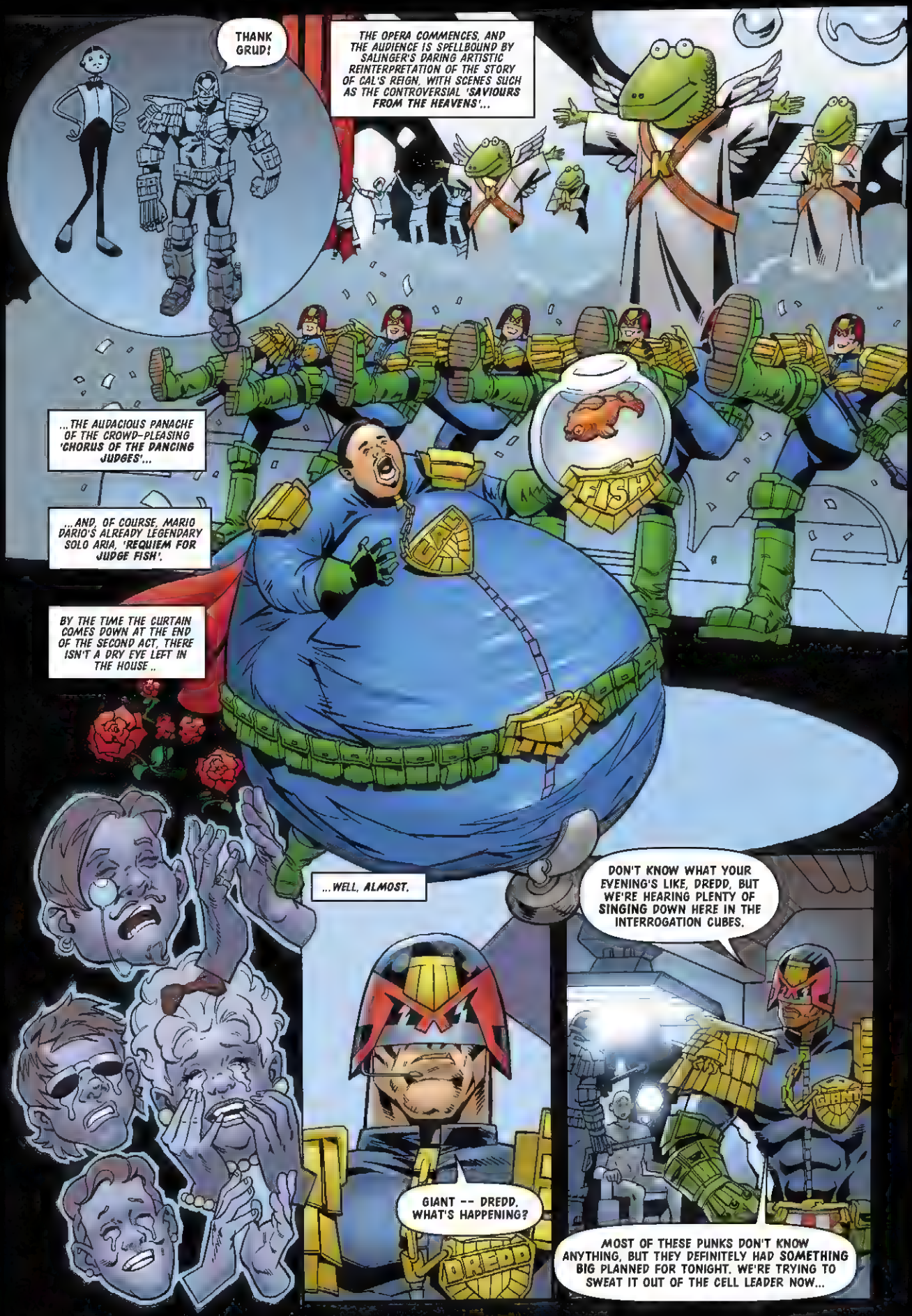
NOT SUCH A BIG MAN NOW, ARE YOU, ORLOK?
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A LITTLE MAN -- IT'S JUST THAT ONES LIKE YOU WERE SO MUCH SMALLER
Tfffff
UHHHH
SPAK
WHO GETS THE INJECTION -- HIM OR ME?
COME ON, WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT ME?
YOU'D LIKE THAT.
JUDGE DREDD IS TAKING THE KEY! WILL ORLOK -- THE GREATEST MASS-MURDERER IN MEGA-CITY HISTORY -- ONCE MORE ESCAPE JUSTICE?
IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN!
DON'T DO IT!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY YOU'RE GOING OUT OF HERE, ORLOK!

VZZZZZZT
THOSE CUFFS ARE WIRED! ORLOK'S JERKING LIKE A FISH!
HISS
WHUMPPP
STRAP HIM IN!
I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU IN HELL, DREDD!
I'LL LOOK FORWARD TO IT

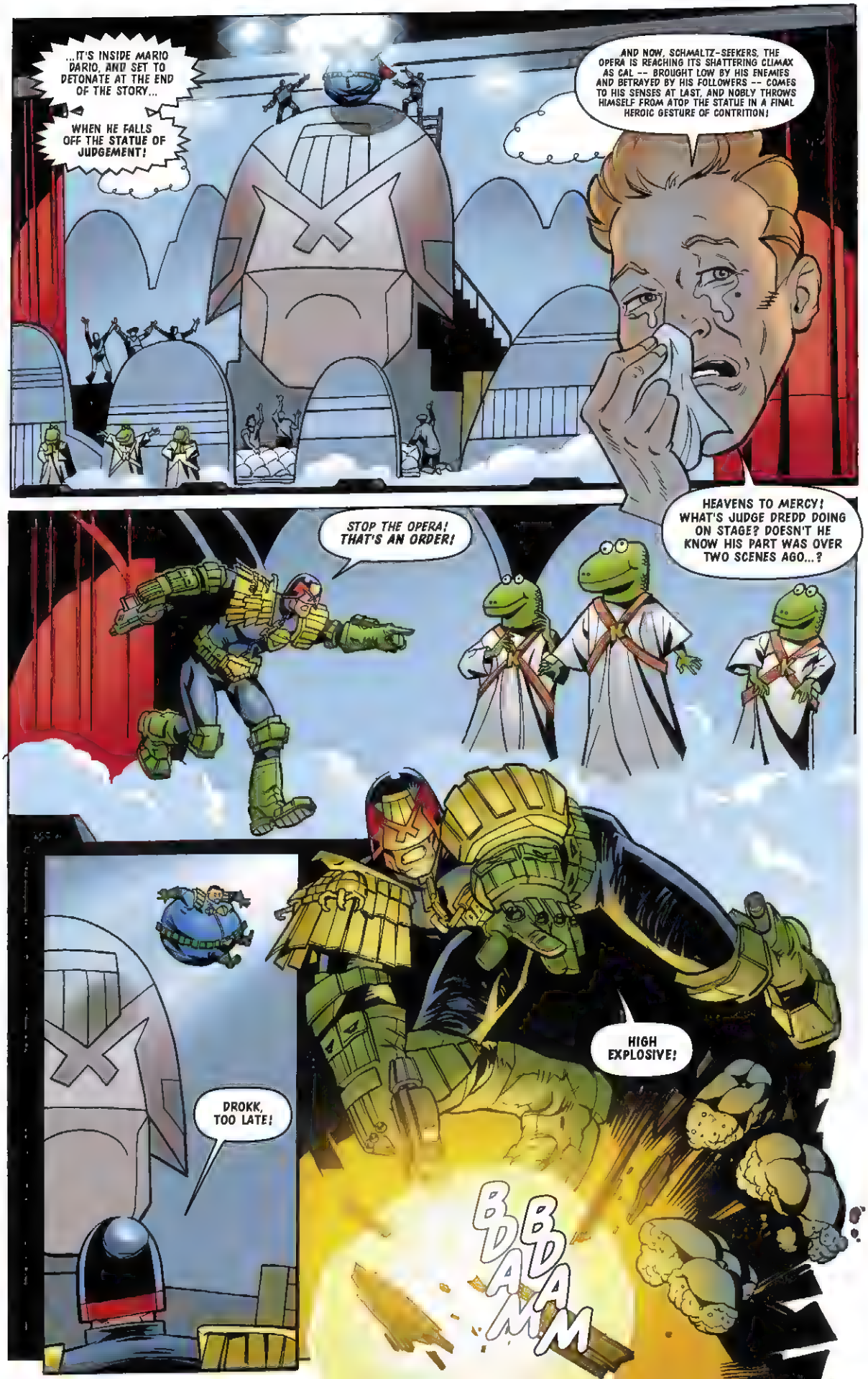
A HUSH COMES OVER THE CROWD AS THE LETHAL INJECTION IS ADMINISTERED!
NEVER FORGET! NEVER...FOR...
HE'S DEAD.
AND THE CROWD ERUPTS! I DON'T THINK I'VE SEEN CELEBRATIONS LIKE THIS SINCE THE DEFEAT OF CAL!
SOUVENIRS! GET YOUR ORLOK SOUVENIRS!
VID: "WATCH ORLOK TWITCH"
NUKE ALL SOVS
DIE
I SAW ORLOK DIE
AGE
SEND THE BODY BACK TO THE NEW KREMLIN. LET IT SERVE AS FURTHER WARNING
ORLOK KNEW HE COULD NEVER ESCAPE. HE LIVED BY THE BULLET -- HE WANTED TO DIE BY THE BULLET
REQUEST DENIED!


GREETINGS, CULTURE VULTURES, AND WELCOME TO THE GRAND MEGAPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, WHICH TONIGHT PLAYS HOST TO THE WORLD PREMIERE OF THE THRILLINGLY CONTROVERSIAL NEW OPERA BY JEAN-PAUL PIERRE SALINGER...
YES, THAT'S RIGHT, ARIA AFICIONADOS, 'CAL: TRAGEDY OF A TYRANT' OPENS TONIGHT!
CAL
the OPERA
AND, HEAVENS, HERE COMES THE GREAT MAN NOW!
IL MAESTRO, A FEW WORDS ABOUT YOUR LATEST MASTERPIECE?
FOR ME, THIS MAN CAL, HE IS THE GREAT TRAGIC DOOMED HERO. HIS STORY, IT IS THE BEST AND WORST OF ALL THE HUMAN SOUL CONTAINS!
JUDGE DREDD! YOU'RE HERE AS GUEST OF HONOUR! ANY THOUGHTS ON TONIGHT'S PERFORMANCE?
JUST ONE...
SOONER WE GET THIS FARCE OVER WITH, SOONER I CAN GET BACK ON THE STREETS!
OOPS! LOOKS LIKE THOSE RUMOURS WE'VE BEEN HEARING MIGHT BE TRUE AFTER ALL, GOSSIP GATHERERS...

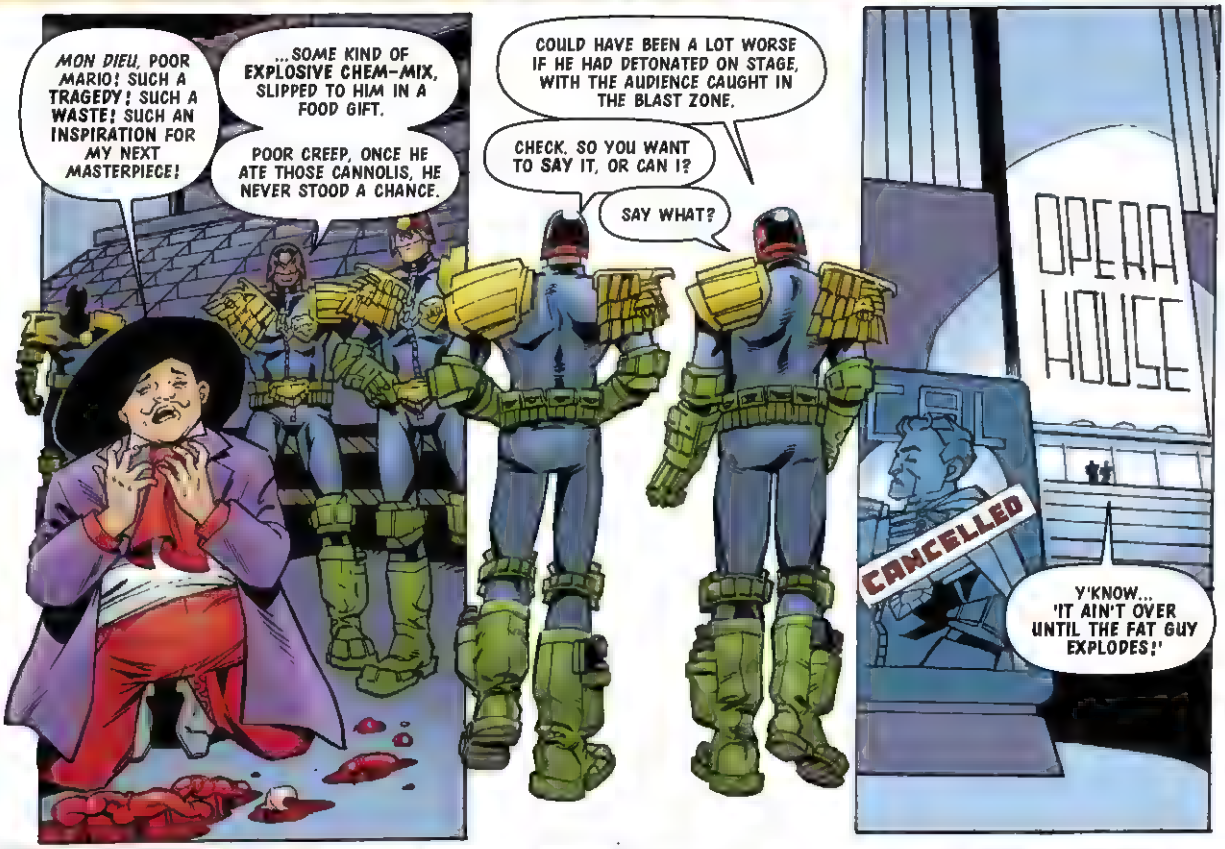
...WORD HAS IT, DREDD IS HERE AT CHIEF JUDGE HERSHEY'S EXPRESS ORDER, DESPITE HIS PROTEST THAT IT WOULD INTERFERE WITH HIS INVESTIGATION INTO THE SO-CALLED 'EUROTRASH EXTERMINATION CORPS' TERRORIST GROUP.
OR PERHAPS HE'S JUST MIFFED AT THE REPORTS THAT IL MAESTRO HAS APPARENTLY DOWNGRADED OUR STERN-FACED LAWMAN'S ROLE TO THAT OF A MINOR SUPPORTING CHARACTER!
SPEAKING OF WHICH, HERE COMES THE STAR OF THE SHOW HIMSELF, THE CORPULENTLY DIVINE DARIO MARIO!
DARIO, DARLING, TELL US ABOUT SOME OF THE PHYSICAL SACRIFICES YOU'VE HAD TO MAKE TO GET INTO SHAPE FOR THIS ROLE
GIANT -- DREDD, ANY PROGRESS YET?
THAT WALLY SQUAD TIP-OFF WAS RIGHT, DREDD, WE'RE AT THE LOCATION NOW.
ANY PROBLEMS?
JUST KEEP ME INFORMED OF WHAT'S HAPPENING, GIANT. THAT'S AN ORDER.
WILCO, DREDD. GIANT OUT.
THIS WAY, JUDGE. YOUR GUEST OF HONOUR BOX AND OVER FOUR HOURS OF OPERA AWAIT!
AGAINST LIGHTWEIGHTS LIKE THESE E.E.C CREEPS?
SO HOW'S THE OPERA? LOOKING FORWARD TO THE SHOW?
THERE AN INTERMISSION?
BUT OF COURSE!


THANK GRUD!
THE OPERA COMMENCES, AND THE AUDIENCE IS SPELLBOUND BY SALINGER'S DARING ARTISTIC REINTERPRETATION OF THE STORY OF CAL'S REIGN, WITH SCENES SUCH AS THE CONTROVERSIAL 'SAVIOURS FROM THE HEAVENS'...
...THE AUDACIOUS PANACHE OF THE CROWD-PLEASING 'CHORUS OF THE DANCING JUDGES'...
...AND, OF COURSE, MARIO DARIO'S ALREADY LEGENDARY SOLO ARIA, 'REQUIEM FOR JUDGE FISH'.
BY THE TIME THE CURTAIN COMES DOWN AT THE END OF THE SECOND ACT, THERE ISN'T A DRY EYE LEFT IN THE HOUSE..
...WELL, ALMOST.
GIANT -- DREDD, WHAT'S HAPPENING?
DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR EVENING'S LIKE, DREDD, BUT WE'RE HEARING PLENTY OF SINGING DOWN HERE IN THE INTERROGATION CUBES.
MOST OF THESE PUNKS DON'T KNOW ANYTHING, BUT THEY DEFINITELY HAD SOMETHING BIG PLANNED FOR TONIGHT. WE'RE TRYING TO SWEAT IT OUT OF THE CELL LEADER NOW...

BRAVO, MARIO. SIMPLY FANTASTIQUE!
ENOUGH! I MUST REST. I MUST SAVE MY STRENGTH. I MUST—
MAMA MIA! CANNOLI!
Cannoli
THEY WERE LEFT AT THE STAGE DOOR BY A FAN, MISTER DARIO.
YES, YOU MUST GORGE! YOU MUST CONSUME! YOU MUST PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE EMOTIONAL CATACLYSM OF THE FINAL ACT!
AS THE OPERA NEARS ITS CLIMAX, THE AUDIENCE IS CAPTIVATED BY THE TRAGIC TALE SALINIGER'S GENIUS HAS SPUN OUT OF THE HISTORY OF MEGA-CITY'S TYRANT CHIEF JUDGE. .
...WELL, ALMOST.
DREDD -- GIANT. TOOK A WHILE, BUT WE FINALLY GOT HIM TO TALK YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS ..
YOUR SOURCES WERE CORRECT. THE TARGET'S THE MEGAPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. THEY'VE PLANTED A BOMB IN THE PLACE.
WHERE?
THAT'S THE PART YOU'RE REALLY NOT GOING TO BELIEVE..


...IT'S INSIDE MARIO DARIO, AND SET TO DETONATE AT THE END OF THE STORY...
WHEN HE FALLS OFF THE STATUE OF JUDGEMENT!
AND NOW, SCHMALTZ-SEEKERS, THE OPERA IS REACHING ITS SHATTERING CLIMAX AS CAL -- BROUGHT LOW BY HIS ENEMIES AND BETRAYED BY HIS FOLLOWERS -- COMES TO HIS SENSES AT LAST, AND NOBLY THROWS HIMSELF FROM ATOP THE STATUE IN A FINAL HEROIC GESTURE OF CONTRITION!
HEAVENS TO MERCY! WHAT'S JUDGE DREDD DOING ON STAGE? DOESN'T HE KNOW HIS PART WAS OVER TWO SCENES AGO...?
STOP THE OPERA! THAT'S AN ORDER!
HIGH EXPLOSIVE!
DROKK, TOO LATE!
BBBADAMM

MAMA MIA-!
KABOOOM


MON DIEU, POOR MARIO! SUCH A TRAGEDY! SUCH A WASTE! SUCH AN INSPIRATION FOR MY NEXT MASTERPIECE!
...SOME KIND OF EXPLOSIVE CHEM-MIX, SLIPPED TO HIM IN A FOOD GIFT.
POOR CREEP, ONCE HE ATE THOSE CANNOLIS, HE NEVER STOOD A CHANCE.
COULD HAVE BEEN A LOT WORSE IF HE HAD DETONATED ON STAGE, WITH THE AUDIENCE CAUGHT IN THE BLAST ZONE.
CHECK. SO YOU WANT TO SAY IT, OR CAN I?
SAY WHAT?
OPERA HOUSE
CANCELLED
Y'KNOW... 'IT AIN'T OVER UNTIL THE FAT GUY EXPLODES!'

'JUDGE DOWN.'
HOW MANY TIMES HAS HE ANSWERED THAT CALL!
HOW MANY FACELESS CORPSES HAS HE EXAMINED, SPRAWLED WITHOUT DIGNITY IN THE STREET, STINKING UNDER A MERCILESS SUN, OR STUNG BY AN ICY RAIN, THEIR BLOOD FLOWING INTO THE GUTTER.
IT COULD BE ANY OF THEM DOWN THERE

SITUATION REPORT.
KIDNAPPING. VICTIM IS *CASEY SCHWEIKER*, TEN-YEAR-OLD SON OF THE PROPERTY TYCOON *RUDY SCHWEIKER*.
TWO FATALITIES. THE BOY'S BODYGUARD AND JUDGE CALLAGHAN, A THIRTY-YEAR VETERAN.
YOU KNEW HIM?
WE'D MET.
THERE'S NOT MANY REACH OUR AGE.
LIMITED INFO ON THE PERPS. TWO OF THEM, BOTH WEARING BLUR-MASKS.
ONE SURVIVOR. CADET-JUDGE MORENO, ON HIS FINAL ASSESSMENT. WE'VE GOT HIM IN THE H-WAGON.
CONTROL HAD DISPATCHED US TO INVESTIGATE A SECURITY CAMERA FAILURE.
THEY SUSPECTED IT MIGHT'VE BEEN SABOTAGED IN AN ATTEMPT TO COVER UP A CRIMINAL ACT.
THEY WEREN'T WRONG.

'WE COULDN'T RISK BIKE CANNONS IN CASE WE HIT THE BOY.
'I YELLED A WARNING, ORDERED THE PUNKS TO DROP THEIR WEAPONS.
TU-PLANG KREW
'I WAS TRAPPED UNDER MY BIKE, COULDN'T REACH MY LAWGIVER OR MY BOOT KNIFE...
DESCRIPTIONS?
MEDIUM HEIGHT, BULKY, WET-WEATHER CLOTHING, BLUR-MASKS--
LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL WE GET A RANSOM DEMAND.

--BUT THE BASTARD WHO KICKED ME?
I MANAGED TO GET MY GLOVE OFF, MADE SURE I CLAWED AT HIS LEG BEFORE I PASSED OUT.
IT'S NOT MUCH, BUT THERE'S SKIN, SOME BLOOD UNDER MY NAILS...
FORENSICS! WE NEED A DNA SWAB IN HERE!
GOOD WORK, MORENO, I'LL MAKE SURE THE ACADEMY TAKES IT INTO ACCOUNT.
SIR.
I MIGHT'VE SHOUTED TOO EARLY WHEN WE CHALLENGED THE PERPS, ALERTED THEM TO OUR PRESENCE TOO SOON.
JUDGE CALLAGHAN, HE SWERVED WHEN THEY OPENED FIRE. I...I THINK HE WAS TRYING TO SHIELD ME...
THEY LAUGHED AT ME AS I LAY THERE, AS THEY WERE KICKING INTO ME...
WHAT'RE YOU TRYING TO SAY, CADET?
PERMISSION TO FINISH MY EXAMINATION, SIR?
YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS, MORENO--
YES, HE DOES.
TWO MINUTES, CADET. ANY LONGER AND I LEAVE WITHOUT YOU. AND DON'T EXPECT ANY SLACK, THE NIGHT'S GOING TO GET A LOT HARDER.

FORENSICS FOUND A MATCH, DREDD, PABLO SALAZAR, TWENTY-NINE, THREE COUNTS OF ASSAULT. IN DEEP WITH THE ESCOBARITES, THE COLOMBIAN GANG WHO SPECIALISE IN KIDNAPPING AND EXTORTION.
SECURITY SURVEILLANCE IN OSCAR ACOSTA BLOCK PICKED HIM UP AT 2100 HOURS, ENTERING THE APARTMENT OF ONE JADE HOPPER. SALAZAR'S REGISTERED AS THE FATHER OF HER CHILD.
I DOWNLOADED YOUR ACADEMY PROFILE, MORENO. CAUTIONED TWICE FOR THE USE OF EXCESSIVE FORCE.
I STAND BY MY ACTIONS.
WITH RESPECT, SIR, I'VE MODELLED MYSELF ON YOUR EXAMPLE. I'LL DO WHATEVER'S NECESSARY TO ENFORCE THE LAW.
AND RIGHT NOW, WITH A DEAD JUDGE AND A BOY'S LIFE AT STAKE, I DON'T SEE HOW ANYTHING COULD BE CONSIDERED EXCESSIVE.
I: GARY WILKINSON
JUDGES!
OPEN UP! NOW!
NO ANSWER.
I CAN HEAR SOMETHING. SOUNDS LIKE...I DON'T KNOW...A CHILD CRYING...
YOUR CALL, CADET.

DROKK...
CAN'T TAKE ANYTHING FROM ME NOW, CAN YOU?
CAN YOU, YOU PIECE OF STOMM!
HE...HE FORCED HIS WAY IN, STARTED HITTING ME...
SAID HE HAD A LOAD OF CREDS COMING HIS WAY...THAT HE WAS GOING TO TAKE JOEY AWAY IF I DIDN'T LET HIM ON ME WHENEVER HE WANTED...
HAPPY FAMILIES, HUH?
BLUR-MASK.
HE'S ONE OF OURS.
DREDD, PROGRESS ON THE SALAZAR LEAD?
DEAD END.
LITERALLY.
THE SCHWEIKER FAMILY JUST RECEIVED A RANSOM DEMAND. IF IT ISN'T PAID IMMEDIATELY, THE BOY'LL BE DEAD BY MIDNIGHT!

'DEAD BY MIDNIGHT.'
THAT WAS THE THREAT.
CASEY SCHWEIKER, TEN-YEAR-OLD SON OF THE PROPERTY TYCOON RUDY SCHWEIKER, WOULD BE DEAD BY MIDNIGHT IF HIS PARENTS DIDN'T TRANSFER TEN MILLION CREDITS INTO AN UNTRACEABLE ACCOUNT IN THE HOSTILE MONGOLIAN REPUBLIC.
DREDD COULD HEAR THE BOY'S MOTHER IN THE BACKGROUND, HOWLING LIKE A WOUNDED ANIMAL, AS JUSTICE DEPARTMENT RELAYED THE TERMS OF THE RANSOM DEMAND TO HIM.
A FAMILY LIASON JUDGE WAS TRYING TO REASSURE HER, TELLING HER TO HAVE FAITH IN THEM, IN THE LAW
HE IGNORED THE MOTHER'S DISTRESS..

COMFORT DUTY, DEALING WITH THE VICTIMS' GRIEF AND TRAUMA, WAS NOT HIS STRENGTH.
HE NEEDED TO BE ON THE STREETS, FIGHTING CRIME, WITH HIS DAYSTICK SWINGING AND HIS LAWGIVER BLAZING, EVEN THOUGH IT'S A BATTLE HE CAN NEVER REALLY WIN, BECAUSE IT'S ABOUT HUMAN NATURE.
HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYING, SIR, BUT IT'S AN HONOUR TO RIDE WITH YOU.
YOU WERE WHAT MADE ME WANT TO BECOME A JUDGE.
I SAW YOU IN ACTION BACK IN '13, WHEN I WAS JUST A KID. A HOSTAGE SITUATION IN THE ROALD DAHL ORPHANGE.
THE PERPS WERE ABOUT TO KILL THEIR FIRST HOSTAGE...
'YOU SWUNG THROUGH THE MAIN WINDOW ON A LINE FROM THE FLOOR ABOVE, ROLLED ACROSS THE FLOOR AND CAME UP SHOOTING. TOOK THE BASTARDS OUT, JUST LIKE THAT.
'I'D NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT...NOT IN REAL LIFE.
'AFTERWARDS, YOU PATTED ME ON THE HEAD, TOLD ME TO BE GOOD...'
YOU DO REMEMBER, DON'T YOU, SIR?
THE PAST'S THE PAST, CADET.
FOCUS ON THE CASE IN HAND.

THE ESCOBARITES WERE A FAIRLY MINOR CRIMINAL FACTION, FORMED FROM THE RANKS OF COLOMBIAN REFUGEES ALLOWED INTO THE BIG MEG A FEW YEARS EARLIER.
IN ADDITION TO DRUGS, THEY SPECIALISED IN KIDNAPPING, JUST LIKE BACK IN THE OLD COUNTRY. THE WORST HABITS ARE THE HARDEST TO SHAKE
ACCORDING TO CONTROL, THE LATE PABLO SALAZAR -- CONFIRMED AS ONE OF CASEY SCHWEIKER'S ABDUCTORS -- WAS ONE OF THEM.

HE TAKES A MOMENT TO CATCH HIS BREATH; THE CADET HASN'T EVEN BROKEN SWEAT
EXCESSIVE FORCE?
JUST GETTING WARMED UP.
PABLO SALAZAR ABDUCTED A CHILD TONIGHT. WHERE IS HE?
EAT ME, ASS--
YOU DON'T CO-OPERATE, PUNK, I'LL RIP 'EM OFF AND MAKE YOU EAT YOURSELF!
WOOAARRGH!
DON'T MAKE ME REPEAT THE QUESTION.
SCREW YOU...WE KICKED SALAZAR OUT, HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR MONTHS...
YOU SHOULD KNOW... HE WAS WORKING FOR YOU DROKKERS, INFORMING ON US...HIM AND HIS BROTHER...
BROTHER?
HECTOR SALAZAR, THIRTY-ONE, RELEASED EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO FROM THE SECTOR 13 CUBES. CURRENTLY EMPLOYED AS A DROID MAINTENANCE TECHNICIAN AT THE NORTH WEST CITY RESERVOIR.
SINCE VIEWING THE HOLO-DISC RANSOM DEMAND, JUDGES HAD BEEN SEARCHING THE SEWER NETWORK FOR THE SCHWEIKER BOY NO ONE HAD CONSIDERED THE RESERVOIR.

SALAZAR TO CENTRAL MAINTENANCE. ENTERING DUCT SEVEN TO CHECK OUT A POSSIBLE DROID MALFUNCTION.
CAREFUL, HEC. THE WATER LEVEL'S RISING. THE OVERFLOW TUNNELS ARE ALREADY FILLING UP.
YOU THINK HE'S GOING TO THE BOY?
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...
CONTROL?
THEY'RE NOT RECEIVING US. MUST BE A COMBINATION OF THE TUNNEL AND THE WEATHER...
MORENO, TAKE THE LEFT.
GOOD THING YOU KEPT YOUR CHIN UP, KID.
I'M GONNA TAKE YOU SOMEWHERE YOUR FOLKS'LL FIND YOU, BUT YOU'VE GOTTA TELL 'EM YOU NEVER SAW MY FACE, RIGHT?
RIGHT?
Y-YES...
OKAY, COME ON, I GOT DRY CLOTHES FOR YOU OUTSIDE...
THAT'S MIGHTY CONSIDERATE, COMING FROM THE DROKKER WHO TRIED TO DROWN HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE.

NO, PLEASE, DON'T...
IT'S OKAY, SON. YOU'RE SAFE NOW.
I'M THE LAW.
HE'S USED TO THE REACTION, BUT THE BOY'S FEAR DISTURBS HIM--
--UNTIL HE REALISES THAT HE'S NOT THE CAUSE OF IT.
N-NO...
MAYBE HE KNOWS SOMETHING YOU DON'T, DREDD...
THAT THE LAW DOESN'T MEAN A THING IN THIS CITY!

'JUDGE DOWN.'
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE THEY ANSWERED THAT CALL AND FOUND HIM LYING NEAR DEATH, SHOT, BEATEN OR STABBED?
THEY CALL HIM A MACHINE, BUT NO MACHINE COULD SURVIVE THE DAMAGE HE'S SUSTAINED OVER THE YEARS
HE'S MORE THAN A MACHINE
LIKE I SAID, DREDD, YOU WERE WHAT MADE ME WANT TO BECOME A JUDGE...
HOW ELSE COULD I GET TO PUT A BULLET IN YOU AND WATCH YOU DIE?

JUDGE CALLAGHAN, MY MENTOR, PLANNED THE KID'S ABDUCTION WITH THE SALAZAR BROTHERS, WHO'D BEEN INFORMING ON THE ESCOBARITES FOR HIM. I MADE THEM ANOTHER OFFER...
CUT HIM OUT OF THE DEAL. SPLIT THE RANSOM TWO WAYS INSTEAD OF THREE. I DIDN'T WANT THE MONEY, I WANTED YOU.
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ASK WHY?
I DON'T CARE.
YOU'RE BREAKING THE LAW. THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.
I'M A LAWBREAKER? WHAT DOES THAT MAKE YOU?
YOU HIDE BEHIND THE LAW, USE IT TO PROTECT YOURSELF, BUT YOU'RE JUST DOING THE SAME DROKKING THINGS YOU CONDEMN THE REST OF THE CITY FOR.

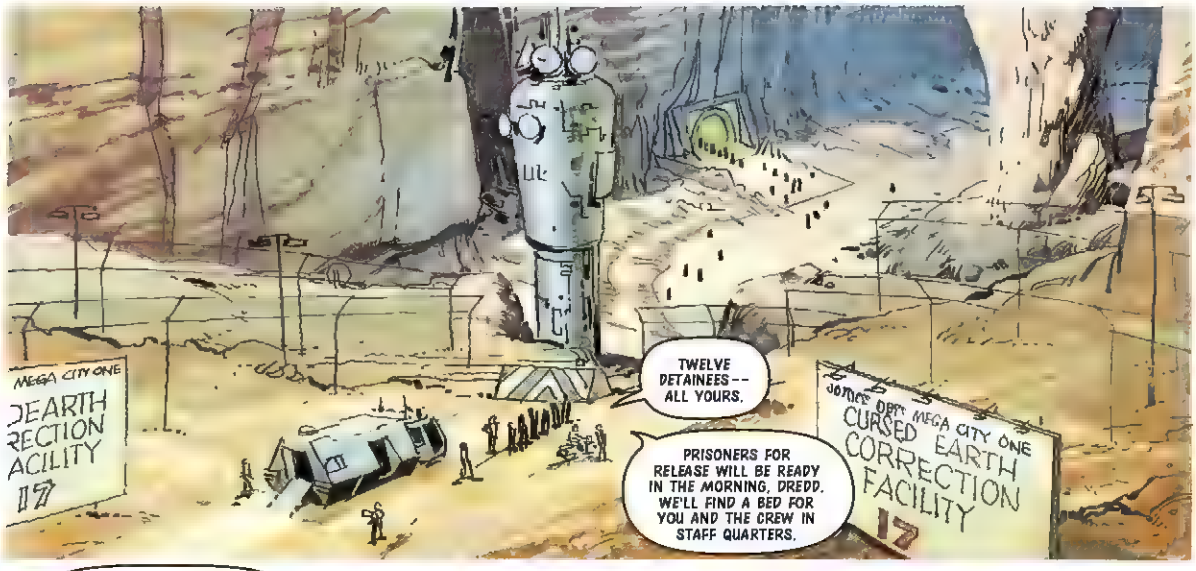
THE HOSTAGE SITUATION I TOLD YOU ABOUT...?
'MY BROTHER AND I WERE THE ONES WITH THE GUNS TO OUR HEADS.

'MY BROTHER WAS KILLED, JUST LIKE THAT. THE ONLY MEMBER OF MY FAMILY I EVER KNEW...
'ONE OF YOUR BULLETS PASSED THROUGH A PERP AND HIT HIM.
'THE INCIDENT CAUSED A STORM. THE PRESS ACCUSED YOU OF EXCESSIVE FORCE, SAID YOU SHOULD'VE NEGOTIATED FURTHER. SURPRISE, SURPRISE! THE SJS CLEARED YOU OF ANY WRONGDOING.
'ALL THROUGH IT, YOU MADE NO COMMENT, NEVER ONCE ISSUED AN APOLOGY.'
I LEFT THE ORPHANAGE AND ENROLLED IN THE ACADEMY AS SOON AS I COULD, TOLD THEM I WANTED TO MAKE SURE THE SAME THING COULD NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN.
THEY TRIED TO MAKE ME A JUDGE-- I EVEN TRIED TO BECOME ONE -- BUT ALL I COULD FEEL WAS MY BROTHER'S BLOOD ON MY FACE.
STILL GOT NOTHING TO SAY?
THE PAST'S THE PAST, PUNK.
DID WHAT I THOUGHT WAS RIGHT AT THE TIME. MORE INNOCENT CIVILIANS ARE ALIVE THAN DEAD BECAUSE OF MY ACTIONS OVER THE YEARS.
SMALL CONSOLATION, MAYBE, BUT IT'S A TOUGH CITY OUT THERE.
YOU BASTARD!
WHAT THE...?
UUUNNHH!

THIS BEGAN WITH THE DEATH OF AN INNOCENT CHILD
IT WON'T END WITH ANOTHER, NOT IF HE CAN HELP IT
HOLD YOUR BREATH, BOY!
NO!
MORENO'S SHOTS DAMAGED HIS HELMET RESPIRATOR.
HE FEELS HIS LUNGS STRAIN TO THE POINT OF RUPTURE, WONDERS HOW THE BOY CAN POSSIBLY SURVIVE...

AT SOME POINT UNDERWATER, CASEY SCHWEIKER STOPPED BREATHING.
HE PUMMELS THE LITTLE BODY, TRYING TO EXPEL THE WATER FROM THE BOY'S LUNGS, TRYING TO FORCE THE LIFE BACK INTO HIM.
UUUURRGH!
EXCESSIVE FORCE, DREDD.
HOW DOES IT TASTE? DO YOU FEEL LIKE A PERP? LIKE YOU DESERVE IT?
HE'S LOST HIS LAWGIVER, AND HIS BOOT-KNIFE.
ALL HE HAS LEFT IS HIS NAME.
GGGNNHH!
FLESH AND BONE PART WITH A SICKENING SOUND, RELEASING THE PRESSURE ON HIS WINDPIPE.
AAAGH-KKK!

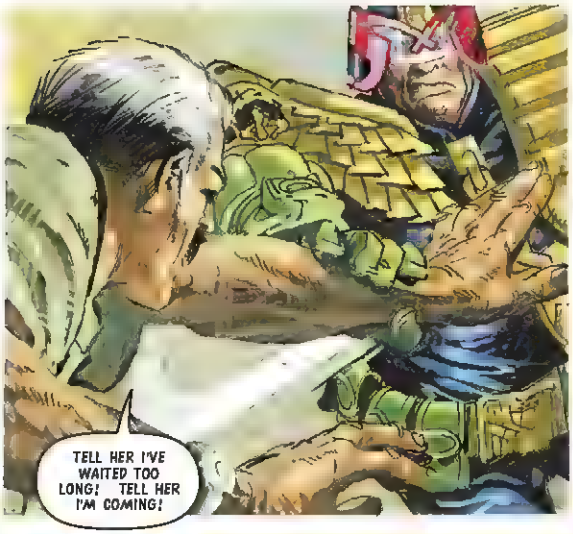
YOU JUST FAILED YOUR EXAMINATION, CADET MORENO.
BOTTOM OF THE CLASS!
KAFF KAFF KAFF!
THIS BEGAN WITH THE DEATH OF AN INNOCENT CHILD.
IT WON'T END WITH ANOTHER.

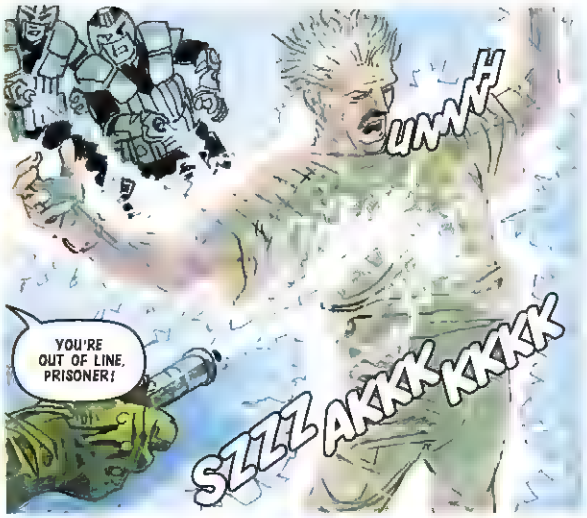

MEGA CITY ONE
EARTH
RECTION
ACILITY
17
TWELVE DETAINEES-- ALL YOURS.
PRISONERS FOR RELEASE WILL BE READY IN THE MORNING, DREDD. WE'LL FIND A BED FOR YOU AND THE CREW IN STAFF QUARTERS.
JUDGE DEPT MEGA CITY ONE
CURSED EARTH
CORRECTION
FACILITY
17

EYES FRONT AND FORWARD, NO TALKING, STAY IN FILE!
YOU'RE IN CORRECTION FACILITY 17 NOW! ONE STEP OUT OF LINE AND I GUARANTEE YOU WILL BE CORRECTED!
EDGAR?
THE WARDEN? TRY HER OFFICE-- ADMIN BLOCK.

MAIL CALL! STEP FORWARD WHEN YOUR NAME IS CALLED!
DONOVAN-- NERDLY-- SEMPLE--

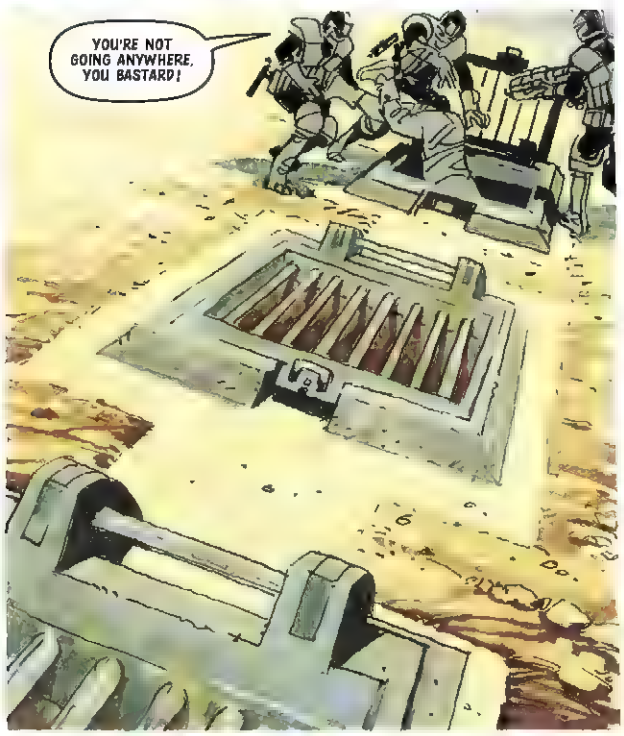
SHE...SHE'S MOVED IN WITH HIM! SHE WANTS A DIVORCE!
HELL... SORRY, DAKE.
FIFTEEN LOUSY YEARS IN THIS HELLHOLE! FIFTEEN LOUSY YEARS! WHAT'S A GUY SUPPOSED TO DO? I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANYMORE! I GOTTA GET OUTA HERE! I GOTTA GO OVER THE WALL!
EASY, BUDDY, D-DON'T TALK CRAZY!
NOTHING FOR YOU AGAIN, GILL. WHAT'S IT LIKE TO BE SO POPULAR?
PUT THAT TOOL DOWN, GILL! YOU WANT ANOTHER SPELL IN THE BOX?
Unnh-!
CHUNKK!


TELL HER I'VE WAITED TOO LONG! TELL HER I'M COMING!


UNNH
YOU'RE OUT OF LINE, PRISONER!
SLZZ AKKK KKKK

PUT HIM IN THE HOT BOX!
HOLD HIM, DAMMIT!

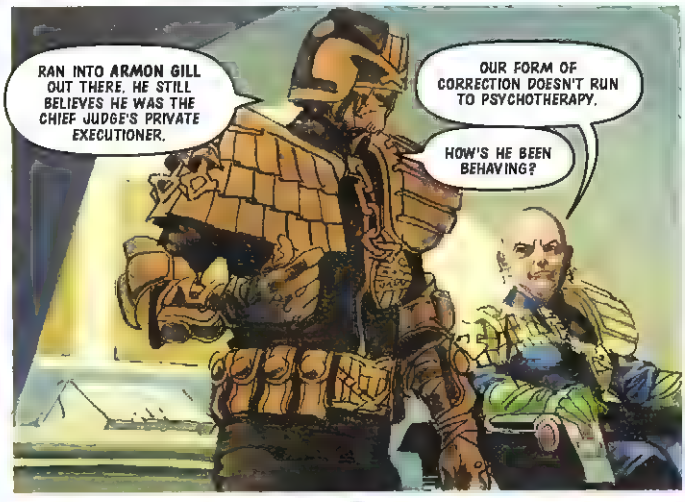
TELL HER THE CHIEF JUDGE'S MAN IS COMING!


YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, YOU BASTARD!

ROAST IN HELL!
SLANGGG

JUST CALLED TO PAY MY RESPECTS, EDGAR.

RESPECTS NOTED.
ANYTHING ELSE?


RAN INTO ARMON GILL OUT THERE. HE STILL BELIEVES HE WAS THE CHIEF JUDGE'S PRIVATE EXECUTIONER.
OUR FORM OF CORRECTION DOESN'T RUN TO PSYCHOTHERAPY.
HOW'S HE BEEN BEHAVING?

GILL SKEWERED A FELLOW INMATE WITH A PICKAXE THE DAY YOU BROUGHT HIM IN. SINCE THEN THE OTHER PRISONERS LEAVE HIM WELL ALONE. LET'S JUST SAY HE'S TROUBLE.
A GM SOLDIER... BORN IN AN ARTIFICIAL WOMB. IMPLANTED WITH GENES FROM THE LEOPARD AND COCKROACH TO GIVE HIM UNNATURAL STRENGTH, ENDURANCE, AGGRESSION...
A VERY DANGEROUS COMBINATION, WHEN IT GOES WRONG.

THE CASE WAS NEVER SATISFACTORILY CLEARED UP. WE NEVER FOUND THE PERSON WHO WAS CONTROLLING GILL.
NOT OUR ESTEEMED CHIEF JUDGE?
NEGATIVE. WE'RE CERTAIN OF THAT.
ALL THE INDICATORS WERE IT WAS SOMEONE INSIDE THE DEPARTMENT -- A JUDGE, AN AUXILIARY. THE CASE JUDGE, DE KLERK, CAME UP BLANK.
WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS?

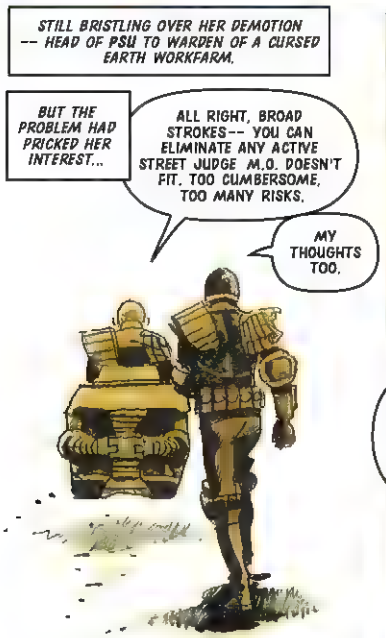
I'LL TAKE HELP WHERE I CAN GET IT, EDGAR. I'M NOT PROUD.
YOU MAY NO LONGER BE ACTIVE, BUT YOU STILL HAVE ONE OF THE SHARPEST MINDS ON THE FORCE.

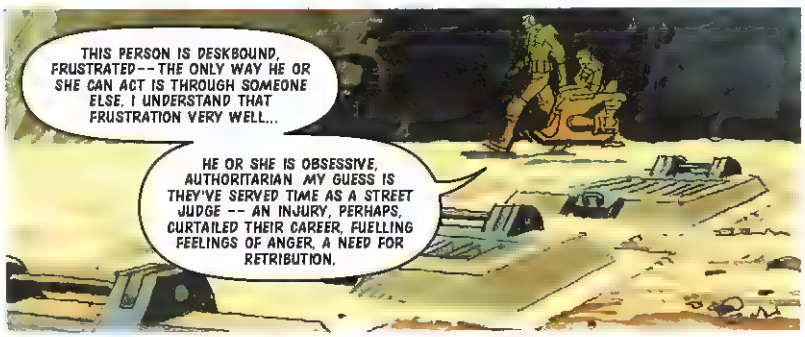
AFTER ALL THAT'S GONE BETWEEN US, YOU COME TO ME...?
SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, MA'AM. PRISONER ON THE WALL.
COMING

HE'S NEVER GOING TO MAKE THE OVERHANG!
FEET'S GONE-!
DAKER! THIS IS THE WARDEN! I STRONGLY ADVISE YOU TO COME DOWN!
HANG ON, DAKE!
DAKER, MA'AM. GOT A DEAR JOHN FROM THE WIFE.
GO FOR IT, DAKER!
YOU CAN DO IT, GUY!
NO ONE HAS EVER SUCCEEDED IN GOING OVER THE WALL!
I DON'T CARE! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO STOP ME! I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!
G-GRUDDAM—
PREWIT -- KASO! GET THAT GARBAGE CLEANED UP!

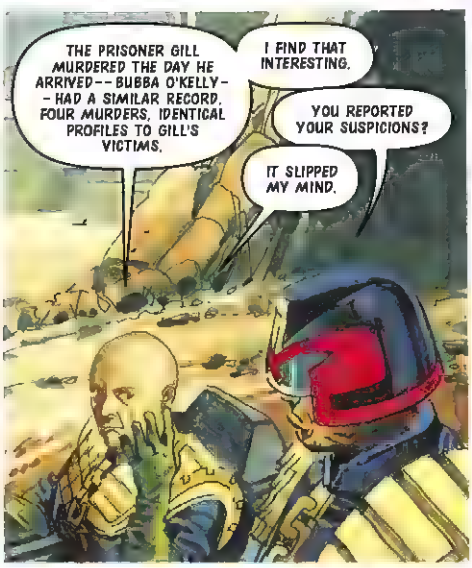
LET THIS BE A LESSON TO THE REST OF YOU SCUM! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT! DO YOUR TIME AND KEEP YOUR NOSES CLEAN!
YOU DON'T STOP THEM?
IT'S THEIR CHOICE.

WHO'S TO SAY IT'S NOT BETTER THIS WAY THAN TO ROT YOUR DAYS AWAY IN CORRECTION FACILITY 17?

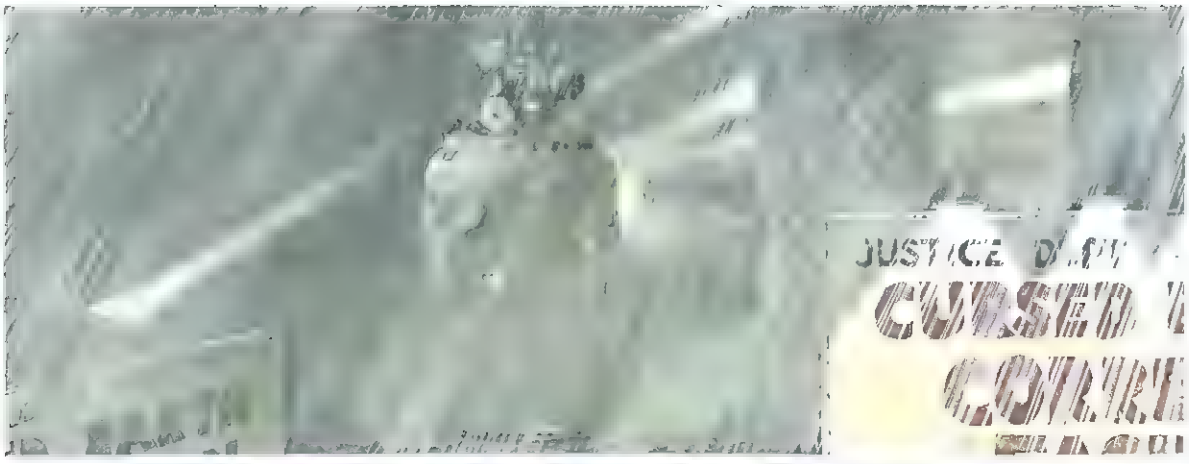

STILL BRISTLING OVER HER DEMOTION -- HEAD OF PSU TO WARDEN OF A CURSED EARTH WORKFARM.
BUT THE PROBLEM HAD PRICKED HER INTEREST...
ALL RIGHT, BROAD STROKES-- YOU CAN ELIMINATE ANY ACTIVE STREET JUDGE M.O. DOESN'T FIT. TOO CUMBERSOME, TOO MANY RISKS.
MY THOUGHTS TOO.


THIS PERSON IS DESKBOUND, FRUSTRATED-- THE ONLY WAY HE OR SHE CAN ACT IS THROUGH SOMEONE ELSE. I UNDERSTAND THAT FRUSTRATION VERY WELL...
HE OR SHE IS OBSESSIVE, AUTHORITARIAN MY GUESS IS THEY'VE SERVED TIME AS A STREET JUDGE -- AN INJURY, PERHAPS, CURTAILED THEIR CAREER, FUELLING FEELINGS OF ANGER, A NEED FOR RETRIBUTION.

LOOK FOR A RECORD OF EXCESSIVE JUDGEMENTS, PARTICULARLY IN RELATION TO DEMOCRATIC AND OTHER ANTI-JUDICIAL ELEMENTS-- PROBABLY A HIGHER THAN AVERAGE KILL RATIO.
THAT NARROWS IT DOWN SOME
ONE OTHER THING...


THE PRISONER GILL MURDERED THE DAY HE ARRIVED-- BUBBA O'KELLY-- HAD A SIMILAR RECORD. FOUR MURDERS, IDENTICAL PROFILES TO GILL'S VICTIMS.
I FIND THAT INTERESTING.
YOU REPORTED YOUR SUSPICIONS?
IT SLIPPED MY MIND.

SAME OLD EDGAR. STILL PLAYING IT CLOSE TO HER CHEST
SO, THE KILLING OF O'KELLY -- COINCIDENCE... OR DELIBERATE ACT?
COULD IT BE THAT ARMON GILL ISN'T THE FIRST CHIEF JUDGE'S MAN?



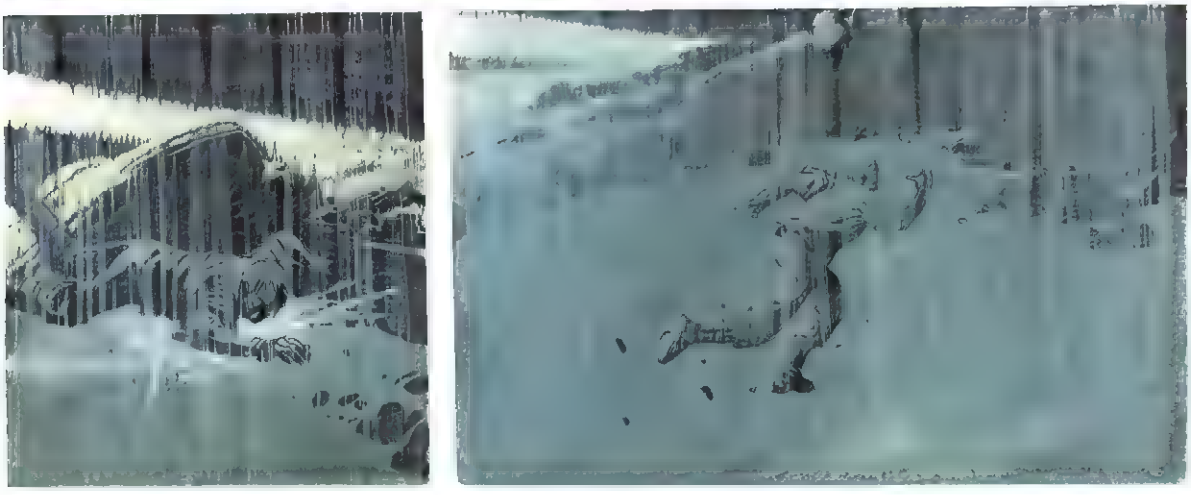
WHOLE DAMN COMPOUND'S FLOODING
WHAT ABOUT GILL?

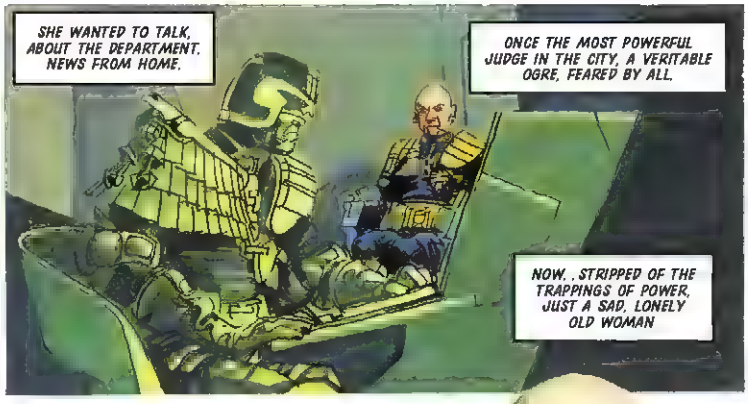
LET HIM ROT. COOL THE BASTARD DOWN SOME.

UNNnnnnnHHHHH

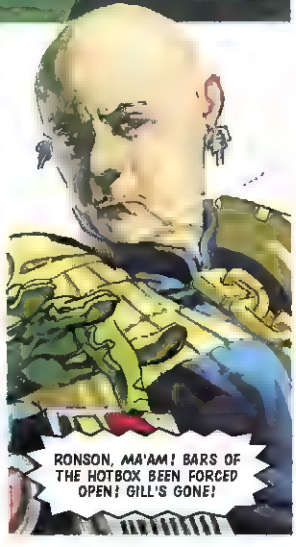
ARE YOU BUSY?
JUST GOING OVER SOME FILES. THE GILL CASE

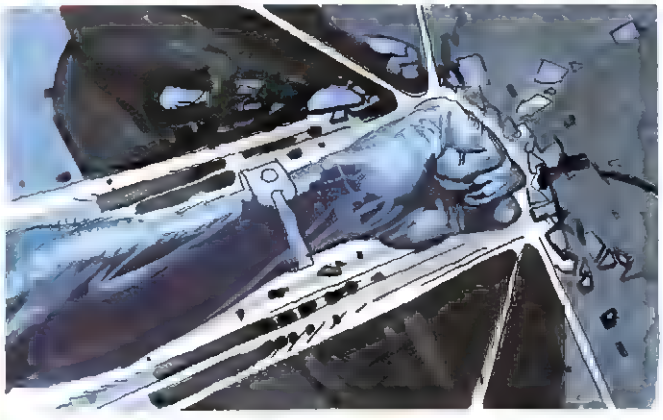
HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN INCARCERATED HERE-- EIGHTEEN MONTHS?
THE CASE WAS NEVER SOLVED. WHOEVER WAS USING ARMON GILL TO CARRY OUT UNJUDICIAL EXECUTIONS IS STILL OUT THERE.
A WORM EATING AWAY AT JUSTICE DEPARTMENT FROM THE INSIDE...THAT BOTHERS ME.




SHE WANTED TO TALK, ABOUT THE DEPARTMENT, NEWS FROM HOME.
ONCE THE MOST POWERFUL JUDGE IN THE CITY, A VERITABLE OGRE, FEARED BY ALL.
NOW, , STRIPPED OF THE TRAPPINGS OF POWER, JUST A SAD, LONELY OLD WOMAN

IT HAD BEEN A HARSH JUDGEMENT, BUT IN HER CASE, NECESSARY


RONSON, MA'AM! BARS OF THE HOTBOX BEEN FORCED OPEN! GILL'S GONE!



HARD TO BELIEVE ANY MAN COULD'VE BENT THOSE BARS, MA'AM, BUT YOU KNOW HOW STRONG HE IS...
YES, MA'AM, I GOT A FULL ALERT ON!
WEEAAAAEEEAAAAEE
SOMEONE'S MAKING A BREAK!
GO FOR IT, BUDDY!
EEEAAAAEEEAAAAEEEEEEAAAOOO
UP THERE!
HOLY CREM! LOOK AT HIM MOVE!
THAT AIN'T NATURAL!
BRING HIM DOWN!
WEEAAAAEEEAAAAEEEEEEAAAOOO

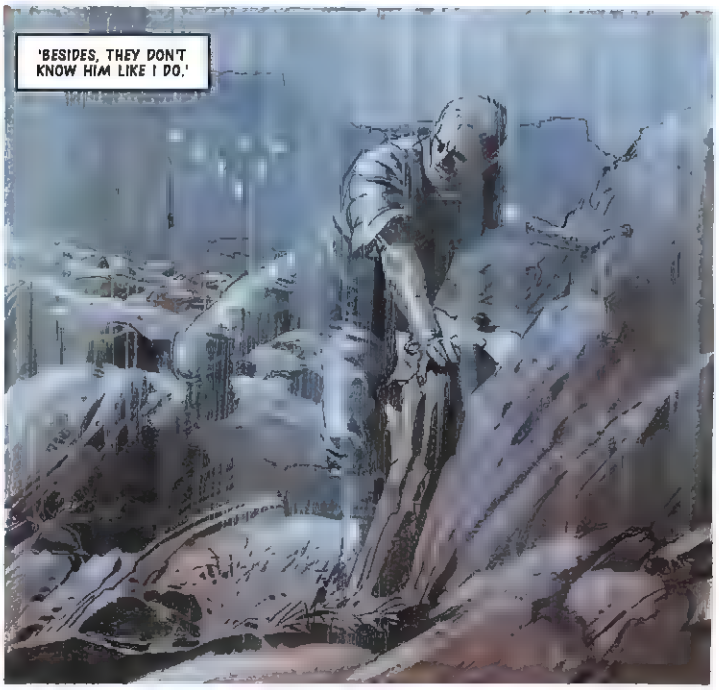
FTOOOM
FTOOOM
FTOOOM
HE'S LIKE A CAT!
LEOPARD GENES! GUY'S A G.M. FREAKSHOW!
HE'S FOUND A FOLD IN THE ROCK! CAN'T GET AT HIM!

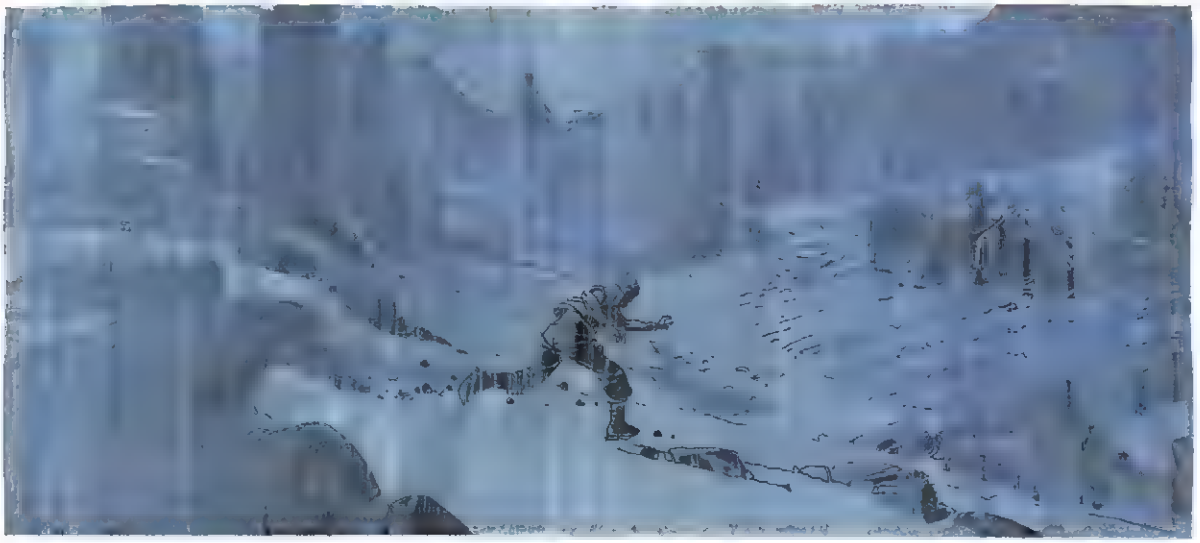
THERE HE GOES! HE'S ALMOST THERE!
FAWOOOOOOOM
HELL ON EARTH-- HE MADE IT! HE'S OVER THE WALL!
DON'T STAND THERE GAWKING-- GET AFTER HIM!

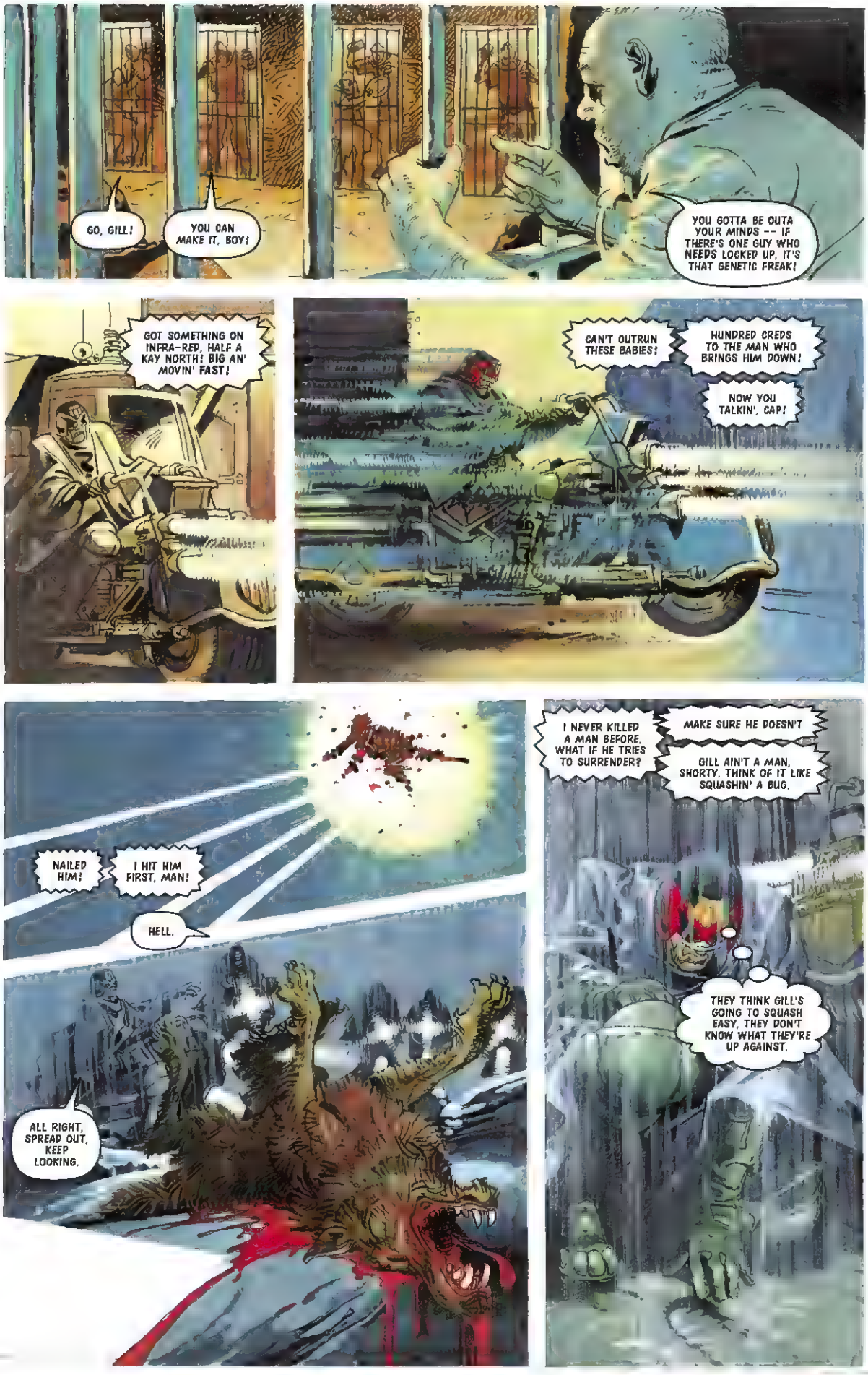
IT'S GILL! HE'S GONE OVER THE WALL!
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
NOT FOR HIM! MOUNT UP! LET'S MOVE!

THIS IS EDGAR. YOU ARE ADVISED THE PRISONER IS HIGHLY DANGEROUS. TAKE NO CHANCES. SHOOT TO KILL.

YOUR ASSISTANCE IS NOT REQUIRED, DREDD. THEY'LL FIND HIM
EVERY LITTLE HELPS, EDGAR.


'BESIDES, THEY DON'T KNOW HIM LIKE I DO.'




GO, GILL!
YOU CAN MAKE IT, BOY!
YOU GOTTA BE OUTA YOUR MINDS -- IF THERE'S ONE GUY WHO NEEDS LOCKED UP, IT'S THAT GENETIC FREAK!
GOT SOMETHING ON INFRA-RED, HALF A KAY NORTH! BIG AN' MOVIN' FAST!
CAN'T OUTRUN THESE BABIES!
HUNDRED CREDS TO THE MAN WHO BRINGS HIM DOWN!
NOW YOU TALKIN', CAP!
NAILED HIM!
I HIT HIM FIRST, MAN!
HELL.
ALL RIGHT, SPREAD OUT, KEEP LOOKING.
I NEVER KILLED A MAN BEFORE. WHAT IF HE TRIES TO SURRENDER?
MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T
GILL AIN'T A MAN, SHORTY. THINK OF IT LIKE SQUASHIN' A BUG.
THEY THINK GILL'S GOING TO SQUASH EASY. THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE UP AGAINST.

CHECK THOSE DERELICTS.
YO!
SOUND OFF!
EMMET, 0031STROKE7 EXPERIMENTAL!
FREEMAN, 0031STROKE8 EXPERIMENTAL!
GILL, 0031STROKE9 EXPERIMENTAL!
YOU SERVE BUT ONE GRUD, BOY, AND THAT GRUD IS YOUR CITY!
WHO DO YOU LOVE?
MEGA-CITY ONE!
WHO IS GRUD'S REPRESENTATIVE ON EARTH? WHO DO YOU SERVE, HONOUR AND OBEY?
THE CHIEF JUDGE, SIR!

GILL 00319 IS INTERESTING...
ABLE TO LOWER BODY TEMPERATURE AND REDUCE HEART RATE TO PRACTICALLY ZERO -- YOU SEE THERE, THE DRONE'S SENSORS DIDN'T DETECT HIM. SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE ROACH GENES.
ROACH, YOU SAY?
'HIS EPIDERMIS IS TEN TIMES AS TOUGH AS NORMAL HUMAN SKIN. HE IS INCREDIBLY STRONG AND DURABLE-- IN TESTS HE'S BENCH-PRESSED OVER HALF A TON.'
'BY GRUD, WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR AN ARMY OF THEM!'
'THE PROGRAMME IS STILL EXPERIMENTAL, GENERAL.'
GILL'S THE PRODUCT OF SOME VERY UNUSUAL GENETIC MANIPULATION. THERE ARE BOUND TO BE... DRAWBACKS.
AH... LIKE HIDING IN CRACKS AND PEEING ON THE FOOD?
RELEASE THAT CIVILIAN, SOLDIER!
NOTHIN' ON INFRA-RED.
STANDS TO REASON. HE AIN'T GOING TO HANG AROUND THIS CLOSE TO THE FACILITY.

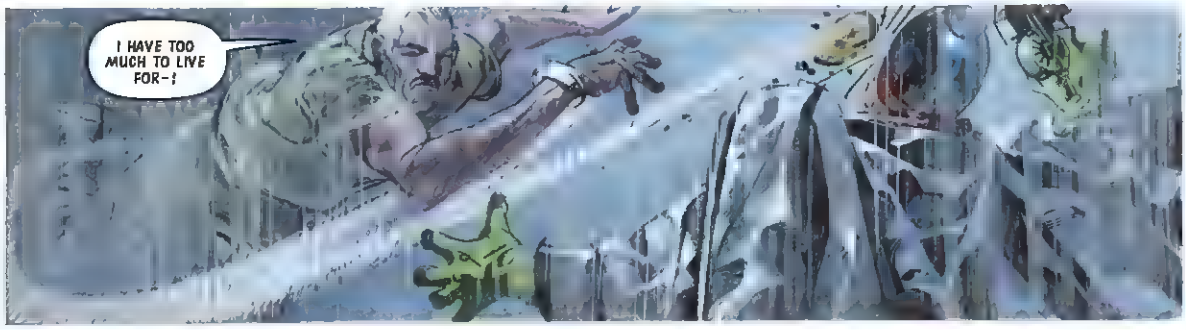
H-HOLY --
AAAAHHH
HE'S HERE!
AMOS, THAT YOU?
IN THE RUINS! HE CAME UP UNDER JOOSE-!
MOVE IT!
CHUNKKK
AHHHHHH!
AHHHHH!
HELL! HE'S MOBILE!

AHHHHH!
MAN'S A DAMNED KILLIN' MACHINE!
AHHHHH!
SLAUGHTER!
A DANGEROUS MAN TO UNDERESTIMATE--

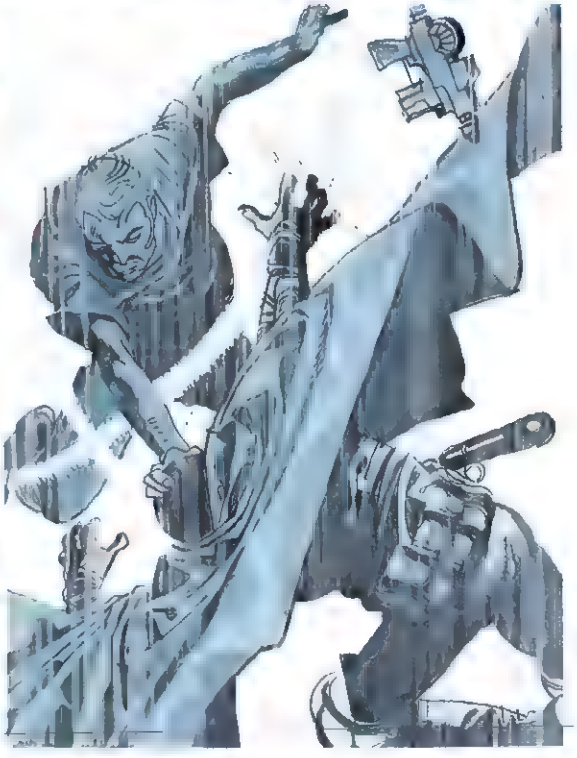
JUSTICE KILLER ARMON GILL HAS ESCAPED FROM HIS CURSED EARTH PRISON, KILLING SEVERAL PURSUING JUDGES IN THE PROCESS. BUT DREDD HAS SUCCEEDED IN SHOOTING HIM DOWN--
HI-EX IN THE FUEL CELLS AND THE CREEP'S STILL MOVING

YOU DON'T DIE EASY, DO YOU, GILL?

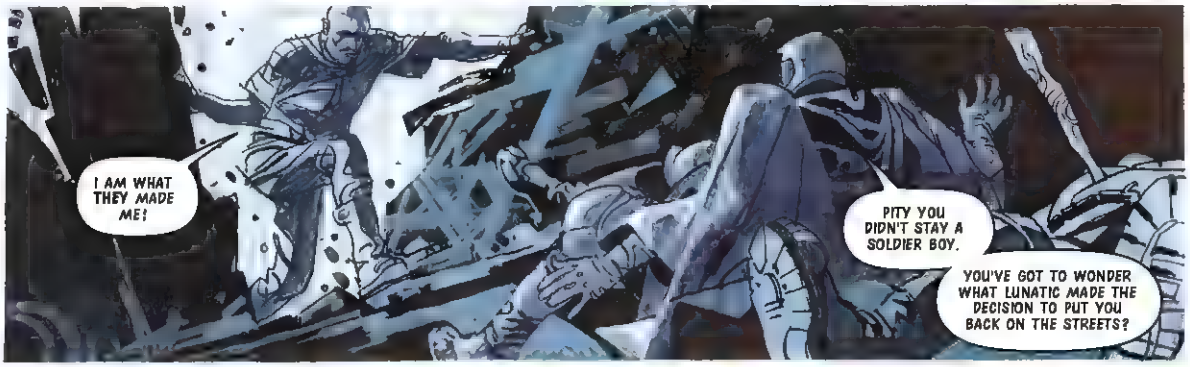
THERE ARE THOSE WHO OPPOSE US, ARMON...
OPPOSE-US
OPPOSE-US


I HAVE TOO MUCH TO LIVE FOR-!

BDAM
BDAM
WRONG MOVE!



NAAAAHHRRRRRRRRRRR
YOU'VE GOT SOME POWERS OF RECOVERY, GILL...
SKRANGGG


I AM WHAT THEY MADE ME!
PITY YOU DIDN'T STAY A SOLDIER BOY.
YOU'VE GOT TO WONDER WHAT LUNATIC MADE THE DECISION TO PUT YOU BACK ON THE STREETS?

PUT IT DOWN. TAKE WHAT'S COMING TO YOU. YOU CAN'T BEAT ME.

KRAKOOOOOOMMM

SHRANNGG

THAT A FACT?
THWAP
HOW'S THAT FEELING, GILL?
SWAKK
WUNK
YOU HAVE NEVER MET ME -- THE REAL ME.
I'M BEGINNING TO GET THAT IMPRESSION..
THEN, I WAS TRYING TO AVOID HURTING YOU.
WHY *WAS* THAT, GILL? WERE YOU TRYING TO GET INTO THE CORRECTION FACILITY -- TO KILL BUBBA O'KELLY? WERE THOSE YOUR ORDERS?
NOW -- YOU'RE JUST IN MY WAY!

CRA-AKK
I WAS LOYAL, DAMMIT! NOBODY COULD HAVE BEEN MORE LOYAL THAN ME!
RIGHT NOW THAT UNIFORM'S ALL THAT'S KEEPING YOU ALIVE -- THAT'S HOW LOYAL I AM!
AND WHAT DO I GET FOR IT? CORRECTION FACILITY 17 AT THE CHIEF JUDGE'S PLEASURE!
WAKKK
KKK

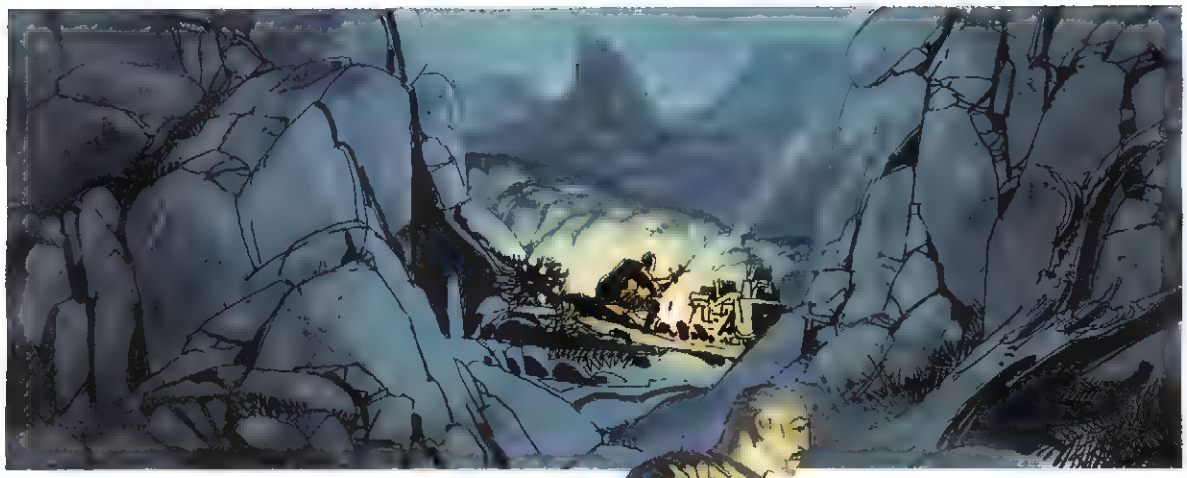
I WAITED.
OH, I WAITED..

MAYBE SHE'S GOT A NEW MAN? HMMM? FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT ME.
WHY SHOULD SHE BOTHER? GILL'S OUT OF HARM'S WAY -- HE'S LOYAL. HE WON'T TALK! ANYWAY, WHO'D BELIEVE HIM?
SO LET HIM ROT!

TELL HER THE ROACH HAS TURNED.

TELL HER... HER EXECUTIONER IS COMING

HOLY JOVIS-!
STILL ALIVE, MA'AM. BETTER GET THE DOC ON STAND-BY, LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN RUN OVER BY A TRUCK.
NO, MA'AM, NO OTHER SURVIVORS



TEXAS RANGER!
I GOT YOU COVERED! STAND UP AND TURN AROUND! DON'T MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVES!

BIKE LOOKS LIKE MEGA-CITY JUDGE ISSUE THERE, BOY.
WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

MY JOB TO PATROL THE WILDLANDS OUTSIDE TC, KEEP IT FREE OF UNWHOLESOME ELEMENTS. GET A BOUNTY FOR EVERY PIECE OF SCUM I SEND TO HELL.
RECKON YOU MIGHT QUALIFY

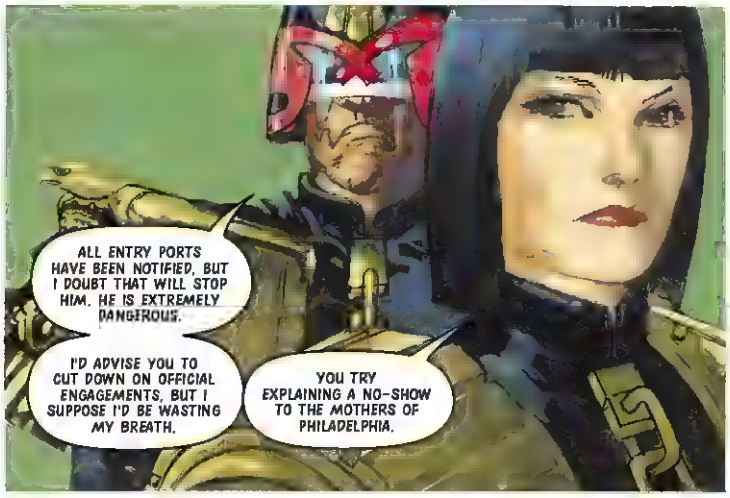
ARMON GILL, AKA 'THE CHIEF JUDGE'S MAN' CONVICTED MULTIPLE ASSASSINATIONS, MEGA-CITY ONE. ESCAPED CURSED EARTH CORRECTION FACILITY 17 TWELVE DAYS AGO. WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE. REWARD 400,000.
LONG WAY TO COME FOR NOTHING

GLuuUUhh-uhhh

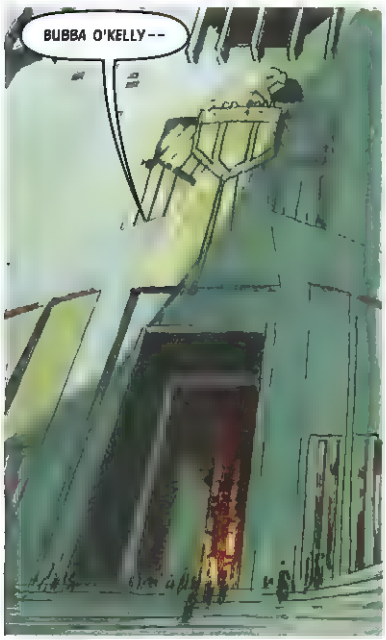
DIDN'T COME FOR NOTHING... BOY

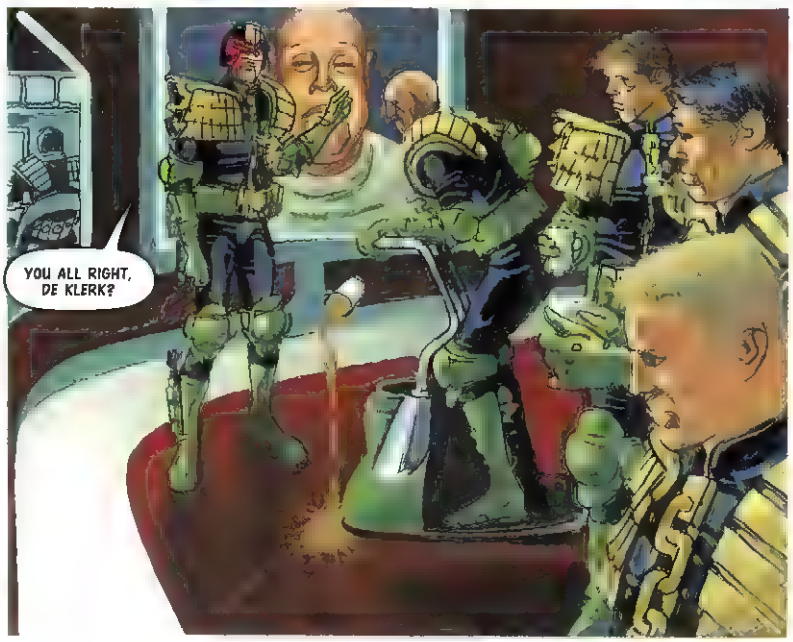
HE FEELS EVERYONE'S EYES ON HIM.
HE'D BEEN HUNG OUT TO DRY BY GILL, BEATEN SENSELESS, BIKE STOLEN, STILL NOT RECOVERED
WHEN THE TOP DOG GETS TAKEN DOWN A PEG, THE PACK CAN'T HELP LOOKING, WONDERING HOW HE'S GOING TO TAKE IT...
A WEAKER CHARACTER MIGHT FEEL A SENSE OF HUMILIATION
YOU'RE AMBULANT.
ONLY SO MUCH TREATMENT I CAN TAKE
YOUR INJURIES WERE SEVERE. YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER. I DON'T SUPPOSE IT'S ANY GOOD ASKING YOU TO CUT DOWN ON YOUR WORKLOAD-- TAKE A SABBATICAL PERHAPS
TEN DAYS IN THE SPEEDHEAL WAS A SABBATICAL. I'VE GOT THE GILL CASE.
AH, YES. YOU SAY ARMON GILL INTENDS TO KILL ME.
GILL STILL BELIEVES HE WAS YOUR PRIVATE ASSASSIN-- THE CHIEF JUDGE'S MAN. HE FEELS BETRAYED.
I ASSUME YOU-- RATHER, WHOEVER USED YOUR IDENTITY TO CONTROL HIM-- PROMISED TO GET HIM OUT OF CORRECTION FACILITY 17.
A RATIONAL MAN WOULD COUNT HIMSELF LUCKY AND RUN. NOT GILL. TUNNEL VISION. FOCUSED ON ONE GOAL-- YOUR DEATH.
BUT HE LEFT YOU ALIVE. HE COULD HAVE KILLED YOU.
INWARDLY HE STILL THINKS HE'S ON OUR SIDE. IT'S YOU THAT'S THE CORRUPTION. YOU WHO MUST BE ELIMINATED.
A COMFORTING THOUGHT

A GENETIC FREAK MAYBE, BUT I'D SAY GILL'S THIRST FOR REVENGE IS ALL TOO HUMAN.
HE'S A MAN BRED FOR A FUNCTION -- AN EXPERIMENT, A TOOL TO DO A JOB USED, FOUND WANTING, DISCARDED.
THEN HE GETS A NEW LEASE OF LIFE -- THE GREATEST HONOUR HE COULD ASK FOR, TO SERVE HIS CHIEF JUDGE -- ONLY TO HAVE, IN HIS MIND, HIS LOYALTY ABUSED AGAIN, BY THE ONE HE TRUSTED MOST.
I'D BE ANGRY

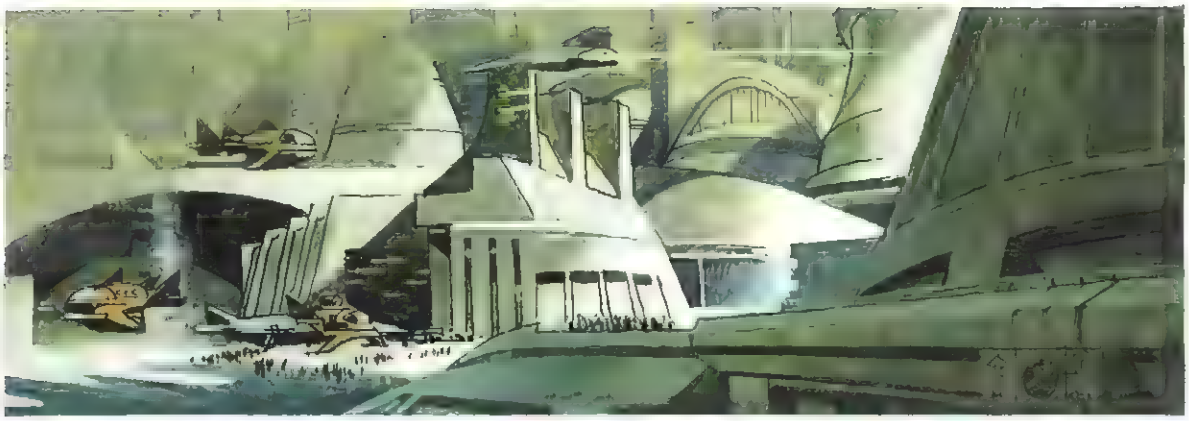

ALL ENTRY PORTS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED, BUT I DOUBT THAT WILL STOP HIM. HE IS EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.
I'D ADVISE YOU TO CUT DOWN ON OFFICIAL ENGAGEMENTS, BUT I SUPPOSE I'D BE WASTING MY BREATH.
YOU TRY EXPLAINING A NO-SHOW TO THE MOTHERS OF PHILADELPHIA.

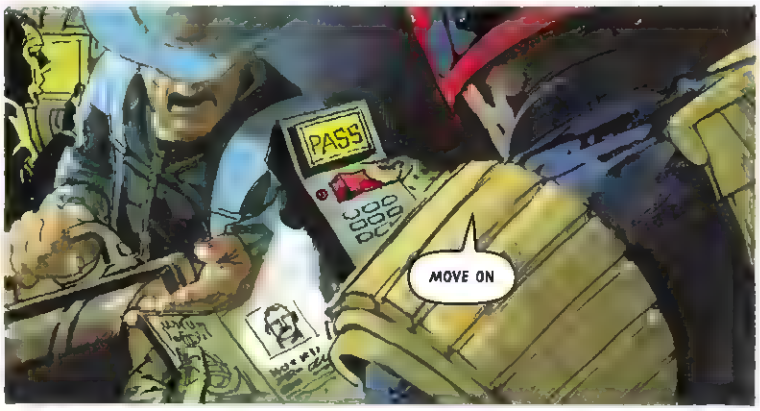
NEVER MIND. ALWAYS KNEW CHIEF JUDGES DIDN'T LAST LONG.


BUBBA O'KELLY--


YOU ALL RIGHT, DE KLERK?

SORRY. BACK'S BEEN PLAYING ME UP. PLEASE CARRY ON
BUBBA O'KELLY. CONVICTED OF FOUR MURDERS, 2122. ALL VICTIMS WITH LINKS TO OR SYMPATHETIC WITH ANTI-JUDICIAL ELEMENTS--
--VICTIMS IN EVERY RESPECT SIMILAR TO THOSE TARGETED BY ARMON GILL, THE SO-CALLED JUSTICE KILLER.
YET WHEN GILL GETS TO CORRECTION FACILITY 17, FIRST THING HE DOES IS PUT A PICKAXE THROUGH O'KELLY. COINCIDENCE?
HELLUVA BIG COINCIDENCE.
YOU'RE SUGGESTING... GILL HAD INSTRUCTIONS TO KILL O'KELLY?
WAIT A MINUTE-- I SEE WHAT YOU'RE GETTING AT. GILL WASN'T THE FIRST CHIEF JUDGE'S MAN. FIRST THERE WAS O'KELLY.
SAY O'KELLY WAS THREATENING TO TALK, SPILL THE BEANS ON HIS CONTROLLER. SENDING GILL IN TO SILENCE O'KELLY WAS A PRETTY DESPERATE MOVE, BUT HOW ELSE COULD HE GET AT HIM?
IT FITS.
LOOK INTO THE O'KELLY CASE, HIS HISTORY PREVIOUS TO HIS ARREST. YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ANY CONNECTION WITH AN OFFICER IN THIS DEPARTMENT.
YOU STILL BELIEVE GILL'S CONTROLLER WAS A JUDGE?
I DO. FURTHER, ASSUMING GILL WAS INSTRUCTED TO LET HIMSELF BE CAPTURED, HOW COULD HIS CONTROLLER ENSURE HE WAS SENT TO CORRECTION FACILITY 17? CHECK WITH ALLOCATIONS, TULLY. FIND OUT HOW IT WAS DONE.
YES SIR.
DE KLERK, YOU NEVER LEARNED HOW GILL CAME TO BE RELEASED INTO THE CITY IN THE FIRST PLACE CONSIDERING HIS BACKGROUND. THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN UNTHINKABLE
WE INTERVIEWED THE CLERK WHO PROCESSED THE PAPERS. HE DIDN'T REMEMBER THEM. NOT SURPRISING
THEY WERE PREPARED AND AUTHORISED BY SWINNY IN ADMIN, NOW DECEASED. HE COULDN'T BE OUR MAN-- DIED BEFORE GILL'S FIRST KILLING
WELL SOMEBODY ARRANGED IT! SOMEBODY PULLED STRINGS. GOT HIM ACCOMMODATION. SOMEBODY KEPT HIM SUPPLIED WITH MONEY AND MUNITIONS AND TARGETS.
IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH, DE KLERK! TOO MANY DAMNED UNKNOWNS IN THIS CASE! LOOK INTO IT AGAIN!




PASS
MOVE ON

PURPOSE OF VISIT, MR RAIKES?
JUST PLEASURE.
TEXAS RANGER-- WOULDN'T BE PLANNING ANY BUSINESS HERE?
NO SIR, GOT MORE'N I CAN HANDLE IN THE WILDLANDS

TEN DAYS. OBEY THE LAW. ENJOY YOURSELF

THANK YOU, SIR. I INTEND TO.

THE CURSED EARTH--
SOMETHIN' DOWN THERE!

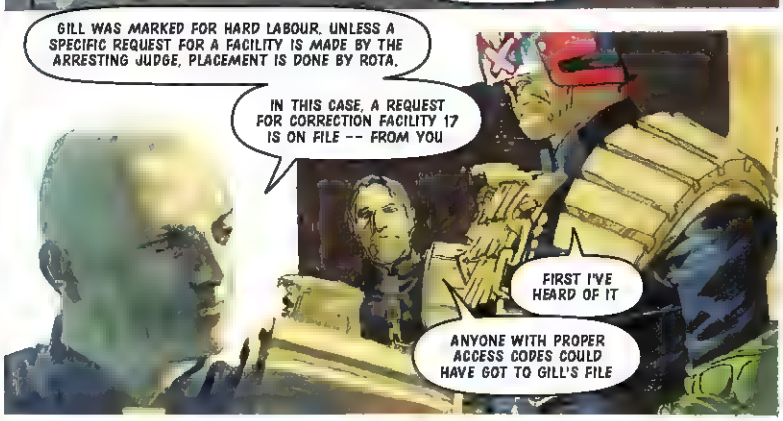
I'VE RUN THAT PROFILE, SIR.
PERSONALITY TRAITS ARE KIND OF SUBJECTIVE, BUT THE REST IS STRAIGHT-FORWARD--
FORMER STREET JUDGE— DESKBOUND — WOUNDED IN LINE OF DUTY — EASE OF ACCESS TO DOCUMENTS AND MATERIALS — HISTORY OF HARSH JUDGEMENTS — HIGHER THAN AVERAGE KILL RATIO.
I'VE GRADED THEM TOP TO BOTTOM, MOST HITS AT THE TOP.
ALOISIUS, Jed Admin
DE KLERK, Michael Special Investigator Chief Judge's Office
NINEVER, Margart Snr Judge, Admin
SEGAL, Simson Holding Pen Supervisor
AMOS, Ricardo Armoury
FIRST FOUR SCORED IN EVERY CATEGORY.
DE KLERK HAD A HIGH KILL RATIO?
12 PERCENT UP ON AVERAGE. OVER SIXTY JUDGEMENTS OVERTURNED ON APPEAL. THEY CALLED HIM 'IRON MIKE' AT SECTOR HOUSE 114.
WHERE IS HE?
SESSION IN THE RAY TUBE. THE BACK PROBLEM. MEDS ARE TALKING ABOUT SIGNING HIM OFF IF IT DOESN'T IMPROVE
SIR, WHEN WE FIRST SUSPECTED A JUDGE WAS INVOLVED IN THE JUSTICE KILLINGS, JUDGE DE KLERK WAS LIE DETECTED ALONG WITH EVERYONE ELSE. I TESTED HIM MYSELF HE WAS NEGATIVE
CAN'T ALWAYS BELIEVE WHAT THE LIE DETECTOR TELLS YOU, MINGUS

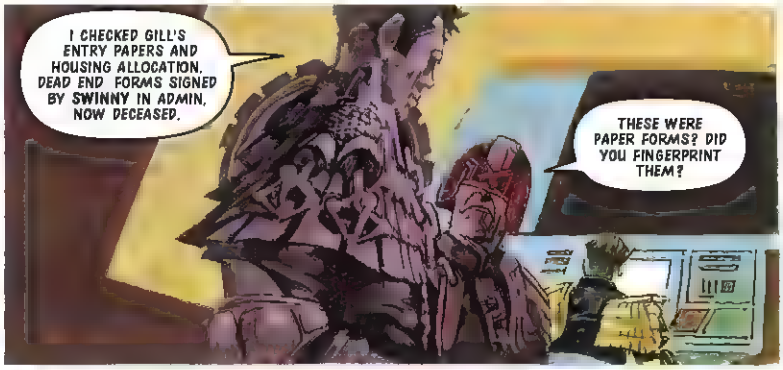
TWELVE NOON, THIRD PHONE, GROVER PLAZA.
blee blee
blee blee
IT WAS A MISTAKE TO COME. HE COULD BE WALKING INTO A TRAP
blee blee
blee blee
AND WHAT COULD SHE HAVE TO SAY TO HIM NOW?
YET SOMETHING MORE POWERFUL THAN NATURAL CAUTION HAD DRAWN HIM THERE. OLD LOYALTIES, PERHAPS.
blee blee
blee blee
YO, BABY!
...OR THE HOPE, THE FUTILE HOPE, THAT SHE WOULD SAY THE RIGHT THINGS AND EVERYTHING WOULD BE THE WAY IT WAS BEFORE
HEY, CHIEF JUDGE!
GET OFF THE LINE, YOU FOOL!
NO NEED TO TALK LIKE THAT, LADY! I DIDN'T CALL YOU, YOU CALLED ME!
LOSE YOURSELF!

ARMON -- YOU REMEMBERED OUR EMERGENCY CONTACT PROCEDURE.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK TO YOUR CHIEF JUDGE
NEARLY TWO YEARS I WAITED! WHAT DID YOU CARE? I WAS OUT OF HARM'S WAY, YOU COULD LEAVE ME THERE TO ROT!
IT...WASN'T THAT SIMPLE, ARMON. I TRIED, BELIEVE ME, BUT THERE WERE PROBLEMS
IT'S ALL WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE NOW, ARMON. YOU'RE BACK. WE CAN TAKE UP WHERE WE LEFT OFF. YOUR CHIEF JUDGE CAN STILL USE A GOOD MAN
SKASHH
AHHH!
LOOK OUT!
DAMN! DAMN!

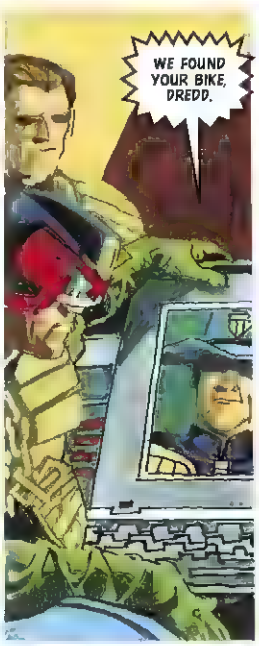
BEFORE HE WENT ON HIS KILLING SPREE, BUBBA O'KELLY SHOT A FRIEND DEAD DURING AN ARGUMENT. THE SHOOTING WAS CLASSED AS SELF-DEFENCE.

GET THIS -- INVESTIGATING JUDGE WAS DE KLERK, DRAFTED IN FROM THE DISABLED LIST DURING A MANPOWER SHORTAGE
SHEEZ...DOESN'T LOOK GOOD FOR THE BOSS MAN.
IT'S NOT PROOF, TULLY. WHAT DID YOU FIND ON GILL'S ALLOCATION TO CORRECTION FACILITY 17?
IT'S ALL DONE BY CENTRAL COMPUTER


GILL WAS MARKED FOR HARD LABOUR. UNLESS A SPECIFIC REQUEST FOR A FACILITY IS MADE BY THE ARRESTING JUDGE, PLACEMENT IS DONE BY ROTA.
IN THIS CASE, A REQUEST FOR CORRECTION FACILITY 17 IS ON FILE -- FROM YOU
FIRST I'VE HEARD OF IT
ANYONE WITH PROPER ACCESS CODES COULD HAVE GOT TO GILL'S FILE


I CHECKED GILL'S ENTRY PAPERS AND HOUSING ALLOCATION. DEAD END FORMS SIGNED BY SWINNY IN ADMIN, NOW DECEASED.
THESE WERE PAPER FORMS? DID YOU FINGERPRINT THEM?

DO IT. EVERY PAGE. IF SOMEBODY SLIPPED THEM ON SWINNY, THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN CARELESS.
TC FOR YOU


WE FOUND YOUR BIKE, DREDD.

IT'S DE KLERK THEN?
ALL THIS TIME HE'S BEEN LEADING THE INVESTIGATION -- COULDN'T BE A BETTER SPOT TO RUN A COVER UP
WE DON'T KNOW FOR SURE.
THOSE FORMS ON GILL--ANY CHANCE YOU COULD RUN THE RAPI-PRINT OVER THEM?

RANGER'S NAME WAS RAIKES, ELVIS RAIKES. FOUND PRINTS OF YOUR MAN GILL ALL OVER HIS APARTMENT.
A TICKET TO MEGA-CITY ONE WAS BOUGHT ON RAIKES' CARD THURSDAY-- HOVERLOVERS 2390, GOT IN 22.20 LAST NIGHT. ACCORDING TO THEIR RECORDS, RAIKES WAS ON IT.
ANY FACE CHANGE APPARATUS IN THE APARTMENT?
NEGATIVE, BUT PLENTY OF STREET PARLOURS DO THE JOB, NO QUESTIONS ASKED.
IMMIGRATION -- DREDD! I WANT AN IMMEDIATE CHECK ON RAIKES, ELVIS, CITIZEN OF TEXAS CITY, CAME IN LAST NIGHT ABOARD HOVERLOVERS 2390. EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT
RAN THE RAPI-PRINT OVER THE FORMS. DE KLERK'S FINGERPRINTS WERE ON EVERY PAGE.
TO THINK THAT HE WAS OPERATING THE JUSTICE KILLERS -- GILL AND O'KELLY -- RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES, AND WE NEVER SUSPECTED
IT'S MY FAULT. WHEN THE CASE FIZZLED OUT I SHOULD ASKED MORE QUESTIONS.
I GUESS DEEP DOWN THERE'S ALWAYS A RELUCTANCE TO BELIEVE. .
RAIKES PASSED THROUGH IMMIGRATION CONTROL AT 22.49, DREDD. GRANTED TEN DAYS' STAY. REGISTERED AT THE INN ON THE SKED, SECTOR 12.
GILL'S GOT A NEW FACE.
THAT'S HIM? WE'VE GOT HIM?
MINGUS, REMAIN HERE WHEN DE KLERK RETURNS, PLACE HIM UNDER ARREST
SHOULDN'T WE CALL IN BACK-UP?
YOU'RE JUST OFF THE SICK ROSTER, SIR -- YOU DON'T WANT TO BE GOING UP AGAINST HIM AGAIN.
DON'T I?

INN ON THE SKED, SECTOR 12 --
HOW DID GILL GET PAST IMMIGRATION?
INN ON THE SKED
JUST CHANGED HIS FACE-- HE'S GOOD AT THAT. THEN ALL HE NEEDED WAS A NEW I-SCAN ON RAIKES' PASSPORT.
IMMIGRATION DON'T CHECK SCANS AGAINST CENTRAL RECORDS.
MAYBE THEY OUGHT TO START.
ARMON GILL'S PRINTS ON THE PASSPORT, ALL RIGHT.
JUST OUR LUCK WE MISSED HIM.
CONSIDERING THE MESS HE MADE OF THE OLD MAN, MAYBE WE WERE LUCKY.
JUSTICE NEWS HERE. SECTION UNDER 'CHIEF JUDGE'S ENGAGEMENTS' HAS BEEN TORN OUT...
SHE'S THE TARGET.
JUSTICE NEWS
INN ON THE SKED
ALL RIGHT. CALL OFF THE H-WAGONS. CLOSE THINGS DOWN HERE. POST AN ASSAULT SQUAD IN THE ROOM. CREEP MIGHT STILL SHOW.

PUBLIC
FACILIT
THEY KNEW.
HER DOING?

SHE COULDN'T RISK SHOWING HER HAND.
BUT SHE COULD HAVE OTHER WAYS...

NO MATTER. THEY KNEW. THEY'D HAVE HIS FACE OUT ALL OVER THE CITY.

THIS FACE! HE'D CHANGED IT SO MANY TIMES HE NO LONGER KNEW WHO HE WAS.
HAD HE EVER KNOWN?

NO MATTER. IT WOULD ALL BE OVER SOON
H-HEY--

IT WAS OVER.
DREDD HAD THE BIT BETWEEN HIS TEETH. HE WOULDN'T LET UP. THEY'D LOOK INTO BUBBA O'KELLY, FIND THE CONNECTION
HE'D TRIED TO PUT THINGS RIGHT, ONLY MADE THEM WORSE. KILLED A CIVILIAN--
--GAVE THAT MONSTER HE'D CREATED MORE REASON TO HATE THE CHIEF JUDGE
URNNNHHH...
DAMN BACK. HARDLY WORTH LIVING WITH ANYWAY
IRON MIKE. 26 YEARS' SERVICE AND THIS IS WHAT IT CAME DOWN TO -- A BAD BACK AND A CRUMMY LITTLE CELL AT THE GRAND HALL. MAYBE THAT WAS ALL HE DESERVED
BUT HE'D BEEN RIGHT! IF THEY'D ONLY OPENED THEIR EYES TO SEE... HE'D BEEN DOING GOOD WORK...
I Judge Michael De Klerk confess
SOME PEOPLE DESERVED TO DIE.

SURVEILLANCE CAMS SHOW GILL LEAVING THE HOTEL AND PROCEEDING TO GROVER PLAZA, WHERE HE WAS INVOLVED IN A SNIPER INCIDENT AT APPROXIMATELY 12.00 HOURS
ONE CITIZEN DEAD. SNIPER HAS NOT BEEN FOUND.
LAST SIGHTING WAS ON JACKSON AVENUE, SECTOR 12, 12.47. WE HAVE THE AREA CORDONED OFF. BLANKET SEARCH UNDER WAY.
YOU'RE SURE IT'S TONIGHT?
HE KNOWS IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL HE'S CAUGHT. HE CAN'T AFFORD TO WAIT. HE'LL COME.

SHE'D SET THE SNIPER ON HIM. SET HIM UP.
SHE HAD A NEW MAN, THAT WAS IT
WE'RE HONOURED TO WELCOME YOU TO THE NORTH WEST HAB ZONE TUNNEL PROJECT, MA'AM!
SHUT DOWN JAWS, KEVIN, BACK HER UP. CHIEF JUDGE IS HERE
DROKK!
WHEN IT'S COMPLETE, MA'AM, WE'LL HAVE A SIXTEEN-LANE SPEEDWAY ALL THE WAY TO THE HAB ZONE.
WITHOUT THE CRIME PROBLEMS OF THE OVERLAND ROUTE
JUST LIKE SHE'D SENT HIM TO KILL O'KELLY. THEY WERE EXPENDABLE, HER CHIEF JUDGE'S MEN.
THAT'S WHY SHE COULD LEAVE HIM TO ROT IN CORRECTION FACILITY 17. HE'D SERVED HIS PURPOSE. FORGET HIM. HARDLY HUMAN ANYWAY.
HE'D ADMIRED HER -- WORSHIPPED HER -- AND SHE WAS JUST LIKE ALL THE REST!
WELL, NOT THIS TIME! THEY'D REMEMBER ARMON GILL THIS TIME!

THIS IS JAWS, MA'AM
SHE CAN DIG HALF A KAY A DAY EVERY THREE DAYS. WHEN SHE REACHES THE OTHER SIDE SHE'LL BURY HERSELF IN A SIDE TUNNEL.
--VICTIM WORE DISTINCTIVE RED FLYSUIT. LOOK FOR BLACK FOORD HOVERSKIMMER NUMBER --
INCOMING!
FIRING WARNING SHOT!
GOTTA BE GILL! TAKE HIM!

ARMON GILL, BETTER KNOWN AS 'THE CHIEF JUDGE'S MAN', MAKES HIS FINAL RUN--
HE'S HIT!
USING THE DUMPERS FOR COVER-!
SPAK
WARN THE CHIEF JUDGE! GILL'S IN THE TUNNEL!

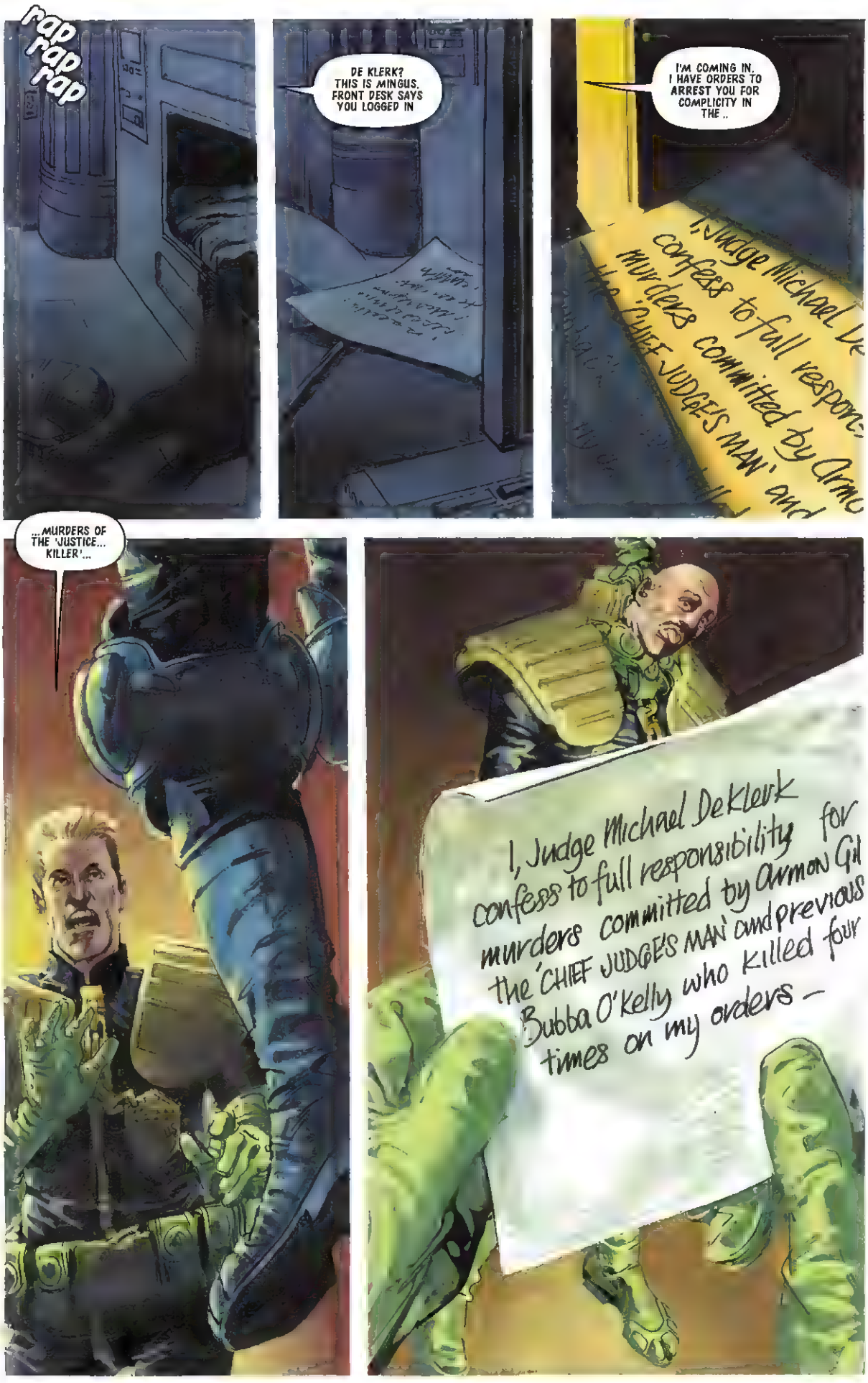
HE DOESN'T PASS!
KRUNNGGG
IMPACT WOULD HAVE KILLED A NORMAL MAN!
HE'S NOT NORMAL!
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY ABOUT THIS DISTURBANCE, CHIEF JUDGE. WE DON'T USUALLY HAVE THIS. .

IT'S ME, YOUR HONOUR! YOUR LOYAL SERVANT!
THRUMMM
WATCH IT!
GRRRNNNNNNNN
SHRANGGG
ONE LAST MISSION FOR THE CHIEF JUDGE'S MAN!

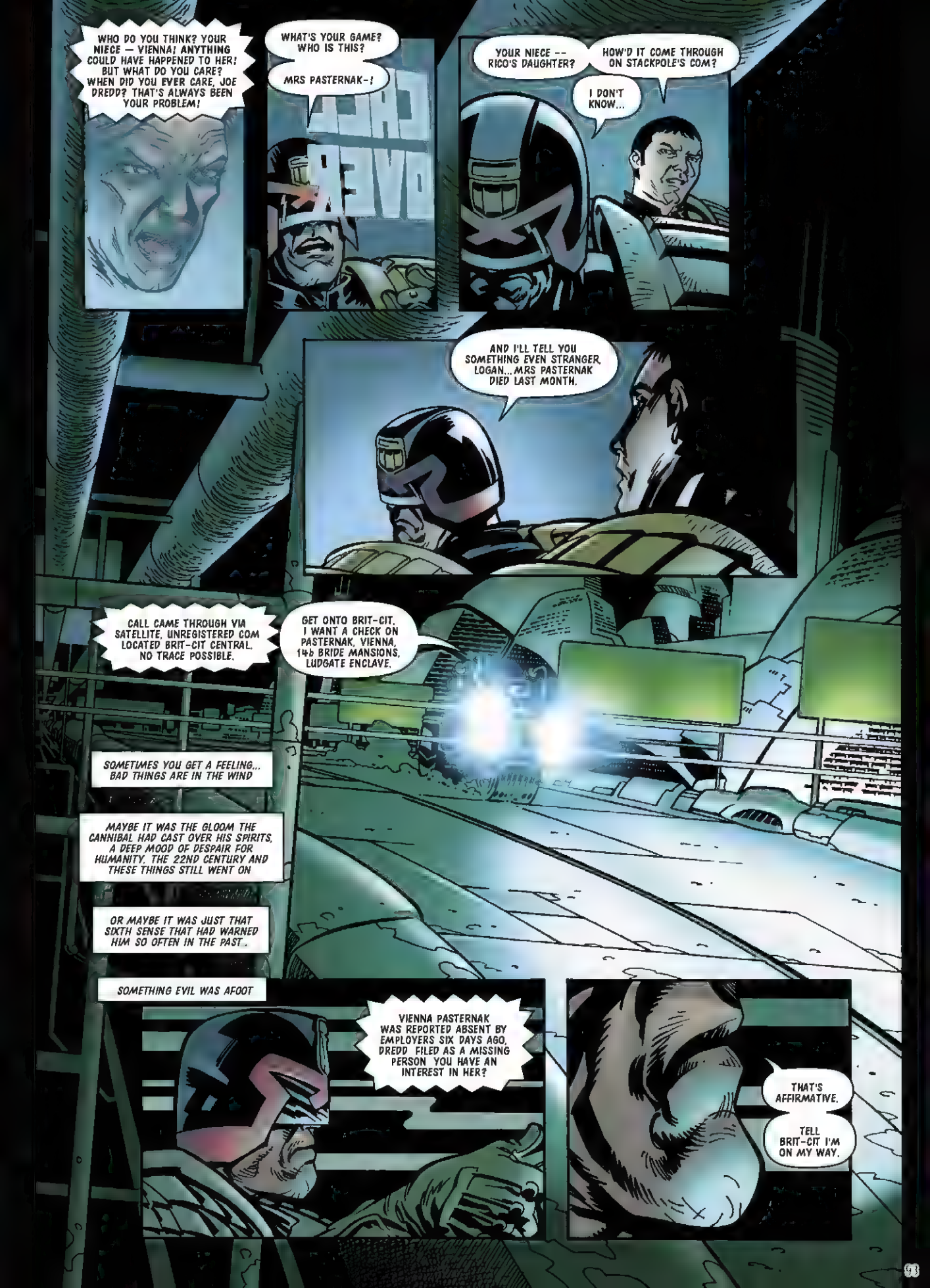
KRAK!
YOUR MISSION ENDS HERE, GILL!
THWAPPP
BUT NOT YOUR WAY!
KERRANGGGG
I CAN'T APOLOGISE ENOUGH, CHIEF JUDGE! I ASSURE YOU, THE MAN IS NOT EMPLOYED BY THIS FIRM!
GGGPUNCHH
SPAPPPP
THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO FOR HER NOW!

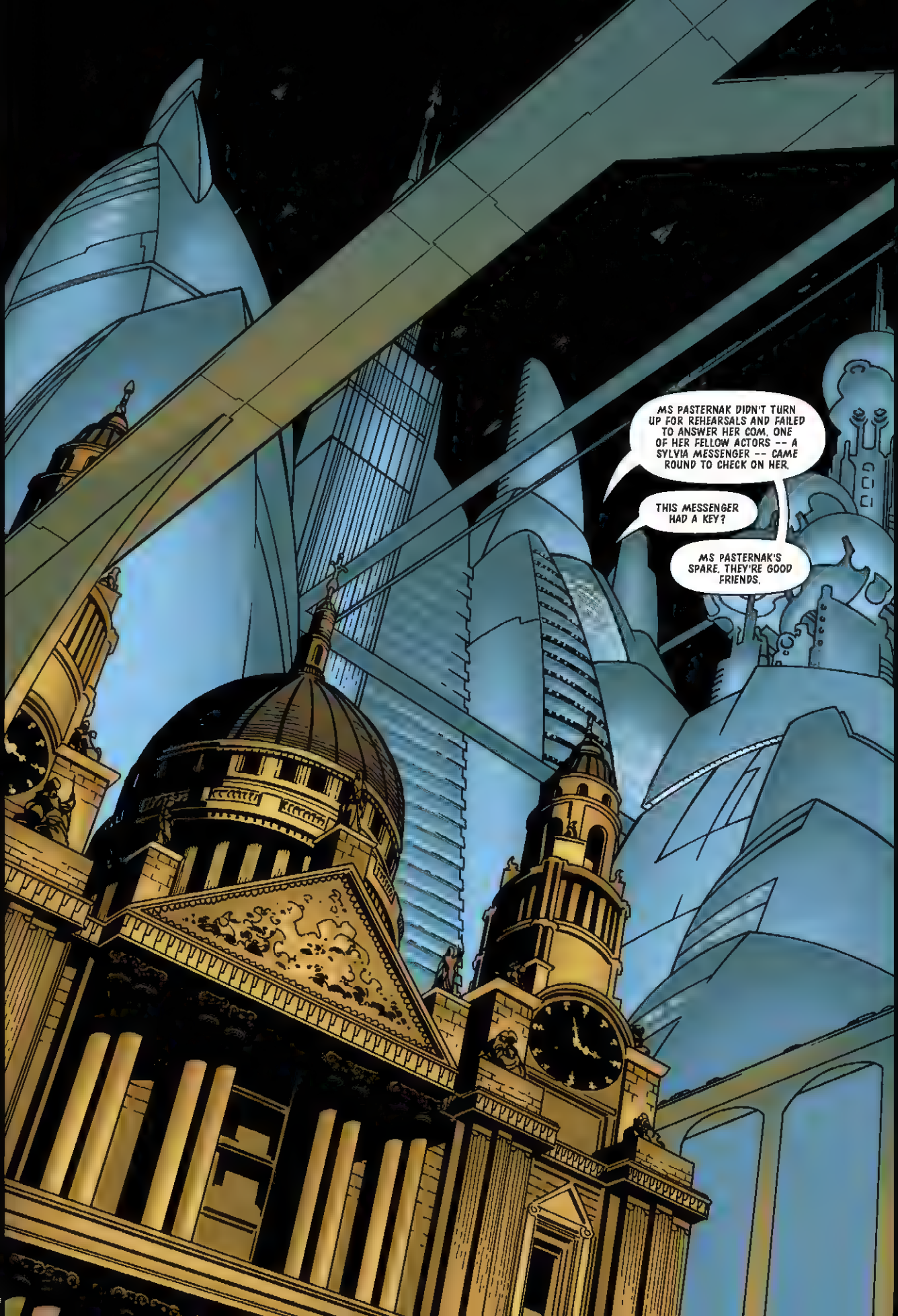
SHRANGGG
GGGRUNNNCHH
CHIEF JUDGE!
SHE SHOULD'VE TREATED ME RIGHT! I'M A MAN, DAMMIT!
A DEAD MAN!

MY GRUD--
THE CHIEF JUDGE-!
I CAN ASSURE YOU, THE CHIEF JUDGE DIDN'T FEEL A THING
A ROBOT?
I GUESSED HE'D COME TONIGHT. FOR ONCE, I PERSUADED HER TO USE A DOUBLE.
SHE WAS ONLY A ROBOT! WHAT A LET-DOWN!
SHOULD HAVE LEFT HIM TO US. YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO GO UP AGAINST HIM AGAIN.
I DON'T HAVE TO PUT ON THIS UNIFORM IN THE MORNING EITHER. JUST GOES WITH THE JOB.
I NEVER KNEW HE TOOK IT OFF
CASE CLOSED.
NOT QUITE. THERE'S STILL THE TRUE GUILTY PARTY...

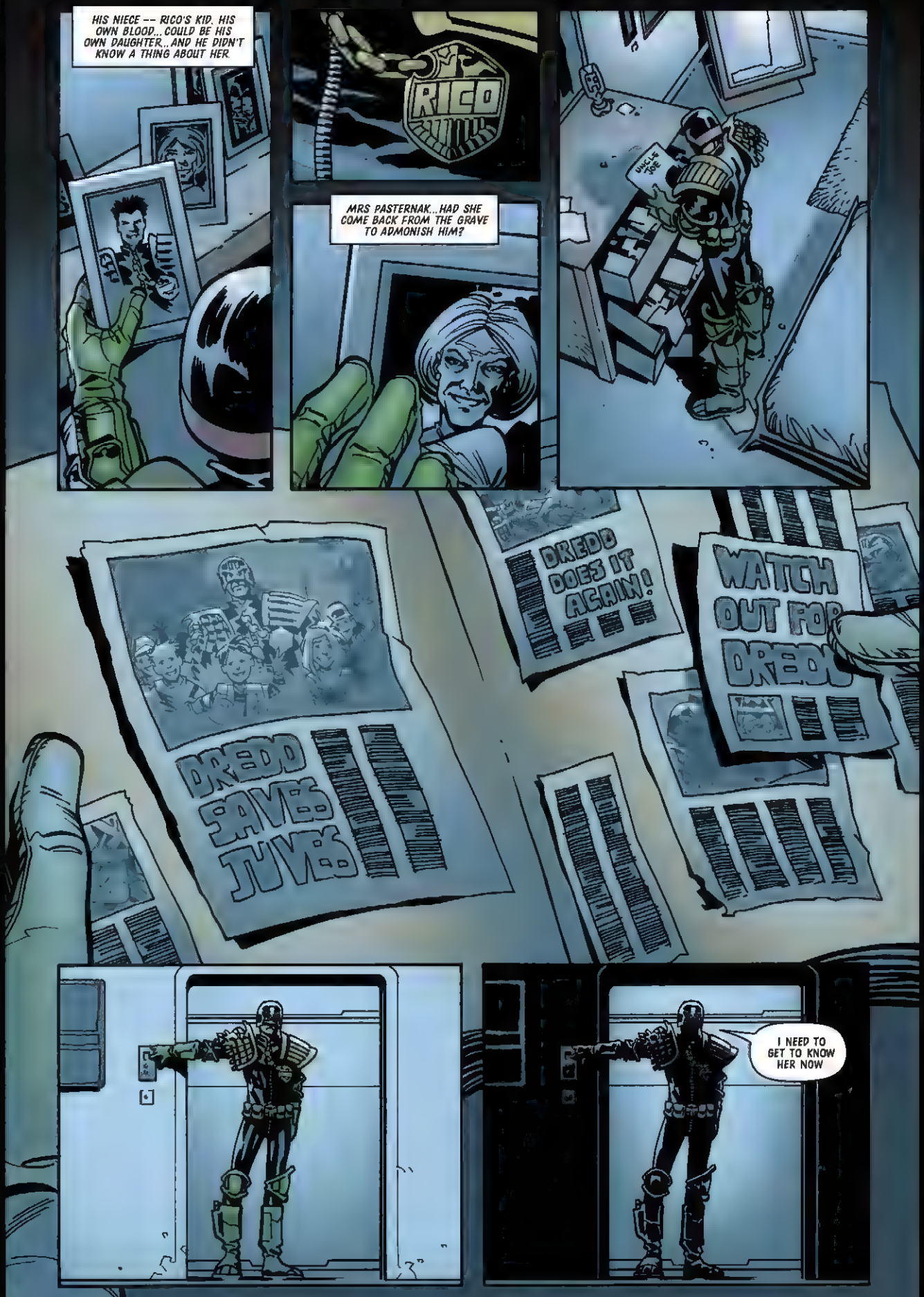

rap rap rap
DE KLERK? THIS IS MINGUS. FRONT DESK SAYS YOU LOGGED IN
I'M COMING IN. I HAVE ORDERS TO ARREST YOU FOR COMPLICITY IN THE ..
I, Judge Michael De
confess to full respons
murders committed by Armo
the 'CHIEF JUDGE'S MAN' and
...MURDERS OF THE 'JUSTICE... KILLER'...
I, Judge Michael DeKlerk confess to full responsibility for murders committed by Armon Gil the 'CHIEF JUDGE'S MAN' and previous Bubba O'Kelly who killed four times on my orders –

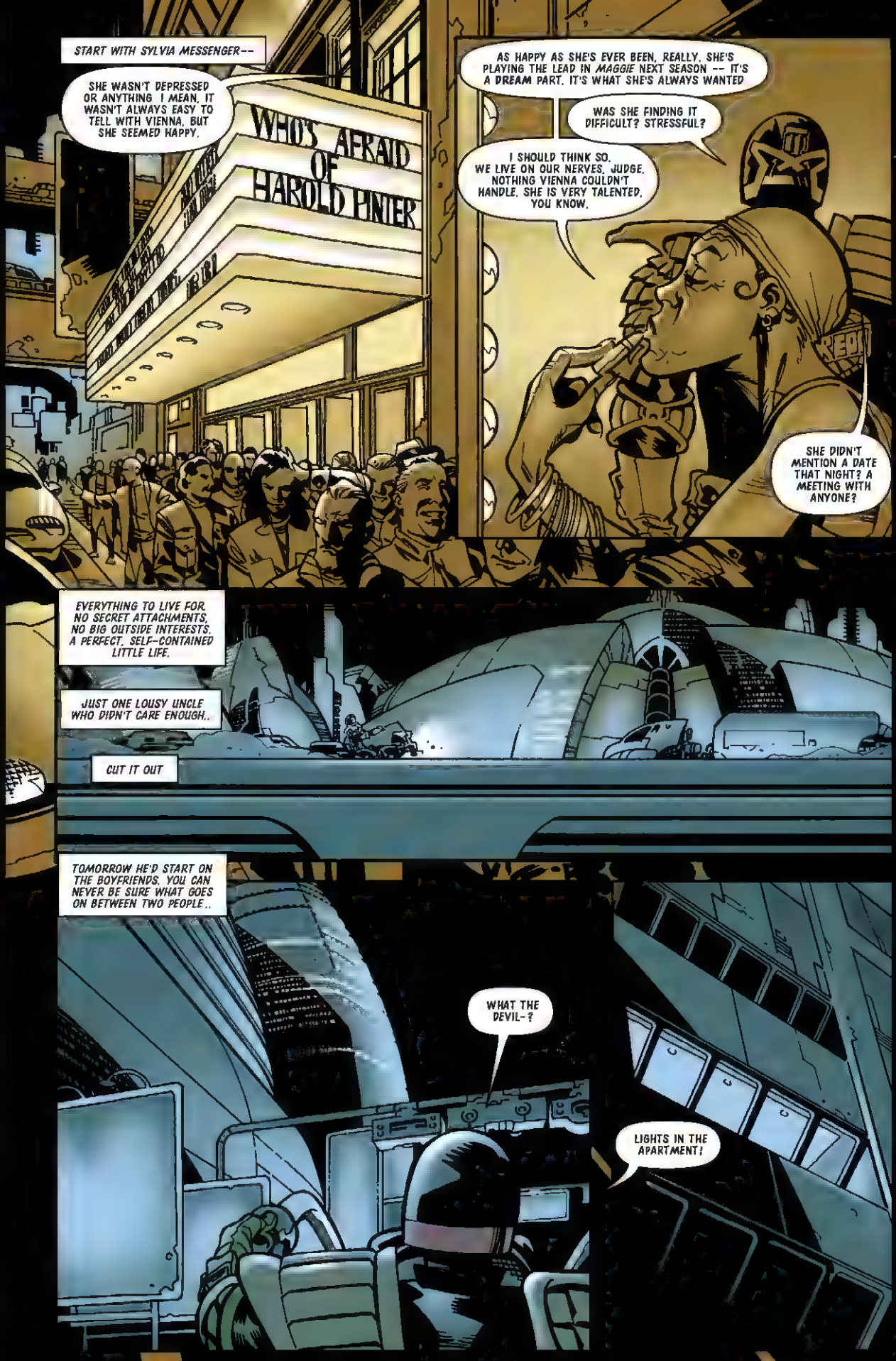
THE BEST WOMAN I EVER HAD WAS IN A LITTLE BAR IN FRISCO.
CHARLIE HUNG HER FOR A FULL TWO WEEKS IN THE BACK ROOM
SHE LITERALLY FELL OFF THE FORK.
THESE STACKPOLE'S?
IN HIS POSSESSION WHEN WE ARRESTED HIM. I'VE COPIED OUT THE CALL LOG. SOME BIG NAMES THERE
BRING THEM IN. ANYONE WHO EVER ATTENDED HIS DINNER PARTIES, I DON'T CARE WHO THEY ARE
SPARE ME THE RECIPE, SICKO! I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE SEVEN CITIZENS WE FOUND IN YOUR CHILLER!
EVEN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, THERE WERE STILL CASES THAT MADE HIM SHUDDER.
SOME REAL SICK PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD.
bzzz bzzz
RESERVATION FOR THE CANNIBAL CLUB?
THERE YOU ARE! WELL, THIS IS A FINE TURN UP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABOUT IT, THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW!
MRS PASTERNAK-?
THREE DAYS SHE'S BEEN GONE! DISAPPEARED! NO ONE KNOWS WHERE! AND DO YOU LIFT A FINGER?
WHO'S DISAPPEARED?


WHO DO YOU THINK? YOUR NIECE — VIENNA! ANYTHING COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HER! BUT WHAT DO YOU CARE? WHEN DID YOU EVER CARE, JOE DREDD? THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN YOUR PROBLEM!
WHAT'S YOUR GAME? WHO IS THIS?
MRS PASTERNAK-!
YOUR NIECE -- RICO'S DAUGHTER?
HOW'D IT COME THROUGH ON STACKPOLE'S COM?
I DON'T KNOW...
AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING EVEN STRANGER, LOGAN... MRS PASTERNAK DIED LAST MONTH.
CALL CAME THROUGH VIA SATELLITE, UNREGISTERED COM LOCATED BRIT-CIT CENTRAL. NO TRACE POSSIBLE.
GET ONTO BRIT-CIT. I WANT A CHECK ON PASTERNAK, VIENNA, 14b BRIDE MANSIONS, LUDGATE ENCLAVE.
SOMETIMES YOU GET A FEELING... BAD THINGS ARE IN THE WIND
MAYBE IT WAS THE GLOOM THE CANNIBAL HAD CAST OVER HIS SPIRITS, A DEEP MOOD OF DESPAIR FOR HUMANITY. THE 22ND CENTURY AND THESE THINGS STILL WENT ON
OR MAYBE IT WAS JUST THAT SIXTH SENSE THAT HAD WARNED HIM SO OFTEN IN THE PAST..
SOMETHING EVIL WAS AFOOT
VIENNA PASTERNAK WAS REPORTED ABSENT BY EMPLOYERS SIX DAYS AGO. DREDD FILED AS A MISSING PERSON. YOU HAVE AN INTEREST IN HER?
THAT'S AFFIRMATIVE.
TELL BRIT-CIT I'M ON MY WAY.


MS PASTERNAK DIDN'T TURN UP FOR REHEARSALS AND FAILED TO ANSWER HER COM. ONE OF HER FELLOW ACTORS -- A SYLVIA MESSENGER -- CAME ROUND TO CHECK ON HER.
THIS MESSENGER HAD A KEY?
MS PASTERNAK'S SPARE. THEY'RE GOOD FRIENDS.

MESSENGER FOUND THE APARTMENT AS YOU SEE IT. NO SIGN OF A STRUGGLE, NOTHING UNTOWARD.
SHE LEFT A NOTE FOR PASTERNAK. WHEN SHE FAILED TO APPEAR BY THE NEXT DAY, WE WERE INFORMED.
THIS WAS TAKEN BY THE BUILDING SECURITY CAM SUNDAY AT 19.38.
EVENING WEAR, I GUESS WHAT THEY CALL SMART CASUAL. A DATE PERHAPS. DOESN'T LOOK LIKE SOMEONE WHO'S PLANNING TO DISAPPEAR.
DID... MY NIECE HAVE MANY MEN FRIENDS?
TWO OR THREE. NOTHING SERIOUS. SHE... APPARENTLY WASN'T AN EASY PERSON TO GET CLOSE TO.
AS FAR AS MESSENGER KNOWS, SHE HASN'T SEEN ANY OF THEM FOR SEVERAL WEEKS, SINCE REHEARSALS BEGAN. NAMES ARE IN THE DOSSIER IF YOU WANT TO DOUBLE CHECK
WE'VE SEARCHED THE APARTMENT AND HER DRESSING ROOM. SPOKEN TO FRIENDS, NEIGHBOURS -- CHECKED HER CALLS, BEEN THROUGH EVERY NAME ON HER CONTACT LIST
IT'S BEEN ON THE NEWS. VIENNA'S BEEN GETTING SOME BIG ROLES WITH HER THEATRE COMPANY. HER FACE IS NOT EXACTLY UNKNOWN.
AND NO ONE'S REPORTED SEEING HER AFTER SHE LEFT THIS BUILDING?
I'M SORRY
DOSSIER, MULTI-KEY, WEAPONS PERMIT, TEMPORARY BADGE OF ASSIGNMENT TO BRIT-CIT JUDICIARY. CONTROL FREQUENCY'S ON 66. YOU NEED ANYTHING, CALL IN.
APPRECIATE IT.
HOPE YOU FIND HER. COULD BE NOTHING. YOU KNOW WHAT YOUNG PEOPLE ARE LIKE.
NO...
THE TROUBLE WAS, HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT YOUNG PEOPLE WERE LIKE.


HIS NIECE -- RICO'S KID. HIS OWN BLOOD... COULD BE HIS OWN DAUGHTER... AND HE DIDN'T KNOW A THING ABOUT HER.
RICO
MRS PASTERNAK... HAD SHE COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE TO ADMONISH HIM?
UNCLE JOE
DREDD DOES IT AGAIN!
WATCH OUT FOR DREDD
DREDD SAVES JUVES
I NEED TO GET TO KNOW HER NOW

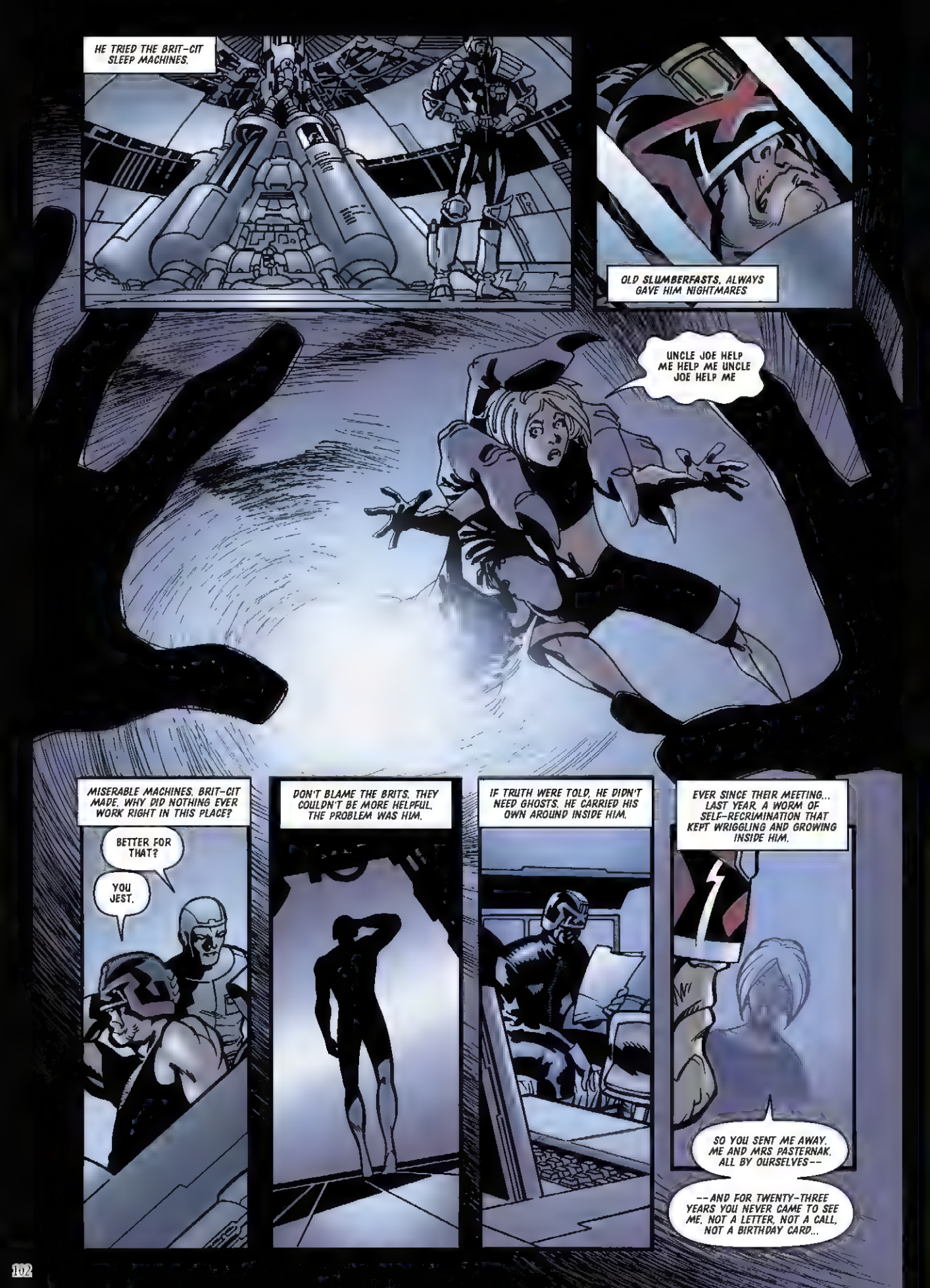

START WITH SYLVIA MESSENGER--
SHE WASN'T DEPRESSED OR ANYTHING. I MEAN, IT WASN'T ALWAYS EASY TO TELL WITH VIENNA, BUT SHE SEEMED HAPPY.
WHO'S AFRAID OF HAROLD PINTER
AS HAPPY AS SHE'S EVER BEEN, REALLY. SHE'S PLAYING THE LEAD IN *MAGGIE* NEXT SEASON -- IT'S A DREAM PART. IT'S WHAT SHE'S ALWAYS WANTED
WAS SHE FINDING IT DIFFICULT? STRESSFUL?
I SHOULD THINK SO. WE LIVE ON OUR NERVES, JUDGE. NOTHING VIENNA COULDN'T HANDLE. SHE IS VERY TALENTED, YOU KNOW.
SHE DIDN'T MENTION A DATE THAT NIGHT? A MEETING WITH ANYONE?
EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR. NO SECRET ATTACHMENTS, NO BIG OUTSIDE INTERESTS. A PERFECT, SELF-CONTAINED LITTLE LIFE.
JUST ONE LOUSY UNCLE WHO DIDN'T CARE ENOUGH..
CUT IT OUT
TOMORROW HE'D START ON THE BOYFRIENDS. YOU CAN NEVER BE SURE WHAT GOES ON BETWEEN TWO PEOPLE..
WHAT THE DEVIL-?
LIGHTS IN THE APARTMENT!

DREDD'S NIECE VIENNA HAS GONE MISSING IN MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES IN BRIT-CIT. NOW, HER APARTMENT APPEARS OCCUPIED--
VIENNA?
VIENNA! IT'S UNCLE JOE!

VIENNA, IT'S UNCLE JOE. WE'VE BEEN CONCERNED ABOUT YOU.
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
VIENNA-?
THIS IS JUDGE DREDD! WHOEVER YOU ARE, COME OUT OF THERE!

SO YOU FINALLY GOT HERE, JOE DREDD! TOO LATE -- AS USUAL, TOO DAMNED LATE!
TOO DAMNED LATE!
DREDD

THIS IS DREDD. I WANT A DEBUGGING UNIT DOWN HERE, 14b BRIDE MANSIONS.
WE'VE SCANNED FOR ELECTRONIC SURVEILLANCE DEVICES, HOLOGRAPHIC AND PSIONIC PROJECTORS. THERE'S NOTHING HERE
YOU THINK THE APARTMENT MAY BE...HAUNTED?
I'VE SEEN STRANGER THINGS. BUT I DON'T BUY IT.
SOMEONE'S HELLBENT OF SENDING ME ON A HEAVY GUILT TRIP. WHY, I DON'T KNOW.
THEY KNOW ENOUGH TO SUGGEST THEY'VE SPOKEN WITH VIENNA. IT'S POSSIBLE THEY'RE HOLDING HER...
HOW LONG'S IT BEEN SINCE YOU HAD ANY SLEEP?
NOTHING YOU CAN DO TONIGHT. WE'VE SET ASIDE A CUBICLE FOR YOU IN THE HALL OF RESIDENCE-- SUGGEST YOU USE IT.


HE TRIED THE BRIT-CIT SLEEP MACHINES.
OLD SLUMBERFASTS. ALWAYS GAVE HIM NIGHTMARES.
UNCLE JOE HELP ME HELP ME UNCLE JOE HELP ME
MISERABLE MACHINES. BRIT-CIT MADE. WHY DID NOTHING EVER WORK RIGHT IN THIS PLACE?
BETTER FOR THAT?
YOU JEST.
DON'T BLAME THE BRITS. THEY COULDN'T BE MORE HELPFUL. THE PROBLEM WAS HIM.
IF TRUTH WERE TOLD, HE DIDN'T NEED GHOSTS. HE CARRIED HIS OWN AROUND INSIDE HIM.
EVER SINCE THEIR MEETING... LAST YEAR. A WORM OF SELF-RECRIMINATION THAT KEPT WRIGGLING AND GROWING INSIDE HIM.
SO YOU SENT ME AWAY. ME AND MRS PASTERNAK. ALL BY OURSELVES--
--AND FOR TWENTY-THREE YEARS YOU NEVER CAME TO SEE ME. NOT A LETTER. NOT A CALL. NOT A BIRTHDAY CARD...

DIDN'T IT OCCUR TO YOU, UNCLE JOE, THAT MAYBE IT'S BETTER TO LOVE SOMEONE AND LOSE THEM THAN NEVER TO BE LOVED AT ALL?
I...NO, NO, IT DIDN'T..
HAD HE BEEN WRONG ALL THAT TIME? HAD HE FAILED HER, EVERY STEP OF THE WAY?
AND WHEN THE TIME CAME TO PUT THINGS RIGHT...TO BEGIN TO MAKE AMENDS... HAD HE LET HER DOWN AGAIN?
DAYSTICK SHOVED SO FAR UP HIS BACKSIDE HE COULDN'T BEND, NOT EVEN FOR HER.
bip bip
AND NOW...MAYBE MRS PASTERNAK'S GHOST WAS RIGHT. TOO LATE. TOO DAMNED LATE.
YOU WANTED ME TO CHECK IF ANY OF STACKPOLE'S DINNER GUESTS HAD BRIT-CIT ADDRESSES. GOT TWO POSITIVES.
SILFE, RUPERT, 2210 MOULTON CONAPTS. 44, WELL-KNOWN GOURMET AND BOD ABOUT TOWN. WRITES A FOOD COLUMN FOR THE QUARTERLY DOG
MAKES HIS CROQUE-MONSIEUR WITH THE REAL MONSIEUR. KEEP GOING, LOGAN.
THIS ONE'S INTERESTING. HEATH, ESCOTT. 53. DEALER IN SATANIC ARTEFACTS. RUMOURED TO BE INVOLVED IN A SECRET SATANIST SOCIETY, THE SSS. THAT'S LIKE A HISS WITHOUT THE HI --
THEY HOLD THEIR MEETINGS OUTSIDE THE CITY, SO GRUD KNOWS WHAT THEY GET UP TO.
YOU WANT ME TO MENTION THEIR POSSIBLE INVOLVEMENT IN THE CANNIBAL CASE TO THE BRITS?
NEGATIVE. LET ME SPEAK TO THEM FIRST...

HE RODE OUT INTO THE VAST SPRAWL OF THE CITY, DOWN AMONG THE MEAN HOVELS OF THE UNDERCLASSES...
...WHERE DANGER AND LARCENY LURKED AMONG THE SHADOWS.
NOT HIS BUSINESS, COULDN'T START CLEANING UP BRIT-CIT
DREDD TO BRIT-CIT CONTROL-- YOU HAVE AN ARV IN PROGRESS, GROPE LANE.
EVEN HERE THERE WERE ATTRACTIONS TO BRING THE SMART SET FLOCKING FROM THE SAFETY OF THEIR ENCLAVES..

RUPERT SILFE? YOUR OFFICE TOLD ME I'D FIND YOU HERE.
JUDGE DREDD -- THE REAL JUDGE DREDD?
COME FOR THE FUN OR JUST TO ROUGH UP THE LOCALS?
HAW! PRICELESS, RUPERT!
ORGIES AREN'T MY STYLE. LET'S YOU AND ME HAVE A WORD -- WITHOUT THE RA-RA GROUP.
I SAY!
OUT!
I BELIEVE YOU KNOW A MR ONASSIS STACKPOLE, CITIZEN OF MEGA-CITY ONE.
NO... I DON'T THINK I RECALL THE NAME.
I BELIEVE YOU MAY HAVE ATTENDED A DINNER AT HIS PREMISES AT WHICH HUMAN MEAT WAS CONSUMED
DEAR ME, NO! WHAT A PREPOSTEROUS SUGGESTION!
I CHECKED YOUR COM RECORDS. THEY SHOW THREE CALLS TO STACKPOLE LAST YEAR.
I'M NOT HERE TO MONKEY AROUND WITH YOU, SILFE. YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE ALREADY. KEEP LYING TO ME AND YOU'RE GOING TO BUY YOURSELF A WHOLE HEAP OF GRIEF.
A CALL WAS MADE TO ME PERSONALLY ON STACKPOLE'S COM, LINKED TO A POSSIBLE KIDNAPPING HERE IN BRIT-CIT. YOU KNEW STACKPOLE'S NUMBER -- STARTING TO GET THE PICTURE?
I-I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT!
Y-YOU CAN'T COME HERE DOING THIS TO ME! I'M A RESPECTED MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY!
THAT'S ABOUT TO CHANGE

SILFE HAD MET ONASSIS STACKPOLE AT A GOURMET LUNCH IN OZ. HIS LAST CALL HAD BEEN MADE OVER TWELVE MONTHS EARLIER. HE KNEW NOTHING OF VIENNA'S DISAPPEARANCE.
HE HAD NEVER KNOWINGLY EATEN HUMAN FLESH.
ON THE FINAL POINT AT LEAST, HE WAS STILL LYING.
MANAGEMENT DON'T WANT YOU BOTHERING THE REGULARS
WE'LL SHOW YOU OUT, LIKE NOW—UNNFFF!
SPAK!
DON'T BOTHER. I'M FINISHED HERE
DREDD TO BRIT-CIT CONTROL. SUBJECT SILFE, RUPERT, 2210 MOULTON CONAPTS -- CHECK WITH MEGA-CITY ONE RE POSSIBLE INVOLVEMENT IN CANNIBAL CASE.
WILL DO.

THE CALL ALERTING HIM TO HIS NIECE'S DISAPPEARANCE HAD ORIGINATED IN BRIT-CIT. TWO RESIDENTS OF BRIT-CIT HAD KNOWN DEALINGS WITH STACKPOLE.
IT WAS A LONG SHOT
PEABODY MANSION
RIGHT NOW, HE DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING BETTER.
rap
rap
rap
HEATH! THIS IS THE LAW! OPEN THE DOOR!
E.HEATH
DEALER IN SATANIC ARTIFACTS
splink
HEATH-?
DROKK-!

SKASHH!
WAKKKK!
A JUDGE -- A MEGA-CITY JUDGE?
I-I THOUGHT IT WAS THEM...
WHO'S THEM?
I...I CAN'T SAY!
THE SSS-- THIS SATANIST SOCIETY YOU BELONG TO?
DO YOU RECOGNISE THIS WOMAN?
OH GOD, YOU KNOW...
LOOK, I DIDN'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT! HE MADE ME! Y-YOU DON'T SAY NO TO HIM!
WHO?
I-I CAN'T TELL YOU! HE'D KILL ME!
DAMN IT, HE'S NOT GOING TO DO ANY WORSE THAN I'M GOING TO DO TO YOU!
THE-THE GRANDMASTER!
MERCATOR... HIS NAME IS HORUS MERCATOR...

I...I MET VIENNA AT A CHARITY FUNCTION. SHE ,SHE LET SLIP CERTAIN PERSONAL DETAILS.
THAT SHE WAS MY NIECE-- SHE TOLD YOU THAT?
I MADE THE MISTAKE OF MENTIONING THE FACT TO THE GRANDMASTER. SOME MONTHS LATER HE-HE CAME TO ME...TOLD ME THAT HE WANTED HER.
I WAS TO ARRANGE AN ACCIDENTAL MEETING -- INVITE HER TO A PRIVATE VIEWING OF BRITISH ARTEFACTS. SHE HAS AN INTEREST.
YOU PICKED HER UP? WHERE DID YOU TAKE HER? WHERE IS SHE?
OH NO-!
WHOOOSSHH
I'VE SAID TOO MUCH ALREADY! HE KNOWS!
HE'LL KILL US!

WE'VE MADE THE GRANDMASTER ANGRY! HE MEANS TO DESTROY US --
DROKK!
UHHH!
SKASHHHHHH
WHAT THE DEVIL'S VIENNA GOT HERSELF MIXED UP IN?

N-NO-!
MERCATOR-- WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS! LET'S TALK!
BLAM
GRANDMASTER, PLEASE HEAR ME-!
I TOLD HIM NOTHING-- I SWEAR! I WOULD NEVER BETRAY YOU! MY LIPS ARE SEALED! I PROMISE!
SAKS
SHH
GRANDMASTER-!
HEATH!

Noooooo!
HEATH WAS IN WITH THESE SATANISTS, THE SSS. HE ADMITTED HE ABDUCTED VIENNA ON THE ORDERS OF THEIR GRANDMASTER.
HORUS MERCATOR -- NAME MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
ABSOLUTELY. NOTORIOUS. A *PSI* OF SOME PROWESS, I BELIEVE

CAPABLE OF THIS?
I VERY MUCH DOUBT IT, UNLESS HE'S FOUND SOME SORT OF SUPERCHARGER.
BESIDES, IT WOULD HAVE TO BE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.
WE CAUGHT HORUS MERCATOR INDULGING IN SOME RATHER UNPLEASANT PRACTICES INVOLVING A WOMAN AND UNBORN CHILD. HE WAS SUMMARILY EXECUTED
DEAD?
A MONTH BACK. PICTURES AND MEDICAL REPORT ON FILE.
HEATH DIDN'T TELL YOU WHY THEY WANTED YOUR NIECE? WHERE THEY'D TAKEN HER?
NO. AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT INTERVENED.
THAT'S A PITY. THESE SATANISTS CAN BE DAMNED DIFFICULT TO TRACK DOWN THEY DON'T MAKE THEIR INTERESTS PUBLIC, YOU KNOW. OUR FILE IS WOEFULLY THIN.
WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT WE CAN.
IN THE MEANTIME, I HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST IDEA WHAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH, BUT FROM THE LOOK OF THIS I WOULD BE VERY, VERY CAREFUL...
BEAST OF WIMPOLE STREET SHOT DEAD
GHASTLY SECRETS IN THE CELLAR
HORROR OF 32 WIMPOLE STREET
SATAN SECT CLAIM BODY
The body of satanic killer Horus Mercator was taken last night from central mortuary where it was awaiting cremation. The theft, believed to be the work of members of the SSS, a secret satanic cult, was
HORRIBL

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER
PATHOLOGIST'S REPORT:
Mercator, Horus
White, male, 44.
Death was by a single gunshot wound to the head consistent with judicial execution. Bullet penetrated the frontal bone of the skull, exiting via the parietal, forming an exit wound of approx
WE'VE CHECKED THOSE SSS LINKS. TWO CLEARED OF ANY CONNECTION WITH THE SATANISTS. THE OTHER SEVEN ARE UNOBTAINABLE -- OUT OF TOWN, NO CONTACT ADDRESS.
INTERESTING. SOMETHING'S GOING ON. WE'LL KEEP TRYING. CHIN UP.
SURE. THANKS
WHAT NEXT?
MERCATOR. HIS ONLY LEAD A DEAD MAN
DEAD?
HEATH DIDN'T SEEM TO THINK SO.
LAST KNOWN WHEREABOUTS, 32 WIMPOLE STREET...
SCENE OF CRIME

THE CELLAR...
WHAT GHASTLY RITUALS WENT ON HERE?
To the inhabitors of the earth
the sea! For the Devil shall con
onto you!
SO, IT'S UNCLE JOE TO THE RESCUE
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT COME HERE, GET A FEEL FOR YOUR QUARRY. YOU'RE VERY THOROUGH, I KNOW.
MERCATOR-!
HOW GOOD TO MEET YOU. VIENNA'S TOLD ME SO MUCH ABOUT YOU
DEAR, DEAR VIENNA. WHAT ARE WE TO DO WITH HER?

DREDD'S INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HIS NIECE VIENNA HAVE LED HIM INTO THE LAIR OF THE SEEMINGLY UNDEAD HORUS MERCATOR.
WELL, I MUST BE DEAD. JUST *LOOK* AT THAT EXIT WOUND.
YET HERE I AM, TALKING TO YOU. IT'S A PUZZLE.
YOU MADE THE CALL TO STACKPOLE'S COM HEATH MUST HAVE TOLD YOU ABOUT HIS CANNIBAL SUPPERS--
BUT HOW COULD YOU KNOW I'D BE THERE, UNLESS... YOU WERE THE MYSTERY INFORMANT?
WHO ARE YOU, MERCATOR? WHAT ARE YOU?
AM I REAL? OR JUST A GHOST? ALIVE — OR DEAD?
I CAN'T DISAGREE WITH THAT
WHERE'S VIENNA? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH HER-- WHERE ARE YOU KEEPING HER?
ONLY HER SOUL. AND I HAVE IT. VIENNA'S ONE OF US NOW. SHE BELONGS TO ME.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE HER, JOE -- ONE LAST TIME? YOU'VE COME ALL THIS WAY. IT SEEMS SUCH A SHAME TO SEND YOU AWAY WITHOUT A GLIMPSE OF YOUR NEAREST AND DEAREST.
YOU DEVIL!
TRUER THAN YOU THINK

I CAN TAKE YOU TO HER. BUT YOU MUST PROMISE, NO TRICKS. AND WHEN YOU LEAVE, YOU LEAVE ALONE.
I DON'T PLAY TO YOUR RULES!
MY RULES OR NO GAME, JOE. ONLY CHA
MERCATOR-!
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT YOURSELF INTO, VIENNA?

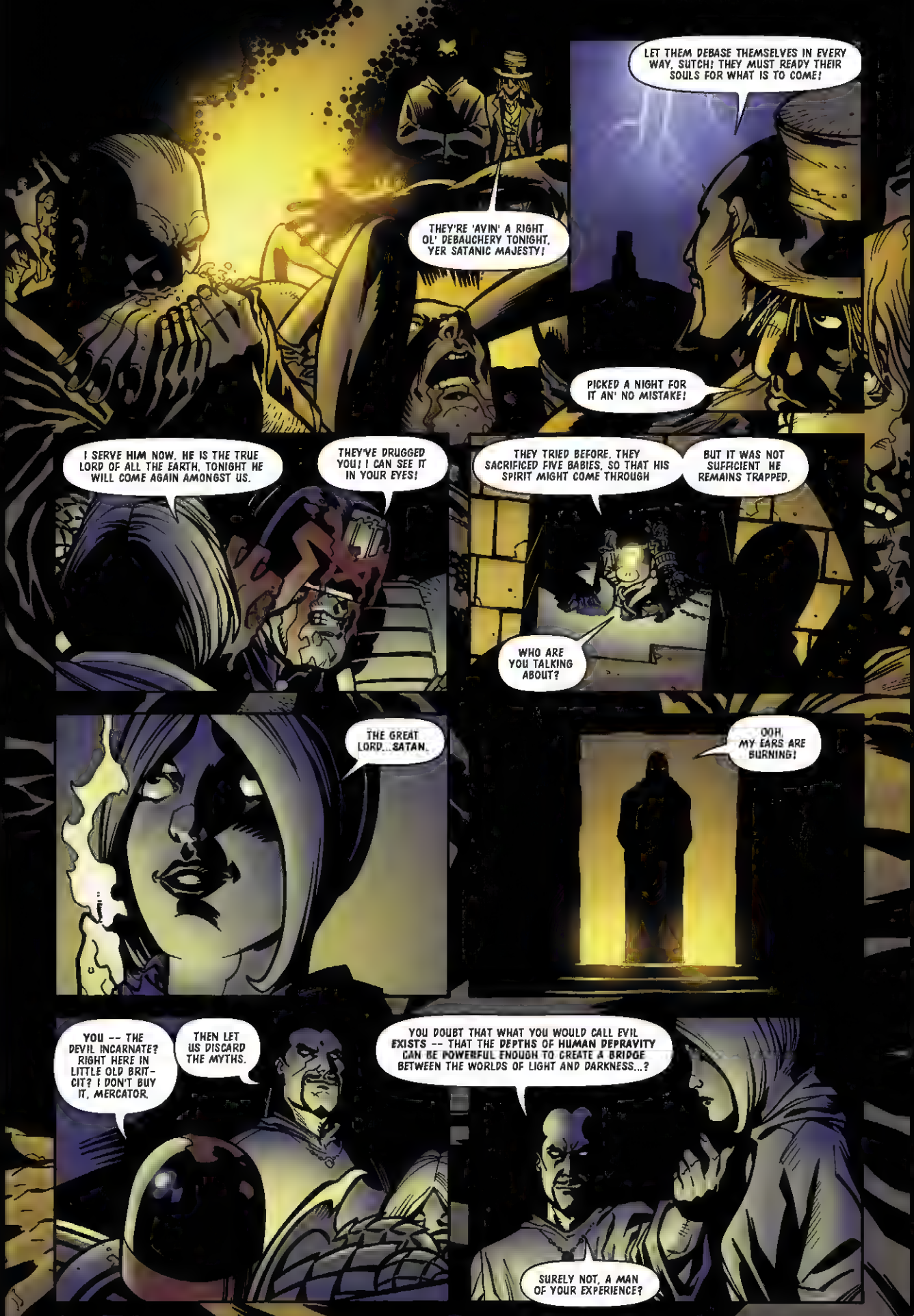
TAXI, MATE?
WHAT DO I NEED A TAXI FOR?
TAXI WAS ORDERED BY A MR MERCATOR. I'M TO TAKE YOU TO A SECRET DESTINATION WOT I'M NOT ALLOWED TO REVEAL.
'OP IN. TRAIN'S LEAVIN'
YOU'RE NO CAB DRIVER.
YOU'RE NO OPERA SINGER EITHER, MATE. LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING ORF, EH?
IT WAS AGAINST EVERY RULE HE LIVED BY, TO STUMBLE INTO A BAD SITUATION UNPREPARED.
TAXI
BUT THE GUILT WAS WORKING ON HIM
MAYBE VIENNA WAS RIGHT, HE'D FAILED HER EVERY STEP OF THE WAY..
FAIL HER THIS TIME AND IT MIGHT BE THE LAST.
SO PLAY ALONG, MAYBE HE COULD SHORT-CIRCUIT THIS WHOLE THING.
FOR TWENTY-THREE YEARS YOU NEVER CAME TO SEE ME, UNCLE JOE. NOT A LETTER, NOT A CALL, NOT A BIRTHDAY CARD.
CREEPS DIDN'T KNOW THE TROUBLE THEY WERE BRINGING DOWN ON THEMSELVES.

WE'RE LEAVING THE CITY! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
THOUGHT WE 'AD AN AGREEMENT, MATE. I DON'T TELL YOU AND YOU DON'T ASK.
TAXI
THINGS JUST CHANGED! I WANT SOME ANSWERS!
AND STOP CALLING ME MATE! I'M NO MATE OF YOURS!
BLIMEY! MR MERCATOR SAID YOU MIGHT CUT UP ROUGH!
whirrrrr
ALWAYS GET YER DIFFICULT PUNTERS
GAS! RESPIRATOR--
BDAM
ptannng
Zinngg
BULLETPROOF!
spaang
'ORRIBLE STUFF, THAT... GETS RIGHT THROUGH THE SKIN.
SLEEP TIGHT, ME OL' MUCKER!

IT WAS HIM THEY WANTED, THAT MUCH WAS OBVIOUS.
WHY SEND THE MESSAGE IN THE FIRST PLACE, UNLESS TO BRING HIM RUNNING? ANY FOOL WOULD KNOW HE WAS THE LAST PERSON THEY WANTED ON THEIR CASE.
WHY CLOAK THE TRAIL IN CONUNDRUMS-- IN SINISTER APPARITIONS-- IN MURDER?
TO CONFUSE HIM? TO FUEL HIS WORST IMAGININGS, TO STOKE UP HIS ANXIETY-- ENOUGH TO LET HIS GUARD SLIP?
AND THE WHOLE GUILT TRIP.
...THEY'D WORKED THAT SO WELL.
the inhabitors of t
the sea!
or the devil
YOU'VE NO HEART AT ALL, JOE DREDD! YOU'RE JUST A SOULLESS MACHINE!
FOR TWENTY-THREE YEARS YOU NEVER CAME TO SEE ME!
PLAYED HIM LIKE A FISH, AND HE'D FALLEN FOR IT

HAD TO GIVE 'IM A PUFF OF THE GAS, BEGGING YOUR PARDON, YER SATANIC MAJESTY. HE'LL BE OUT FOR HALF THE BLEEDIN' DAY.
WE HAVE TIME. WE ARE NOT ALL YET ASSEMBLED.
TAKE HIM TO THE CRYPT. REMOVE HIS WEAPONS. SEE THAT HE IS SECURELY BOUND.
VIENNA -- GO WITH HIM. TEND TO HIS NEEDS. LET HIM SEE, WHEN HE WAKES, WHO YOU BELONG TO NOW.
YES, GRANDMASTER.
PREPARE HIM FOR THE RITUAL! TONIGHT, ON GLASTONBURY TOR, HE FORFEITS HIS LIFE TO SATAN!

VIENNA-!
I HAVE COME TO TEND YOU.
NEVER MIND THAT! WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE! YOU'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY OF BREAKING ME LOOSE!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I MUST PREPARE YOU FOR THE RITUAL.
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? DON'T YOU RECOGNISE ME? VIENNA--
BLOOD!
WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?


THEY'RE 'AVIN' A RIGHT OL' DEBAUCHERY TONIGHT, YER SATANIC MAJESTY!
LET THEM DEBASE THEMSELVES IN EVERY WAY, SUTCH! THEY MUST READY THEIR SOULS FOR WHAT IS TO COME!
PICKED A NIGHT FOR IT AN' NO MISTAKE!
I SERVE HIM NOW. HE IS THE TRUE LORD OF ALL THE EARTH. TONIGHT HE WILL COME AGAIN AMONGST US.
THEY'VE DRUGGED YOU! I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES!
THEY TRIED BEFORE. THEY SACRIFICED FIVE BABIES, SO THAT HIS SPIRIT MIGHT COME THROUGH
BUT IT WAS NOT SUFFICIENT. HE REMAINS TRAPPED.
WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THE GREAT LORD...SATAN.
OOH, MY EARS ARE BURNING!
YOU -- THE DEVIL INCARNATE? RIGHT HERE IN LITTLE OLD BRIT-CIT? I DON'T BUY IT, MERCATOR.
THEN LET US DISCARD THE MYTHS.
YOU DOUBT THAT WHAT YOU WOULD CALL EVIL EXISTS -- THAT THE DEPTHS OF HUMAN DEPRAVITY CAN BE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO CREATE A BRIDGE BETWEEN THE WORLDS OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS...?
SURELY NOT, A MAN OF YOUR EXPERIENCE?

TO GRANT US ACCESS -- HERE, WHERE WE MAY FEED UPON THE CORRUPTION OF THE FLESH AND THE MORTIFICATION OF THE SOUL!
GET YOUR HANDS OFF HER!
SATAN -- MERELY A USEFUL TOOL, A CLOAK THAT SUITS ME TO WEAR
SO YOU'RE A DEMON INHABITING MERCATOR'S CORPSE? EVEN IF I BITE ON THAT ONE, WHY PICK ON US?
SADLY, I FIND MYSELF TRAPPED WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THIS HUMAN FORM. IT REQUIRES AN ACT OF GREATER EVIL TO ALLOW ME TO BREAK FREE
SOMEONE INFINITELY GOOD, RIGHTEOUS, WHOSE DEATH WOULD BE A CRIME AGAINST ALL HUMANITY.
SACRIFICING FIVE BABIES WASN'T ENOUGH?
WAIT A MINUTE -- ME?
YOU'VE BEEN MISINFORMED, PAL! I'M NO GOOD GUY!
STORM'S WORKIN' ITSELF UP INTO A LATHER, YER SATANIC MAJESTY! GO NOW OR WE'LL GET WASHED DOWN THE BLEEDIN' 'ILL!
YOU UNDER-RATE YOURSELF YOU STAND FOR EVERYTHING I DETEST YOUR NAME IS KNOWN THE WORLD OVER FOR JUSTICE
AND A LOT OF OTHER THINGS! THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME A SAINT!

KRAAK
UHHH
AND DAMNED IF I'M GOING TO DIE ON A FALSE PREMISE!
WHUNKK!
STREWTH!
ROT MY BONES, GET A HOLD OF 'IM!
DAMN!
BIND HIM UP TIGHT! 'E'S A 'ANDFUL AN' NO MISTAKE!
TAKE HIM!

WOE TO THE INHABITORS OF THE EARTH, AND OF THE SEA! FOR THE DEVIL SHALL COME UNTO YOU!
AND HIS NAME IS SATAN!

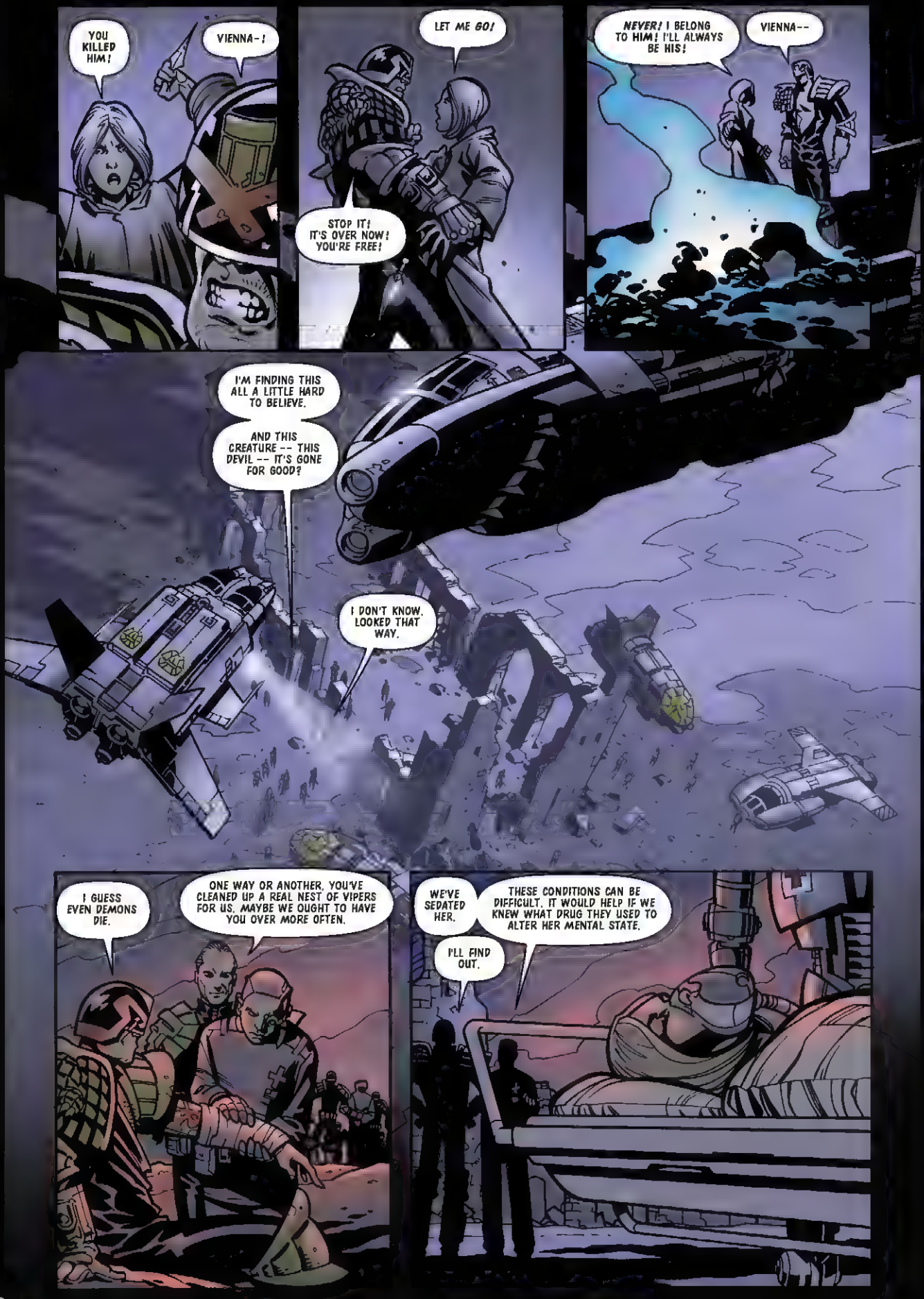
THE HELL-!
YOU CRAZED FOOLS, DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA OF THE CRIME YOU'RE COMMITTING?
NEMA REVEROF YROLG EHT DNA REWOP EHT
VIENNA, LISTEN TO ME --WHATEVER HAPPENS, YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS! THESE PEOPLE ARE SICK!
TAKE THIS LIFE, GREAT LORD, THAT YOU MAY BE FREE!

WITH THE *BLOOD* OF A RIGHTEOUS MAN I *DEFILE* THIS HOLY PLACE!
LORD SATAN IS IMPATIENT TO BE FREE --
SEE HOW HE STRAINS AGAINST HIS HUMAN FORM!
GIVE ME *STRENGTH* -!
BY THIS ACT OF *SUPREME EVIL* I SHALL CROSS OVER!
NNNGH
KCHNNNG

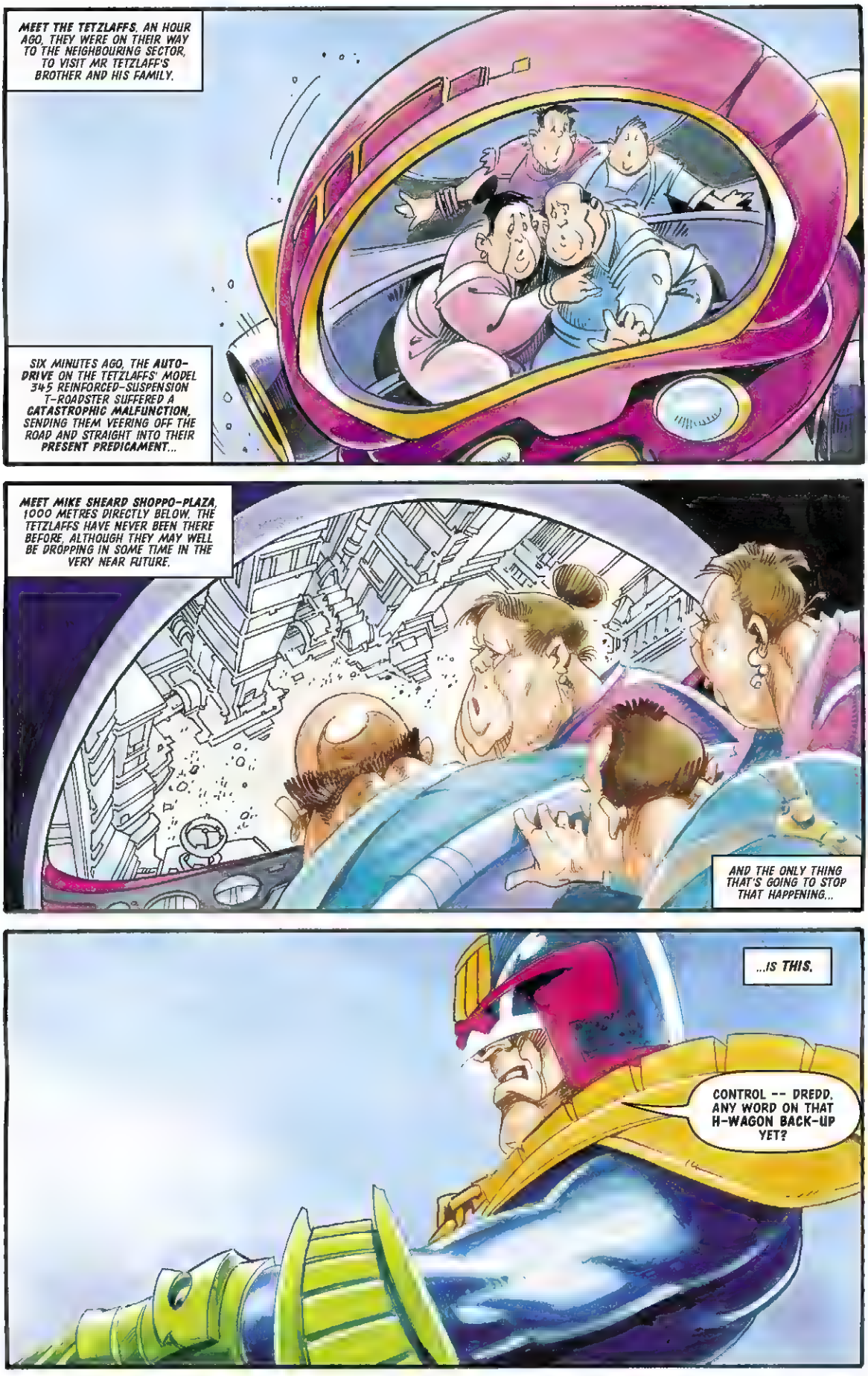
WHANNNGG
WITH THESE CHAINS LET ME DEFILE YOUR SKULL!
SEIZE HIM!
SHUNNNK
AHHH! LORD SATAN-!
FEAR NOT! PURE EVIL CANNOT BE EXTINGUISHED SO EASILY!
FZZAAKKK

N-N-N-NOOOOOOO
FRAKOOOOOOM
DARK LORD, DON'T LEAVE US!
GUESS SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME!
YER A PESTILENTIAL PEST AN' NO MISTAKE! OFF WITH YER BLEEDIN' 'EAD--
OOPS!

KRAK
YOU STICK TO CABBING, CREEP -- I'LL HANDLE THE VIOLENCE!
FLEE WHILE WE MAY!
STICK AROUND, SCARECROW --
-- I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
BLOOMIN' ADA--!


YOU KILLED HIM!
VIENNA-!
LET ME GO!
STOP IT! IT'S OVER NOW! YOU'RE FREE!
NEVER! I BELONG TO HIM! I'LL ALWAYS BE HIS!
VIENNA--
I'M FINDING THIS ALL A LITTLE HARD TO BELIEVE.
AND THIS CREATURE -- THIS DEVIL -- IT'S GONE FOR GOOD?
I DON'T KNOW. LOOKED THAT WAY.
I GUESS EVEN DEMONS DIE.
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, YOU'VE CLEANED UP A REAL NEST OF VIPERS FOR US. MAYBE WE OUGHT TO HAVE YOU OVER MORE OFTEN.
WE'VE SEDATED HER.
THESE CONDITIONS CAN BE DIFFICULT. IT WOULD HELP IF WE KNEW WHAT DRUG THEY USED TO ALTER HER MENTAL STATE.
I'LL FIND OUT.

TWO WEEKS LATER.
HELLO, UNCLE JOE
YOU ARE MY UNCLE JOE, AREN'T YOU? THAT'S WHAT THEY TOLD ME
YES.
THEY HAD TO WASH SO MUCH AWAY TO MAKE ME BETTER. BUT THEY SAY MY MEMORY WILL COME BACK IN TIME.
I HOPE IT DOES. IT'S A... FUNNY FEELING, NOT KNOWING WHO I AM, WHO I BELONG WITH..
YOU BELONG WITH ME.
I HAVEN'T ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD UNCLE, VIENNA, BUT I'M GOING TO CHANGE THAT. I'M GOING TO LOOK AFTER YOU. I'M TAKING YOU HOME.
HOME...? WHERE IS HOME, UNCLE JOE?
MEGA-CITY ONE.
WHEN HER MEMORY RETURNED, WHEN SHE REMEMBERED EVERYTHING HE'D DONE, MAYBE THEN SHE WOULDN'T WANT TO KNOW HIM ANYMORE
THAT WOULD BE HER CHOICE. UNTIL THEN, HE WOULD DO HIS DUTY BY HER.
A MAN COULD DO NO MORE.

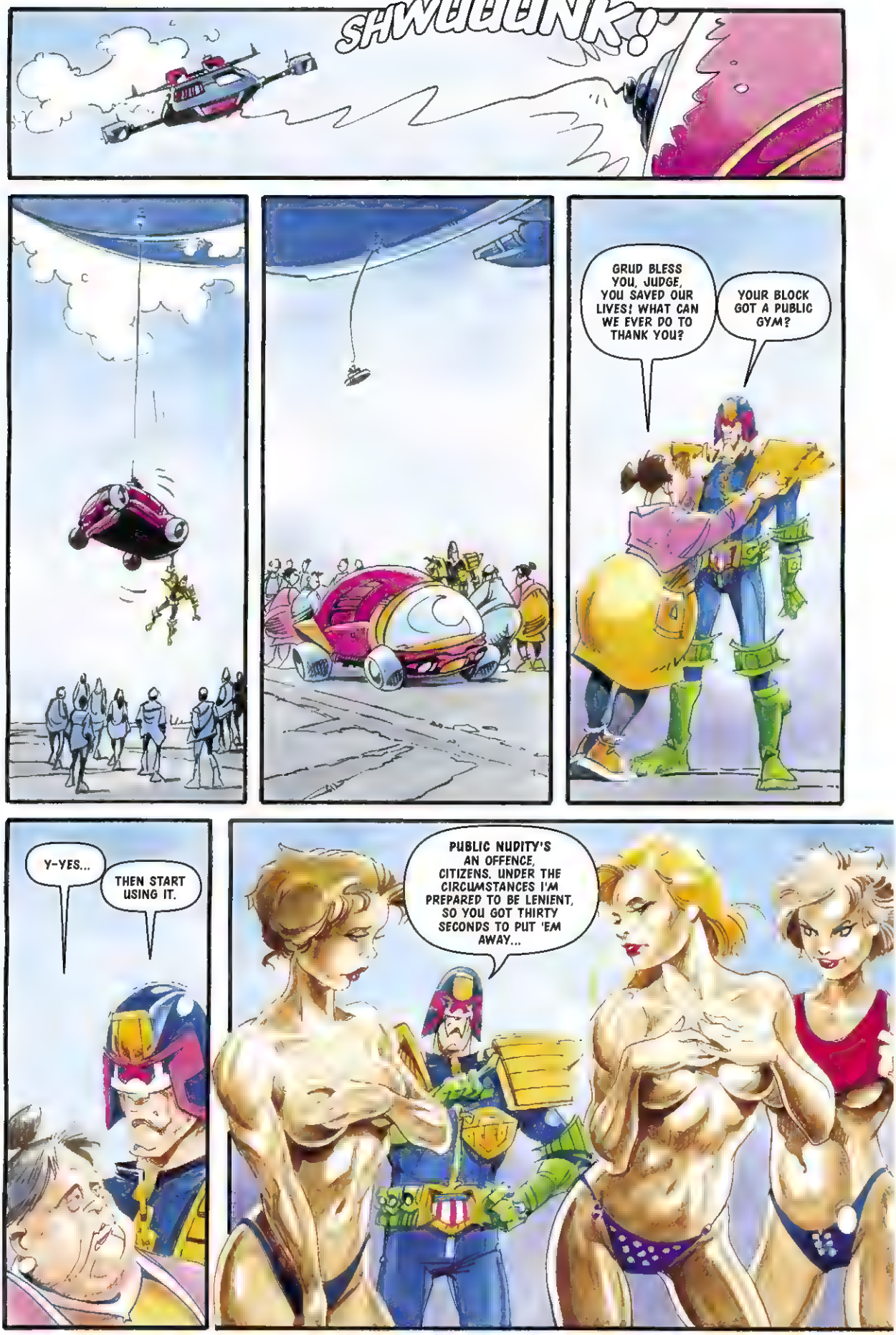

MEET THE TETZLAFFS. AN HOUR AGO, THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY TO THE NEIGHBOURING SECTOR, TO VISIT MR TETZLAFF'S BROTHER AND HIS FAMILY.
SIX MINUTES AGO, THE AUTO-DRIVE ON THE TETZLAFFS' MODEL 345 REINFORCED-SUSPENSION T-ROADSTER SUFFERED A CATASTROPHIC MALFUNCTION, SENDING THEM VEERING OFF THE ROAD AND STRAIGHT INTO THEIR PRESENT PREDICAMENT...
MEET MIKE SHEARD SHOPPO-PLAZA, 1000 METRES DIRECTLY BELOW. THE TETZLAFFS HAVE NEVER BEEN THERE BEFORE, ALTHOUGH THEY MAY WELL BE DROPPING IN SOME TIME IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE.
AND THE ONLY THING THAT'S GOING TO STOP THAT HAPPENING...
...IS THIS.
CONTROL -- DREDD, ANY WORD ON THAT H-WAGON BACK-UP YET?

NOT YET, DREDD. WE'VE GOT FIVE H-WAGONS DOWN WITH MAINTENANCE PROBLEMS TODAY.
WE'LL GET TO YOU AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. UNTIL THEN, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO--
YEAH, I KNOW...
'HOLD ON'.
HELP US, JUDGE! DON'T LET US DIE!
DOING EVERYTHING I CAN, CITIZEN. KEEP CALM AND DON'T MOVE AROUND IN THERE.
BY THE WAY, ANY IDEA HOW MUCH YOU AND YOUR FAMILY WEIGH?
TOGETHER? I DUNNO...FOUR, FIVE HUNDRED KILOS? WHY?
JUST... WONDERING.
THIS BEING MEGA-CITY ONE, A CROWD OF CONCERNED CITIZENS SOON GATHERS TO WATCH THE SPECTACLE UNFOLD...
HOW LONG'S HE BEEN HOLDING ON FOR NOW?
DUNNO. FIVE MINUTES, MAYBE?
HEY, THAT'S NOT BAD! BETCHA HE CAN'T KEEP IT UP, THOUGH.
YEAH? HOW MUCH?

FIFTY CREDS, I GOT FIFTY CREDS SAYS HE CAN'T HOLD ON ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES!
HEY, COUNT ME IN TOO!
I'LL TAKE SOME OF THAT RIGHT HERE!
GAMBLING'S ILLEGAL. YOU FOUR, CONSIDER YOURSELVES UNDER ARREST!
OH YEAH? SO WHY DON'T YOU WALK OVER HERE AND ARREST ME? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO STOP ME?
THIS.
BDAM!
LIKE I SAID, YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST. STAND THERE AND DON'T MOVE UNTIL I'M READY TO DEAL WITH YOU.
LUCKILY, THERE'S STILL SUCH A THING AS CIVIC-MINDED VIRTUE LEFT AMONGST SOME OF THE CITIZENS OF MEGA-CITY ONE...
NEED SOME HELP, JUDGE?

LUCKY FOR YOU WE WERE PASSING! JUST ON OUR WAY BACK FROM WINNING THE INTER-SECTOR FINALS!
LUCY LAWLESS MUSCLEGIRLS
LUCY LAWLESS MUSCLEGIRLS
STAY BACK, CITIZENS. THE WHOLE ROAD'S READY TO GO. NOT SURE HOW MUCH EXTRA WEIGHT IT CAN TAKE...
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO TO HELP!
HOW ABOUT WE MAKE A ROPE? IF WE THROW IT TO THE JUDGE, HE CAN TIE IT ONTO THE CAR AND WE CAN HAUL IT AWAY FROM THE EDGE!
C'MON, GIRLS, WE CAN USE OUR HEAVY-HOLD SPORTS BRAS AND POSING THONGS!
HURRY UP, EVERYONE! THE JUDGE CAN'T HOLD ON FOREVER!

BUT BEFORE THE CITS CAN PUT THEIR NOVEL PLAN INTO ACTION..
KKKRRAAAK!
DROKK! ROAD'S GOING-!
JUDGE -- CATCH!
TOO LATE, CITIZEN.
CONTROL -- DREDD. NEED AN UPDATE ON THAT H-WAGON SITUATION.
OH MOLEY! WE'RE GOING TO DIE!
WILCO, DREDD. H-WAGON UNIT NOW AVAILABLE. THEY HAVE YOU IN SIGHT.
FWALT
BRACE YOURSELVES, CITIZENS. THIS IS GOING TO BE BUMPY.


SHWUUUNK!
GRUD BLESS YOU, JUDGE, YOU SAVED OUR LIVES! WHAT CAN WE EVER DO TO THANK YOU?
YOUR BLOCK GOT A PUBLIC GYM?
Y-YES...
THEN START USING IT.
PUBLIC NUDITY'S AN OFFENCE, CITIZENS. UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES I'M PREPARED TO BE LENIENT, SO YOU GOT THIRTY SECONDS TO PUT 'EM AWAY...

SPARE A FEW CREDS FOR AN APOCALYPSE WAR VET DOWN ON HIS LUCK?

BEAT IT, CREEP. NO PANHANDLING ROUND HERE
HEY, EASY, JUDGE! I'M JUST--

CLUB SOV
YOU HEARD ME, DIRTBAG SCRAM.

RIDING THE CREST OF THE WAVE OF THE CURRENT 'KOOL KOMMUNISTA' FASHION CRAZE, CLUB SOV IS MEGA-CITY'S NEWEST AND MOST EXCLUSIVE NIGHTSPOT
CLUB SOV
THEY'RE HERE! WE'RE BEING INVADED AGAIN!

EVERYONE, IT SEEMS, WANTS TO GET INTO CLUB SOV THESE DAYS...
HOLD IT, JUDGE. I'LL HAVE TO CHECK WITH MISTER—

OBSTRUCTION -- SIX MONTHS.
IF THE REAL THING COULDN'T STOP ME, WHAT CHANCE YOU FIGURE FANCY-DRESS CLOWNS LIKE YOU HAVE?

KAZAK
KAZAK
YOU ZAMINOV, THE OWNER OF THIS FREAKSHOW?
AND YOU ARE HERE TO SHUT ME DOWN, DA?
BEFORE SOME CREEP WITH A GRUDGE DOES IT FOR ME.
SO MANY PETTY RULES AND LAWS IN THIS CITY! EVEN IN SOV BLOK. IT WAS NEVER THIS HARD FOR HONEST BUSINESSMAN TO MAKE LIVING!
...SO THERE I WAS, NAKED AS THE DAY I WAS BORN, *BABUSHKAS*. WITH MY SWORD IN ONE HAND AND SABRE IN THE OTHER, WHEN IN CAME THE DUKE'S BODYGUARDS.

EH...?
BOJEMOI! THE LAW! THEY ARE HERE FOR ME!
WATCH, BABUSHKAS, AS I, ANATOLI SMIRKOV, LEGENDARY SOV SWASHBUCKLER, MAKE YET ANOTHER DARING ESCAPE!
HAH! FAREWELL, MY WORTHY FOES! ONCE MORE ANATOLI LIVES TO LAUGH AND LOVE ANOTHER DAY!
ARMOURED GLASTEEL. STOPS CUSTOMERS TAKING USUAL SOV WAY OF LEAVING WITHOUT PAYING BILL.
YOU KNOW THIS MAN?
NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE IN MY LIFE. PROBABLY JUST ANOTHER SMALL-TIME EURO-CIT PUNK.

CLUB SOV
'SO YOU ARE HERE TO WARN ABOUT SOME KIND OF ATTACK ON CLUB? ATTACK FROM WHOM?'
'TAKE YOUR PICK. CLUB SOV HASN'T EXACTLY GOT MANY FANS '

COULD BE ANY ONE OF HALF A DOZEN ANTI-SOV EXTREMIST GROUPS WHO MAYBE TAKE EXCEPTION TO YOU AND THESE FREAKS MAKING A FASHION STATEMENT OUT OF THE APOCALYPSE WAR AND THE DEATHS OF FOUR HUNDRED MILLION CITS.
AND YOU CAN DROP THE PHONEY ACCENT, CREEP. IMMIGRATION CONTROL SAYS THERE'S NO SUCH PERSON AS 'VASSILY ZAMINOV, FORMER CIT OF EAST-MEG TWO'

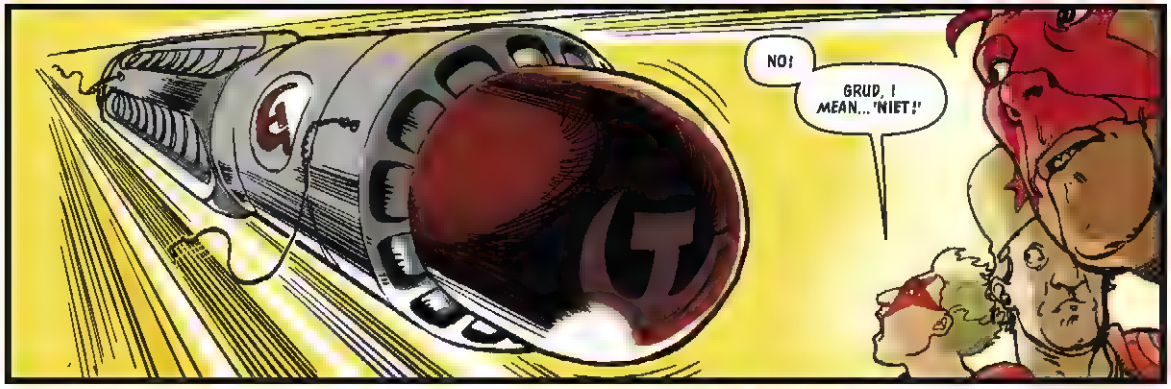
HEY, IT REALLY HELPS THE CLUB'S IMAGE, Y'KNOW? DO ME A FAVOUR AND DON'T TELL ANYONE, JUDGE!

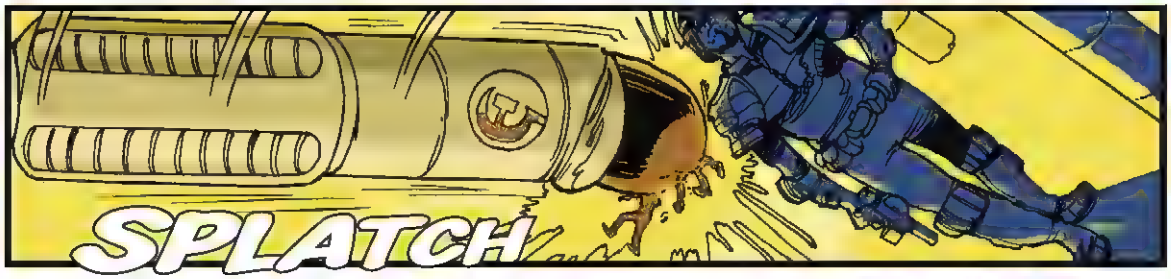
FAT CHANCE. AS OF NOW, CLUB SOV'S HISTORY. I'M CLOSING IT DOWN AS AN INCITEMENT TO--

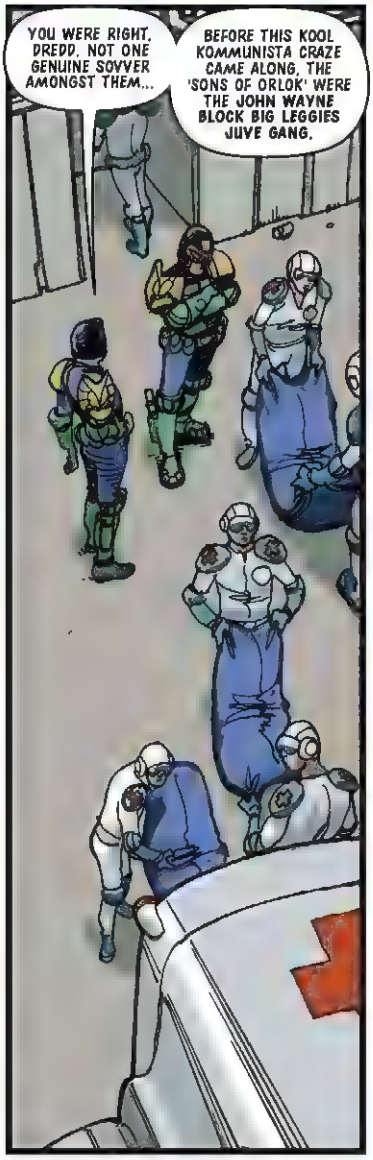
MEGA-CITY PIGS! PRODUCTS OF A DECADENT AND DECAYING CAPITALIST CULTURE! YOU DARE TO TURN GLORIOUS ACHIEVEMENTS OF PEOPLE'S SOV BLOK REPUBLICS INTO FASHION FAD?

BDAM
TONIGHT THE DESTRUCTION OF EAST-MEG ONE WILL BE AVENGED! TONIGHT, THE SONS OF ORLOK STRIKE BACK!
BDAM
BDAM

GRUD, SOME KIND OF KOOL KOMMUNISTA LUNATIC FRINGE GROUP!
DIE, MEGA-CITY ONE! NOW YOU PAY PRICE FOR CRIMINAL EXECUTION OF HERO OF THE SOV BLOCK!
STOI! IT IS THE ARCH-WARMONGER HIMSELF!
MAKE HIM PAY FOR MASS MURDER OF PEACE-LOVING PEOPLES OF EAST-MEG ONE!
DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU PICKED UP THE ACCENT, PUNK, BUT IT'S EVEN PHONIER THAN THE OTHER CREEP'S!
REACTIONARY TOOL OF CAPITALIST OPPRESSOR, STAND STILL AND FACE JUDGEMENT!
REQUEST DENIED.
HI-EX!

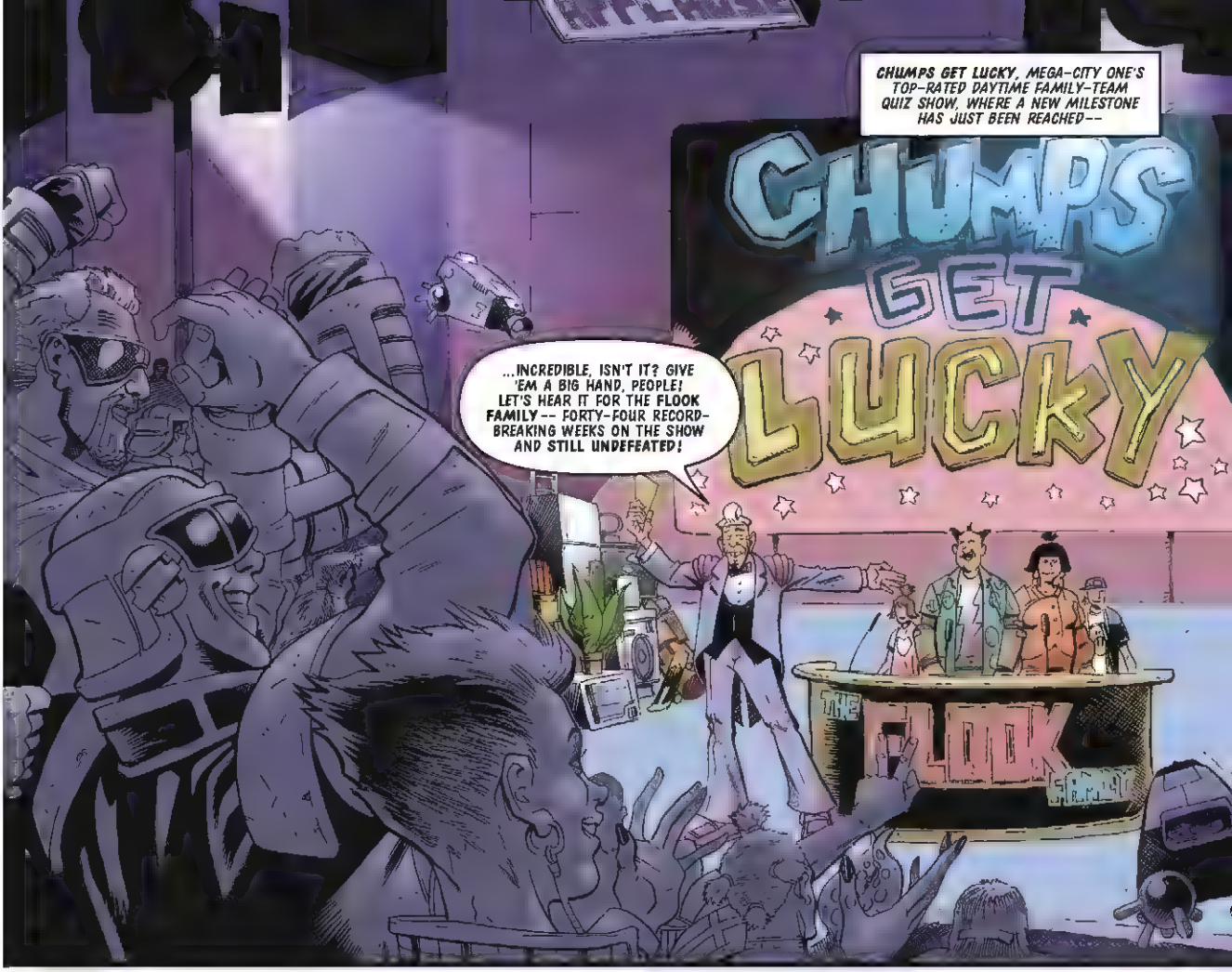

NO!
GRUD, I MEAN... 'NIET!'

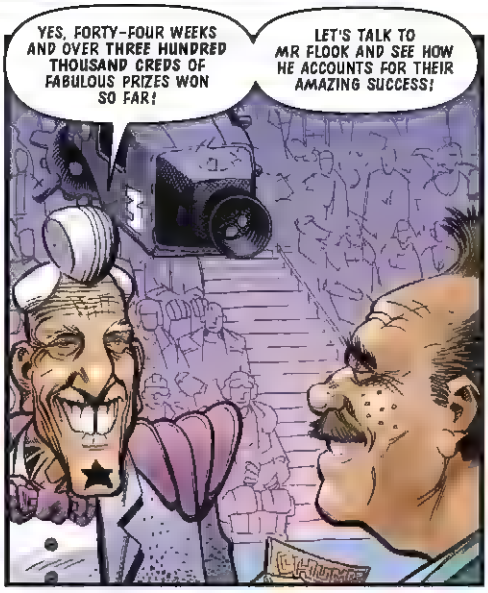

SPLATCH


YOU WERE RIGHT, DREDD. NOT ONE GENUINE SOVVER AMONGST THEM...
BEFORE THIS KOOL KOMMUNISTA CRAZE CAME ALONG, THE 'SONS OF ORLOK' WERE THE JOHN WAYNE BLOCK BIG LEGGIES JUVE GANG.

WHAT ABOUT THIS ONE?
RUN HIM THROUGH AN INTERROGATION CUBE, SEE WHAT HAPPENS
LUB
HAH! LOCK ME UP IF YOU DARE! ANATOLI, HE IS TOO COOL TO KEEP IMPRISONED!

CREEP THAT IRRITATING, HE'S GOT TO BE GUILTY OF SOMETHING
DREDD


CHUMPS GET LUCKY, MEGA-CITY ONE'S TOP-RATED DAYTIME FAMILY-TEAM QUIZ SHOW, WHERE A NEW MILESTONE HAS JUST BEEN REACHED--
CHUMPS GET LUCKY
...INCREDIBLE, ISN'T IT? GIVE 'EM A BIG HAND, PEOPLE! LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE FLOOK FAMILY -- FORTY-FOUR RECORD-BREAKING WEEKS ON THE SHOW AND STILL UNDEFEATED!
THE FLOOK FAMILY


YES, FORTY-FOUR WEEKS AND OVER THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND CREDS OF FABULOUS PRIZES WON SO FAR!
LET'S TALK TO MR FLOOK AND SEE HOW HE ACCOUNTS FOR THEIR AMAZING SUCCESS!

GEE, I DUNNO...WE'VE JUST ALWAYS BEEN KINDA LUCKY, I GUESS..

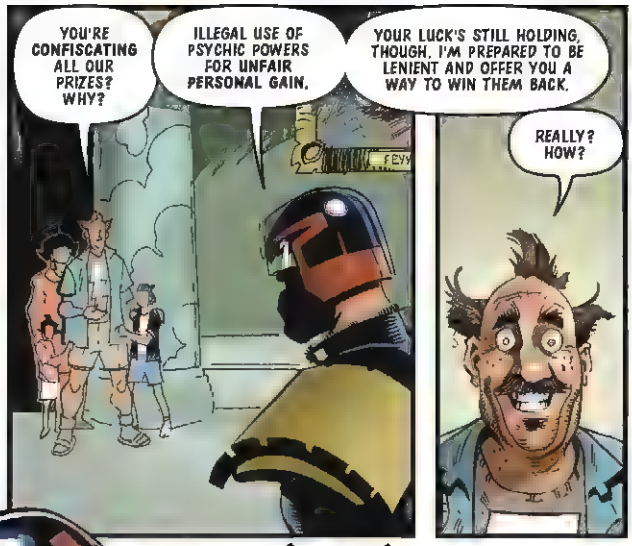
YES, THE FLOOK FAMILY ARE WELL ON THEIR WAY TO BEING THE LATEST MEGA-CITY MICRO-CELEBRITY PHENOMENON...
...ATTRACTING ATTENTION FROM MANY NEW AND UNEXPECTED QUARTERS.
LUCK?
NO SUCH THING IN MY BOOK.

CONTROL -- MEDIA-MONITOR STATION TWELVE. GOT SOMETHING HERE SOMEONE MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN...

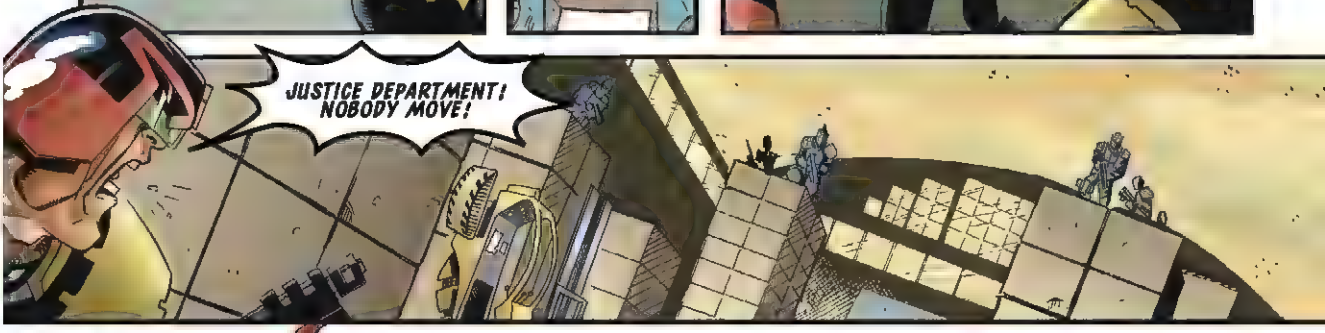
AND SO THE FORCES OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT QUICKLY SWING INTO ACTION...
CITIZEN FLOOK?
THERE A PROBLEM, JUDGE?
YOU TELL ME.
GIANT, WHAT'S THE TALLY SO FAR AT THE FLOOK APARTMENT?
SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND CREDS AND COUNTING, DREDD. LUXURY GOODS, SOME OF THEM STILL IN THEIR BOXES...
I'VE SEEN PROFESSIONAL HEISTER WAREHOUSES THAT WEREN'T AS WELL STOCKED AS THIS.
THEY'RE ALL PRIZES, AND NOT JUST FROM HERE! WE WIN A LOT OF COMPETITIONS TOO!
SO YOU CLAIM
RUN 'EM DOWN TO THE INTERROGATION CUBES LET'S SEE HOW LONG THEIR LUCK HOLDS UP THERE
YOU TOO, CREEP. IF THE SHOW'S RIGGED, YOU'RE PROBABLY IN ON IT TOO.

AND SO.
...TELL US ABOUT THE COMPETITIONS AGAIN, CITIZEN.
Y'KNOW, LIKE THE ONES ON THE BACK OF THE SYNTHI-FLAKES PACKETS? IT AIN'T THAT MUCH -- I-I MEAN, IF WE ENTER TWENTY OF 'EM A WEEK, WE STILL ONLY WIN ABOUT TEN.
COULD BE MORE COLLUSION. BRING IN SOME OF THE COMPETITION ORGANISERS AND LET'S SEE WHAT THEY'VE GOT TO SAY.
...IT'S THE ONES WHERE YOU HAVE TO MAKE UP SLOGANS THAT I'M BEST AT. 'BAMPOT SYNTHI-BEER -- BECAUSE TWENTY MILLION DIPSOMANIAC LOSERS CAN'T BE WRONG!'
THAT WAS ONE OF MINE. WE WON A LIFETIME SUPPLY OF BEER, AND THEY ENDED UP USING IT AS THEIR MAIN ADVERTISING SLOGAN!
BRING IN SOMEONE FROM THE AD AGENCY. I WANT TO HEAR WHY THEY COULDN'T THINK UP ANYTHING BETTER THEMSELVES.
...AND A MCKENZIE EXTREME SKYBOARD...AND A ROBO-POOCH, THE KIND THAT GIVES YOU SASS BACK IF YOU WANT IT TO...AND A FREE FAMILY MEAL EVERY WEEK FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS AT SLOPBURGER...AND A FREE TWO-YEAR BURSARY TO M C U FOR WHEN I LEAVE JUVE-SCHOOL.
AND, THEN, THE WEEK AFTER THAT I WON...
EVERY LIE-DETECTOR TEST SAYS THEY'RE TELLING THE TRUTH. NO EVIDENCE OF CHEATING, NO EVIDENCE OF COLLUSION.
MAYBE THEY'RE RIGHT, MAYBE THEY ARE JUST LUCKY.
SEND THEM TO PSI-DIVISION, SEE WHAT THEY MAKE OF THEM...

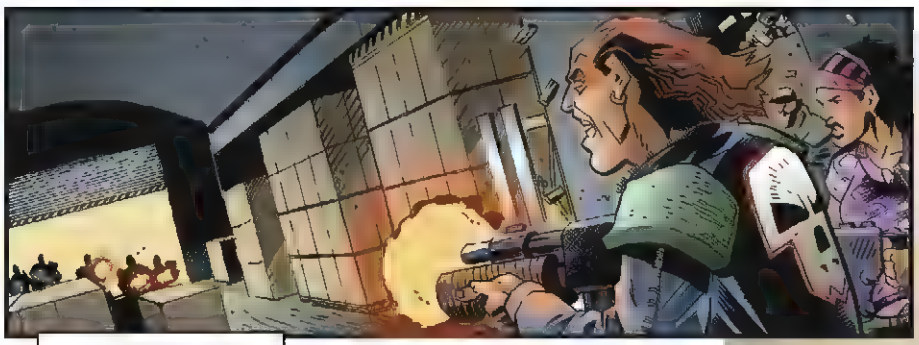
...ABSOLUTELY FASCINATING GROUP OF SUBJECTS YOU SENT US, DREDD. WATCH THIS.
ALL RIGHT, CITIZEN. YOU KNOW THE ROUTINE. JUST FIND THE OBJECT HIDDEN UNDER ONE OF THE BEAKERS.
EVENTUALLY...
EIGHT TRIES? A MONKEY COULD DO IT JUST AS EASY.
ACTUALLY, THE MONKEY USUALLY DOES IT IN SIX. BUT WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE CHANGE WHAT HE'S GOT TO FIND...
CONGRATULATIONS YOU'VE WON
SEE? HE DID IT FIRST TIME. HE'S GOT AN 88.56% SCORE, RISING TO 100% WITHIN THREE TRIES. THE WHOLE FAMILY'S THE SAME!
SO WHAT ARE THEY? PSYCHIC?
UNCONSCIOUS PRECOGS, PROBABLY, OF QUITE REMARKABLE ABILITY. THEIR PRECOG SCORES ARE ALMOST OFF THE SCALE.
BUT ONLY WHEN THERE'S SOME KIND OF PRIZE AT STAKE, RIGHT?
RIGHT. WE'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE.
WE NEED TO STUDY THEM TO UNDERSTAND WHAT COULD BE AN ENTIRELY NEW FIELD OF PRECOG ABILITY.
GOT A BETTER IDEA THAN THAT...

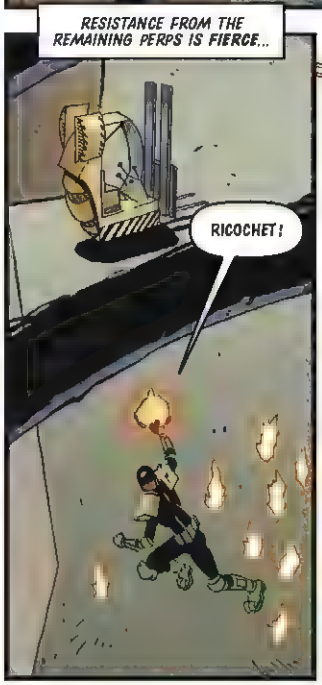

YOU'RE CONFISCATING ALL OUR PRIZES? WHY?
ILLEGAL USE OF PSYCHIC POWERS FOR UNFAIR PERSONAL GAIN.
YOUR LUCK'S STILL HOLDING, THOUGH. I'M PREPARED TO BE LENIENT AND OFFER YOU A WAY TO WIN THEM BACK.
REALLY? HOW?

GIL GERRARD MEMORIAL SPACEPORT, A FEW DAYS LATER.
HANGER THIRTY-TWO. THAT'S THE ONE.


JUSTICE DEPARTMENT! NOBODY MOVE!

THAT MEANS YOU TOO, CREEP!

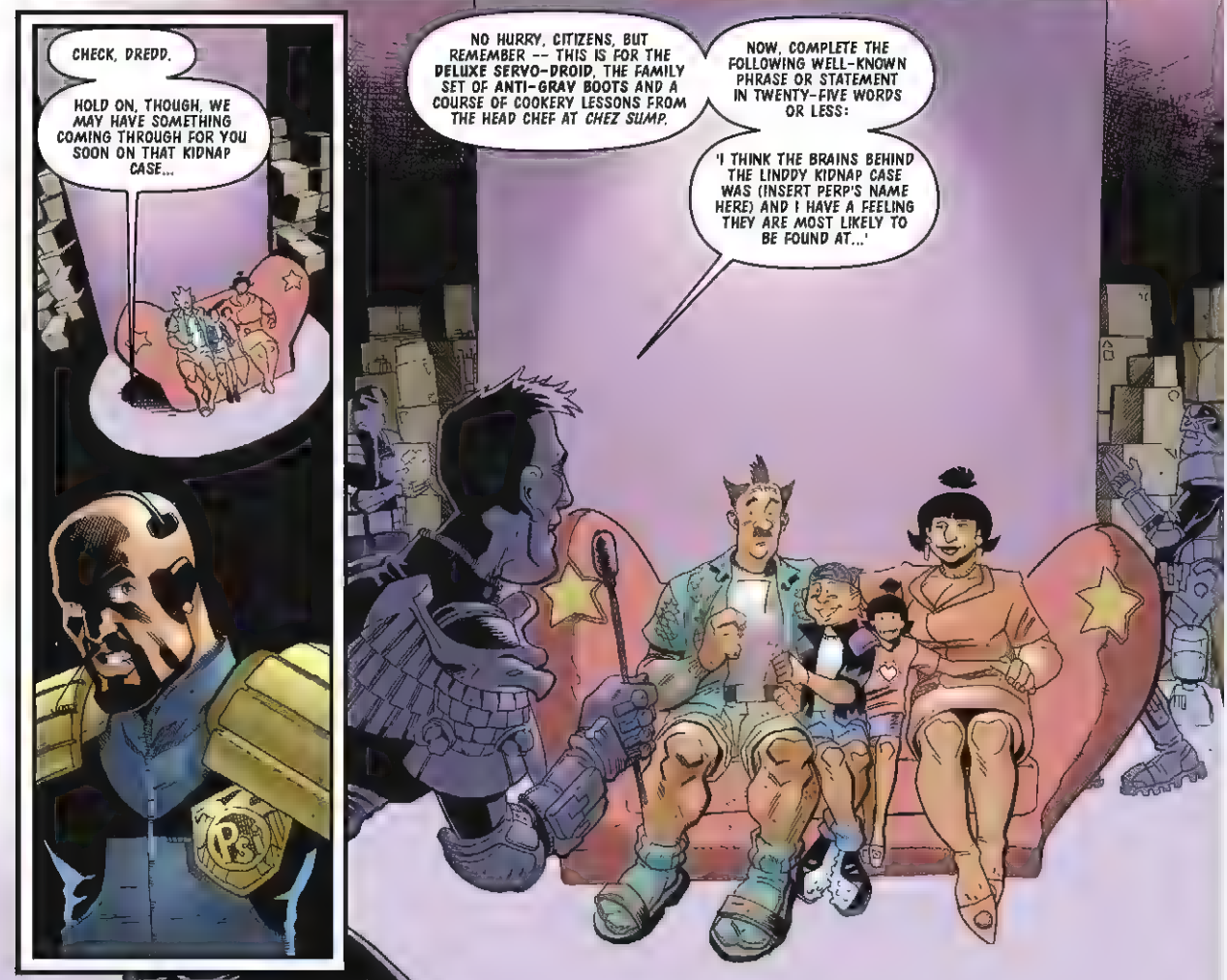



RESISTANCE FROM THE REMAINING PERPS IS FIERCE...
RICOCHET!

SPDANG
...BUT ULTIMATELY FUTILE.

OVER HERE, DREDD...

THAT'S A ROJ ON THAT ZZIZ CONSIGNMENT AT THE SPACEPORT.
YOU CAN GO AHEAD AND GIVE THOSE LUXURY HOLIDAY TICKETS TO BRIT-CIT BACK TO THEM NOW.


CHECK, DREDD.
HOLD ON, THOUGH, WE MAY HAVE SOMETHING COMING THROUGH FOR YOU SOON ON THAT KIDNAP CASE...
NO HURRY, CITIZENS, BUT REMEMBER -- THIS IS FOR THE DELUXE SERVO-DROID, THE FAMILY SET OF ANTI-GRAV BOOTS AND A COURSE OF COOKERY LESSONS FROM THE HEAD CHEF AT CHEZ SUMP.
NOW, COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING WELL-KNOWN PHRASE OR STATEMENT IN TWENTY-FIVE WORDS OR LESS:
'I THINK THE BRAINS BEHIND THE LINDDY KIDNAP CASE WAS (INSERT PERP'S NAME HERE) AND I HAVE A FEELING THEY ARE MOST LIKELY TO BE FOUND AT...'

HEY, GUYS. SO WHERE WE GOING TONIGHT?
NOWHERE SPECIAL, ZAMMY. WE'RE JUST GONNA DRIVE AROUND, MAYBE STOP BY THE SHUGGY HALL
BOSS SAYS HE'LL CALL WHEN HE'S GOT A JOB FOR US.
I LIKE JUST DRIVING AROUND THE CITY ALWAYS LOOKS SO PRETTY AT NIGHT...
PRETTY? YEAH, ME AND STEVIE WAS SAYIN' THAT TOO, WASN'T WE, STEVIE?
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

GUNFIGHT AT THE BACKSEAT CORRAL, HUH? ANYONE WE KNOW?
STEVE TAMMAS, LEOPOLD VARGA, HYMAN LOPEZ. ALL TRIGGER-MEN FOR NINO RASPLER.
POSSIBLE GANG FEUD, THEN. ANY IDEA WHO HIT THEM?
SO FAR, WE THINK THEY WERE THE ONES SUPPOSED TO BE DOING THE HITTING
BULLET TRAJECTORIES AND BLOOD SPLASH PATTERNS SUGGEST ALL THREE OF THEM WERE FIRING AT A TARGET SITTING HERE
TAMMAS, VARGA AND LOPEZ FIRED A TOTAL OF TWELVE SHOTS FROM THEIR WEAPONS. SO FAR, WE'VE FOUND SEVEN OF THEIR SPENT SLUGS
THEIR TARGET DIDN'T JUST KILL ALL THREE HITMEN, BUT THEN GOT OUT AND WALKED OFF WITH MAYBE FIVE OF THEIR SLUGS IN HIM?
NOT SO DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE WHEN YOU SEE THE DNA MATCH WE'VE JUST GOT FROM THE BLOOD TRAIL...
ZAMMY ZOCCO.
RASPLER'S CHIEF ENFORCER. CREEP'S BUILT LIKE A TANK, AND THAT'S WITHOUT THE BIONIC AND NARCO-STIM ENHANCEMENTS

'WHOEVER PUT OUT THE HIT ON HIM BETTER PRAY THOSE FIVE SLUGS ARE ENOUGH TO FINISH HIM OFF..'
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! I DON'T FREAKIN' BELIEVE THIS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, HON?
SOMEONE JUST WHACKED LEO, HYMIE AND STEVIE! I JUST LOST THREE OF MY BEST BUTTON MEN!
DON'T WORRY, HONEY. COME TO BED AND I'LL MAKE YOU FORGET ABOUT IT.
CALL ZAMMY. LET HIM AND THE BOYS TAKE CARE OF IT. THAT'S WHAT YOU PAY 'EM FOR, AIN'T IT?
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND -- ACCORDING TO THE JUDGES, IT WAS ZAMMY THAT WHACKED 'EM!
GO BACK TO BED, SWEETIE. I GOT SOME IMPORTANT CALLS TO MAKE .
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS...OF ALL THE PEOPLE TO TURN ON ME!
I FOUND THAT BIG DUMMY, I GAVE HIM EVERYTHING, MADE HIM WHAT HE IS! WE GOTTA FIND HIM...GOTTA GET TO HIM BEFORE THE JUDGES DO..
ZAMMY! JEEZ, WHAT TH'HELL HAPPENED TO YA?

IT WAS A SET-UP, FRANCO. STEVIE AND HIS CREW...THEY WAS TRYING TO WHACK ME... MUSTA SOLD US OUT TO THE FRANCHETTIS OR THE CRANBERRY STREET MOB..
GOTTA WARN NINO, TELL HIM WHAT'S HAPPENED.
HEY, FRANCO, NINO'S ON THE PHONE. SAYS IT'S URGENT...
NINO? HEY, YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE—
WHO? ZAMMY? YEAH, HE JUST WALKED IN THE DOOR, BOSS. HE SAYS--
WAIT, WE GOTTA *WHAT* HIM-?
KILL HIM! BOSS SAYS WE GOTTA ACE ZAMMY!
OH-JEEZ-OH-JEEZ-I'M-SORRY-ZAMMY-I-DON'T-WANNA-DO-THIS-BUT-NINO-SAYS-WE-GOTTA!
BDAM BDAM

BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
FRANCO? YOU STILL THERE, FRANCO? PLEASE, TELL ME YOU GOT HIM!
FRANCO?
FRANCO'S GONE. HE WAS MY FRIEND AND YOU MADE ME KILL HIM. I THOUGHT YOU WAS SUPPOSED TO BE MY FRIEND TOO, NINO.
WHY'D YOU DO IT, NINO? WHY'D YOU MAKE ME MAD SO THAT NOW I HAVE TO COME AND KILL YOU TOO?
OH GRUD...

DREDD -- GULACY. ZOCCO'S KEEPING BUSY. GOT FIVE MORE STIFFS DOWN HERE AT ROHMER STREET, ALL MEMBERS OF THE RASPLER GANG
ANY SIGN OF ZOCCO?
NEGATIVE. BUT IT LOOKS LIKE HE TOOK A FEW MORE HITS, AT LEAST ONE OF THEM SERIOUS -- THE TEKS ARE SCRAPING UP SOMETHING THEY SAY MIGHT BE TRACES OF HIS BRAIN MATTER.
PUT OUT AN ALERT. I WANT SQUADS AT ALL KNOWN RASPLER GANG LOCALES. TELL THEM TO SHOOT TO KILL IF ZOCCO TURNS UP.
'CREEP'S ON SOME KIND OF DEATH WISH VENDETTA. MY GUESS IS, THE BODYCOUNT'S JUST GOING TO KEEP ON CLIMBING UNTIL WE FIND HIM...'

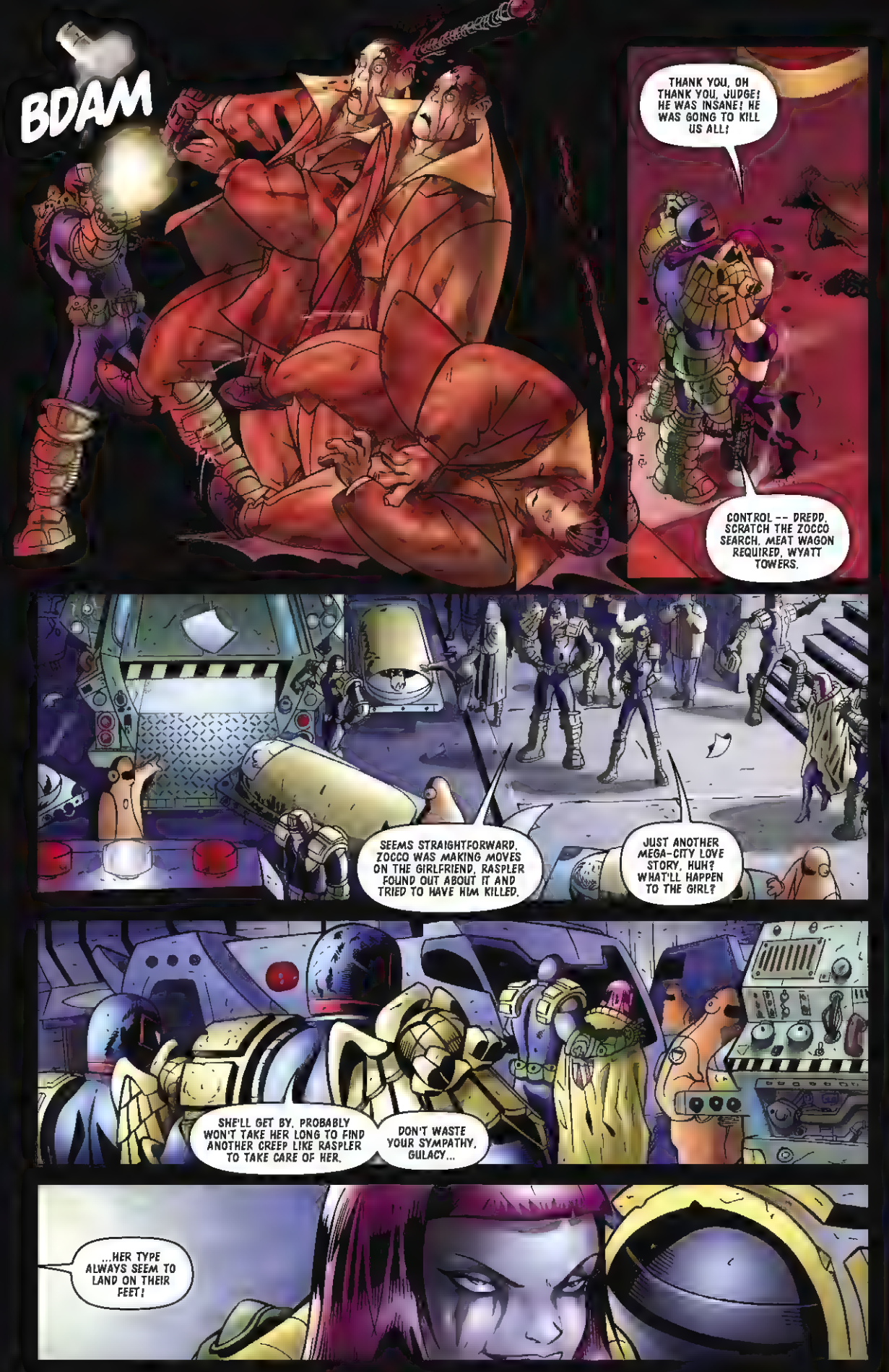
THE SAFEHOUSE ON SPENGLER STREET. BAD IDEA COMING HERE HE REALISES THAT NOW.
FOUR MORE OF NINO'S TRIGGER-MEN -- ALBIE AND FIGO, AND TWO HIRED GUNS HE DOESN'T RECOGNISE -- WAITING FOR HIM THERE
BAD NEWS FOR HIM. WORSE FOR THEM.
OTHER SAFEHOUSES, PROBABLY WITH OTHER TRIGGER-TEAMS WAITING FOR HIM...
HEAD HURTS. SOMETHING HE SHOULD BE REMEMBERING. SOMETHING IMPORTANT.
NO TIME TO THINK. HAS TO FIND SOMEWHERE ELSE TO HIDE, TO HEAL AND TRY TO FIGURE THINGS OUT...
BUT WHERE?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, NINO... HOW COME WE GOTTA GO TO MY OLD APARTMENT? WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR PENTHOUSE?

ZAMMY DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOUR PLACE, HONEY. WE NEED SOMEWHERE TO LIE LOW, JUST FOR TONIGHT, AND WAIT UNTIL THE HEAT DIES DOWN.
LUCKY I KEPT THAT PLACE, HON. AIN'T NO ONE EVEN KNOWS IT EXISTS...
...I DON'T KNOW, LOU... IT AIN'T RIGHT NINO'S BEEN GOOD TO ME. GIVEN ME EVERYTHIN' I EVER HAD...
BUT WHY SHOULDN'T YOU BE BOSS INSTEAD OF HIM, BABY? IT'S YOU THAT KEEPS HIM WHERE HE IS. IT'S YOU THAT EVERYONE RESPECTS, NOT HIM.
DON'T WORRY, HONEY. I'LL HELP YOU AND WITH NINO OUT THE WAY, THERE'LL BE NOTHING TO STOP US BEING TOGETHER—
WHAT YOU SAYIN'? NINO'S THE BOSS AND THAT'S THE WAY THINGS IS GONNA STAY!
YOU AN' ME, THAT'S ONE THING. RUBBIN' OUT NINO, THAT'S ANOTHER, A THING I AIN'T GONNA DO..

C'MON. TOMORROW MORNING, I GOT US BOOKED ON A TRIP TO LUNA-CIT FOR A COUPLA WEEKS.
DON'T WORRY, AIN'T NOBODY GONNA FIND US HERE
WYATT TOWERS
DREDD — GULACY. I'M DOWN HERE AT JIMMY CAIN CONAPTS NO SIGN OF NINO RASPLER. LOOKS LIKE HE LEFT IN A HURRY NOT TOO LONG AGO
BIG SURPRISE. ANY IDEA WHERE?
WE'RE CHECKING OUT ALL RASPLER'S USUAL HAUNTS. ONE THING WE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT, THOUGH...
ACCORDING TO HIS BANK RECORDS, HE WAS STILL PAYING THE RENT ON HIS GIRLFRIEND'S OLD APARTMENT IN WYATT TOWERS.
I'M CLOSER TO WYATT THAN YOU I'LL CHECK IT OUT

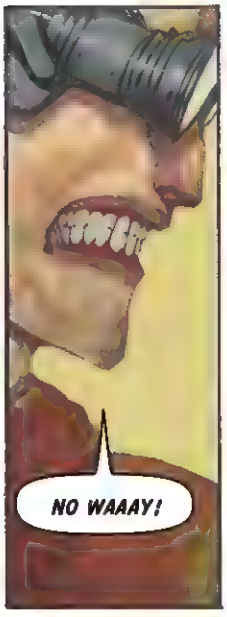
RELAX, BABE. THIS TIME TOMORROW, WE'LL BE WATCHING THE EARTHRISE ON LUNA-CITY. BY THE TIME WE GET BACK, TODAY WILL JUST BE A BAD MEMORY AND—
KRASHHH
ZAMMY!
ZAMMY, WAIT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, BUT—
SHUTTUP, NINO, AND DON'T BE THINKIN' THAT YOU CAN KEEP ON TALKING UNTIL YOUR BOYS GET HERE...
'...COS, TRUST ME, THAT AIN'T GONNA HAPPEN.'
I...I KNOW NOW WHY YOU PUT THE HIT ON ME, NINO. IT'S COS YOU FOUND OUT ABOUT ME AN' LOUELLA, RIGHT?
SHE LOVES ME, AN' I LOVE HER, BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW, NINO, I WAS ALWAYS GONNA BE LOYAL TO YOU...
LOUELLA? YOU MEAN ALL THIS WAS OVER HER?
YOU BIG DUMMY! YOU THINK I COULD EVER HAVE LOVED A FEEB LIKE YOU?
YOU'VE MESSED EVERYTHING UP! NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU'D DIED WHEN YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO!

IT WAS ME PUT OUT THE HIT ON YOU! I HAD TO, AFTER YOU REFUSED TO KILL THIS IDIOT! I COULDN'T TAKE THE CHANCE THAT YOU MIGHT TELL NINO ABOUT IT!
ALL YOU'RE GOOD FOR IS KILLING, YOU MORON, AND YOU COULDN'T EVEN DO THAT WHEN I WANTED YOU TO!
LOUELLA, HONEY...DON'T SAY THEM THINGS...TELL ME YA DON'T MEAN 'EM..
BDAM
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! DOUBLE-CROSSING BITCH-- YOU TRIED TO SET UP BOTH OF US-!
LOUELLA! LOOK OUT, BABY!
BLAM
HURT...HURT BAD NOW, BABY. H-HELP ME...
PLEASE...?
ZOCCO! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, CREEP!
OH, THANK GRUD! HELP ME, JUDGE! HE KILLED NINO! HE SAYS HE'S GOING TO KILL ME!
BABE, DON'T SAY THAT! DON'T--

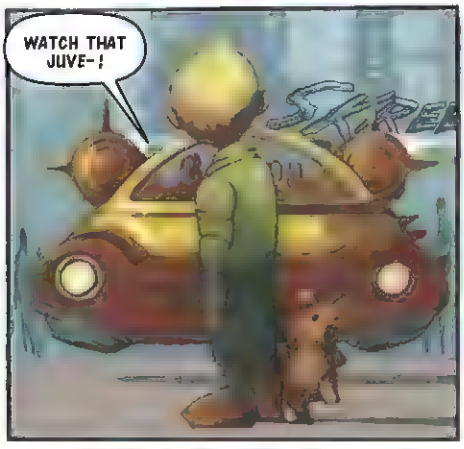

BDAM
THANK YOU, OH THANK YOU, JUDGE! HE WAS INSANE! HE WAS GOING TO KILL US ALL!
CONTROL -- DREDD. SCRATCH THE ZOCCO SEARCH. MEAT WAGON REQUIRED, WYATT TOWERS.
SEEMS STRAIGHTFORWARD. ZOCCO WAS MAKING MOVES ON THE GIRLFRIEND. RASPLER FOUND OUT ABOUT IT AND TRIED TO HAVE HIM KILLED.
JUST ANOTHER MEGA-CITY LOVE STORY. HUH? WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO THE GIRL?
SHE'LL GET BY. PROBABLY WON'T TAKE HER LONG TO FIND ANOTHER CREEP LIKE RASPLER TO TAKE CARE OF HER.
DON'T WASTE YOUR SYMPATHY, GULACY...
...HER TYPE ALWAYS SEEM TO LAND ON THEIR FEET!

IT'S THE IN CLUB, THE PLACE EVERYBODY'S DYING TO GET INTO.
THEY'VE GOT MUSCLED STIFFS ON THE DOOR TO REGULATE THE CRUSH.
INSIDE, THE LIGHTS GLOW FIRE RED. THE BODIES ARE PACKED IN TIGHT AND THEY'RE JERKING AND JIVING LIKE THERE'S NO TOMORROW.
AND OLD ITCHY, HE'S RACIN' LIKE GRAYSON 'COS TONIGHT HE'S GOING TO GET IN. HE FEELS IT IN HIS BONES -- TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT.
S-SLOW DOWN, ITCH!
12
HELL, WE'VE PICKED UP A JUDGE!

CAN'T STOP! WE'LL BE LATE! WE CAN LOSE HIM!
DON'T BE CRAZY, ITCH!
PULL OVER!


NO WAAAY!

SKREEEEE
HONK


WATCH THAT JUVE-!

RICKYYYYYYYYYYYY!
WHAM!

OH MY GRUD! OH MY GRUD! YOU'VE KILLED HIM!
YOU DONE IT NOW, MAN!

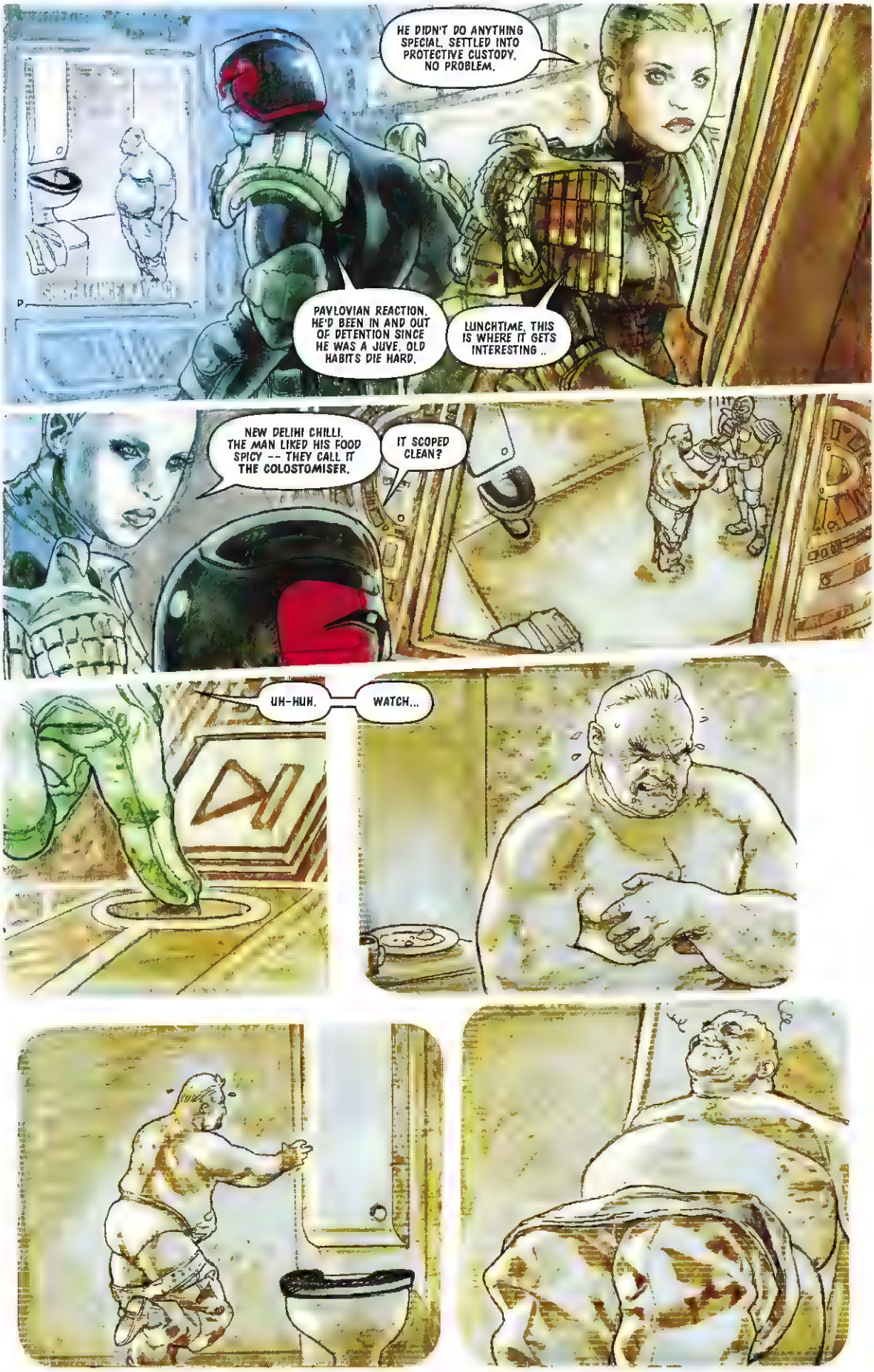
GOTTA NIX THESE CREEPS!
RDAM
RDAM
SKREEEEEEE
KERANG
UHHHHHH...

C'MON, CHUMP, LET'S GO!
HURT... HURT BAD...! THINK I'M DYIN'!
CAN'T WAIT! YOU WANNA MAKE THE CLUB OR NOT? YOUR CHOICE!
WHuH...WHAT ABOUT THE FEMS-?
FORGET 'EM! THEY AIN'T GOT WHAT IT TAKES!
C'MON, WE GOTTA BURN!
CONTROL, MED-WAGON URGENTLY REQUIRED, RTA ON SKEDMORE!
THE IN CLUB
THERE IT IS!

YOU -- AND YOU.
LET US THROUGH!
WE'VE EARNED THIS!
THIS ONE'S GOING TO PULL THROUGH.
WE JUST LOST HER. POOR DEVIL -- MASSIVE INTERNAL DAMAGE.
APRIL MAY-!
THOUGHT YOU'D GET IN WITHOUT ME, HUH? YOU'RE DEAD WRONG!
YOU THREE, YOU'RE IN!
IT AIN'T FAIR! WE'VE BEEN HERE LONGER!
WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT THEM?
JUVES. ALWAYS IN SUCH A HURRY TO KILL THEMSELVES. I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND THEM.
JOIN THE CLUB.

HEY, RICKY!
HOW'S IT GOIN', KID? LOOKIN' GOOD!
IT'S EVERYTHING WE FIGURED AND MORE, ITCH!
IT'S THE *IN* CLUB, MAN -- THE ONE CLUB YOU WOULD BE SEEN DEAD IN!

DREDD -- SORRY TO PULL YOU FROM PATROL, BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO SEE THIS..
..WE'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE.
DROKK!
NORM 'THE FIST' LAMONT, FORMER LYNCH MOB ENFORCER TURNED JUDGES' WITNESS, ALONG WITH FOUR OF HIS BUDDIES WHEN THEY DISCOVERED THEIR RETIREMENT PACKAGE COMPRISED A HEAD-SHOT AND A DATE WITH AN INDUSTRIAL MINCER.
SAME M.O. AS THE OTHERS?
TO THE LETTER. WE'LL RUN A TOX SCREEN, SCAN FOR LETHAL INVASIVES, BUT FRANKLY I'M NOT EXPECTING ANY SURPRISES.
A WITNESS WAS MURDERED UNDER YOUR NOSE IN AN INTERROGATION BLOCK FULL OF JUDGES! HOW'S THAT FOR A SURPRISE?
WAS HE RECORDED?
TWENTY-FOUR SEVEN.
SHOW ME.


HE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING SPECIAL. SETTLED INTO PROTECTIVE CUSTODY. NO PROBLEM.
PAVLOVIAN REACTION. HE'D BEEN IN AND OUT OF DETENTION SINCE HE WAS A JUVE. OLD HABITS DIE HARD.
LUNCHTIME. THIS IS WHERE IT GETS INTERESTING ..
NEW DELHI CHILLI. THE MAN LIKED HIS FOOD SPICY -- THEY CALL IT THE COLOSTOMISER.
IT SCOPED CLEAN?
UH-HUH.
WATCH...

GRUD!
WHEN YOU GOTTA GO, YOU GOTTA GO!
GILA MUNJA?
NOT A CHANCE. DESPITE WHAT YOU MAY THINK, WE KNOW OUR JOB HERE, DREDD. I RUN A TIGHT SAFE HOUSE. OUR SECURITY PROTOCOLS ARE WAY ABOVE LINE STANDARD.
THAT DOESN'T MAKE LAMONT ANY LESS DEAD...
SIR, YOU SHOULD TAKE A LOOK AT THIS-!
WHAT THE HELL-?

WITH THE RECENT DEMISE OF MOBSTER NORMSKI LAMONT, THE JUDGES' CASE AGAINST THE LYNCH FAMILY'S ALLEGED UNDERWORLD INVOLVEMENT IS STARTING TO CRUMBLE...
MRS LYNCH, DO YOU HAVE ANY COMMENT?
MNN: LIVE REPORT
THE LYNCH MOB -- HITCH, SHANK, DOUBLE, SHEEP AND THE GRAND MATRIARCH HERSELF, GRANNY.
AH, 'TIS A TERRIBLE SHAME, A YOUNG FELLA DYIN' LIKE THAT.
SHE EMIGRATED FROM THE EMERALD ISLE AS A GIRL, SET HERSELF UP IN THE LAUNDRY BUSINESS -- MONEY, BODIES, STOLEN GOODS.
'COURSE, I NEVER SAW 'IM BEFORE IN ME LIFE.
MNN: LIVE REPORT
THEM JUDGES SHOULD BE OUT CHASIN' REAL HOODLUMS 'STEAD O' CASTIN' ASPERSIONS ON MY GOOD BOYS...
SHE'D MAKE THE DIRTIEST OF DEEDS CLEAN AND UNTRACEABLE, SHE WAS INVALUABLE TO THE CITY'S CRIME FAMILIES...
UNTIL SHE SOLD THEM OUT TO EACH OTHER, STOOD BACK AS THEY EXTERMINATED ONE ANOTHER IN A BLOODY GANG WAR OF REPRISAL AND REVENGE
O! I'M AN OLD WOMAN, Y'KNOW!
THEN SHE MOVED IN AND TOOK OVER

SHE NOW EARNS MORE FROM HER LEGITIMATE INVESTMENTS. SHE'S SHUTTING UP SHOP, WIPING OUT HER PAST AND GOING STRAIGHT.
THEY'RE RUBBING OUR DAMN NOSES IN IT!
LAMONT'S KILLER MUST HAVE LEAKED THE STORY. AND IF WE'VE SEEN THIS NEWSCAST.
'...CHANCES ARE SO HAS McGONIGAL!'
MOAB McGONIGAL -- TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN AMONGST THE LYNCH MOB STRONGARMS AND LAST SURVIVING INFORMANT.
MOVE IT, TIN-HEAD! WE'RE CHECKIN' OUT!
SIR, IF YOU LEAVE WE CAN'T PROTECT YOU AND YOUR FAMILY--
NEWFLASH, PAL! YOU AIN'T DOIN' SUCH A BANG-UP JOB RIGHT NOW!
McGONIGAL!
DREDD! Y'SAID YOU'D PROTECT US! WE HAD A GRUDDAMN DEAL!
DEAL IS, SCUMBAG -- YOU TALK, YOU WALK. CHANGE YOUR MIND, IT'S THE ISO-CUBES FOR YOU, THE STREET FOR YOUR FAMILY.
HOW LONG DO YOU THINK THEY'LL LAST THEN?
№1
...WHAT I GOTTA DO?

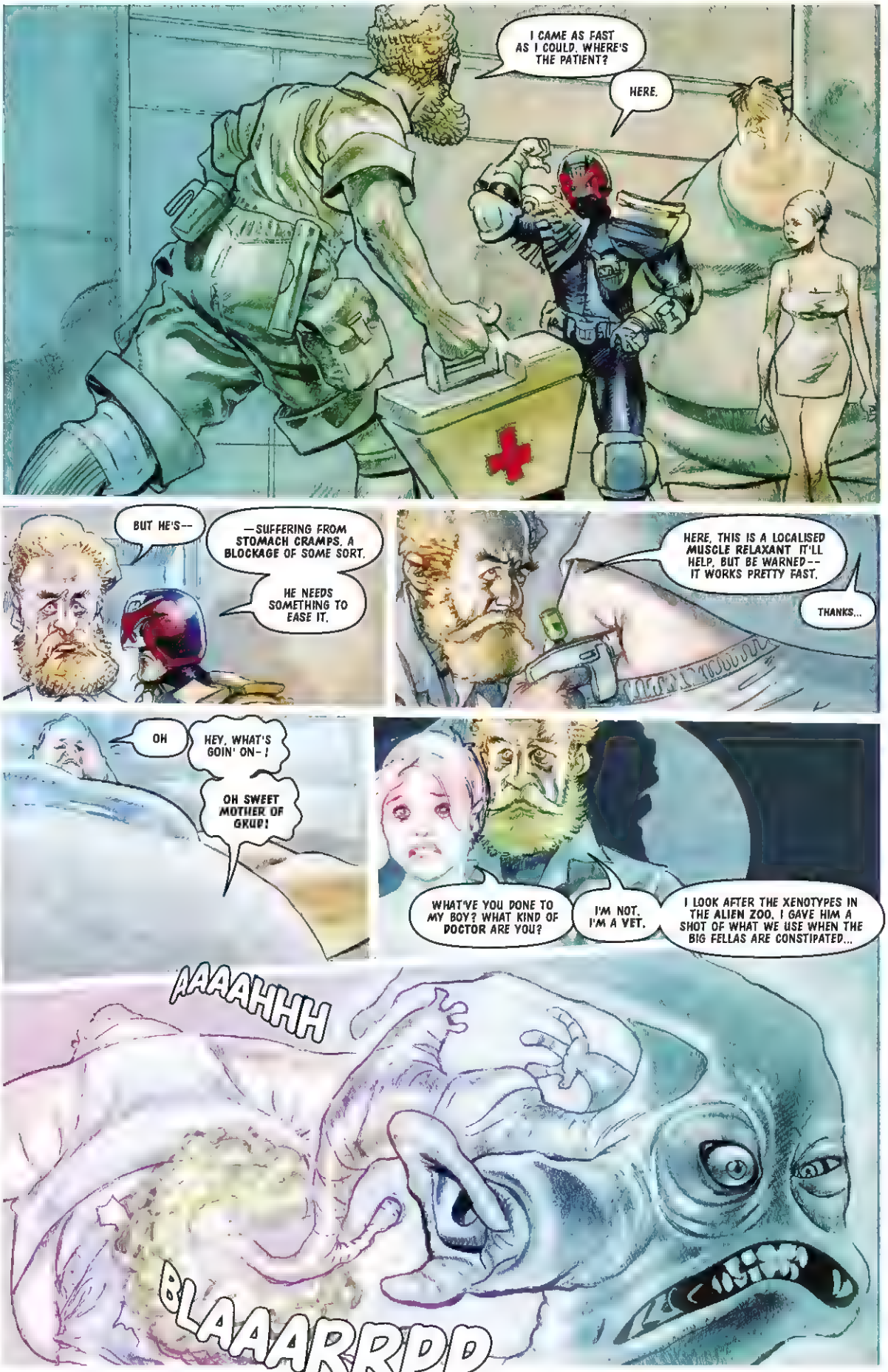
101
102
ZZZZZZZZ
MOAB...HONEY? CAN YOU BUDGE OVER A LITTLE? YOU'RE SQUASHIN' ME...
JEEZ, BABE, YOU NEED TO LOOSE SOME LARDAGE! YOU'RE A DEAD WEIGHT...
MOAB!

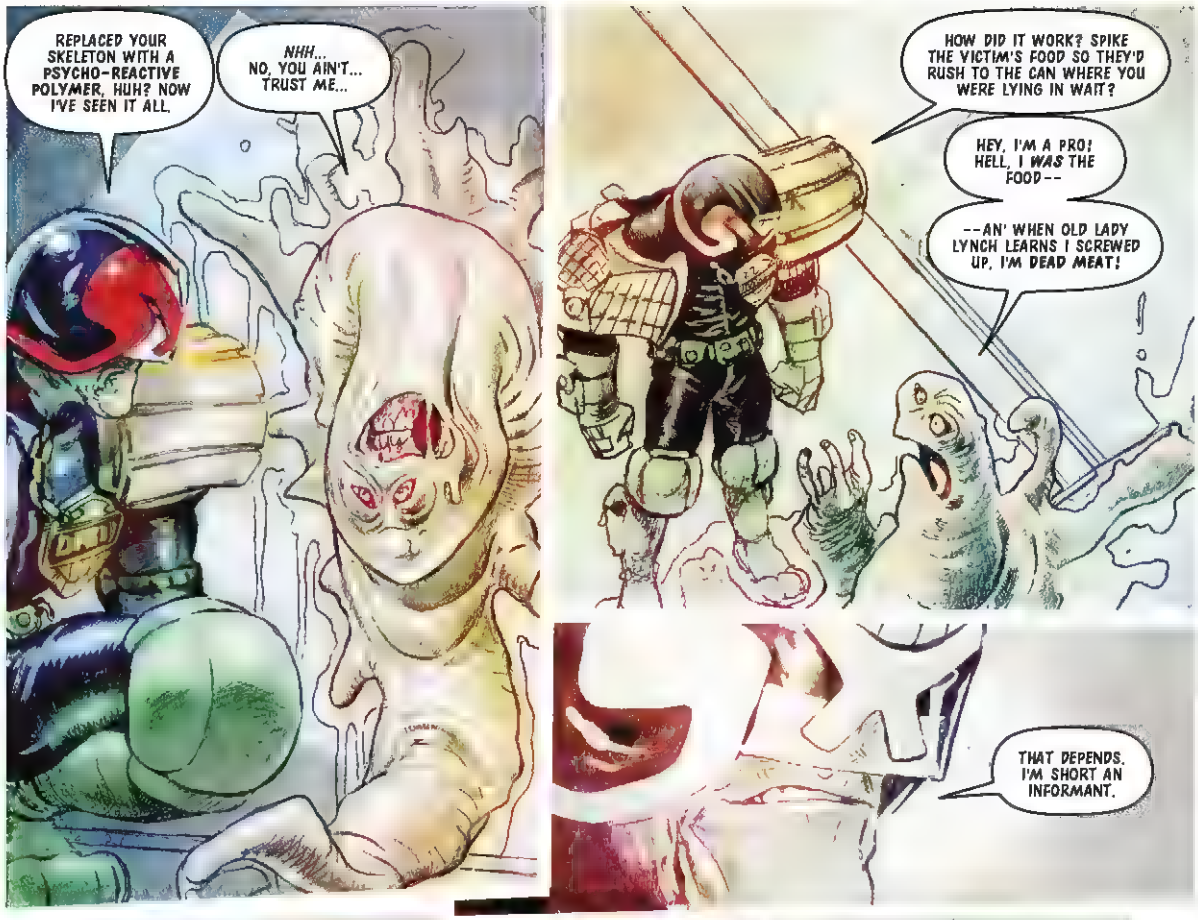
THE LATE MOAB McGONIGAL, TOP DOG AMONGST THE LYNCH MOB ENFORCERS--
--THAT IS UNTIL THE LYNCHS DECIDED TO GO LEGIT AND BEGAN PENSIONING OFF THEIR CREW WITH A HOLLOW-POINT GOLDEN HANDSHAKE.
DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES.
McGONIGAL AND FOUR OTHERS OPTED TO TURN JUDGES' EVIDENCE IN RETURN FOR IMMUNITY AND PROTECTION.
JUDGE DREDD!
MY MOAB TRUSTED YOU! YOU SAID YOU'D PROTECT US!
SO FAR GRANNY LYNCH IS FIVE FOR FIVE AND LAUGHING IN THEIR FACES--
--SO WHY WASN'T SHE NOW?
HAS THIS HIT THE MEDIA YET? ANY NEWS BROADCASTS?

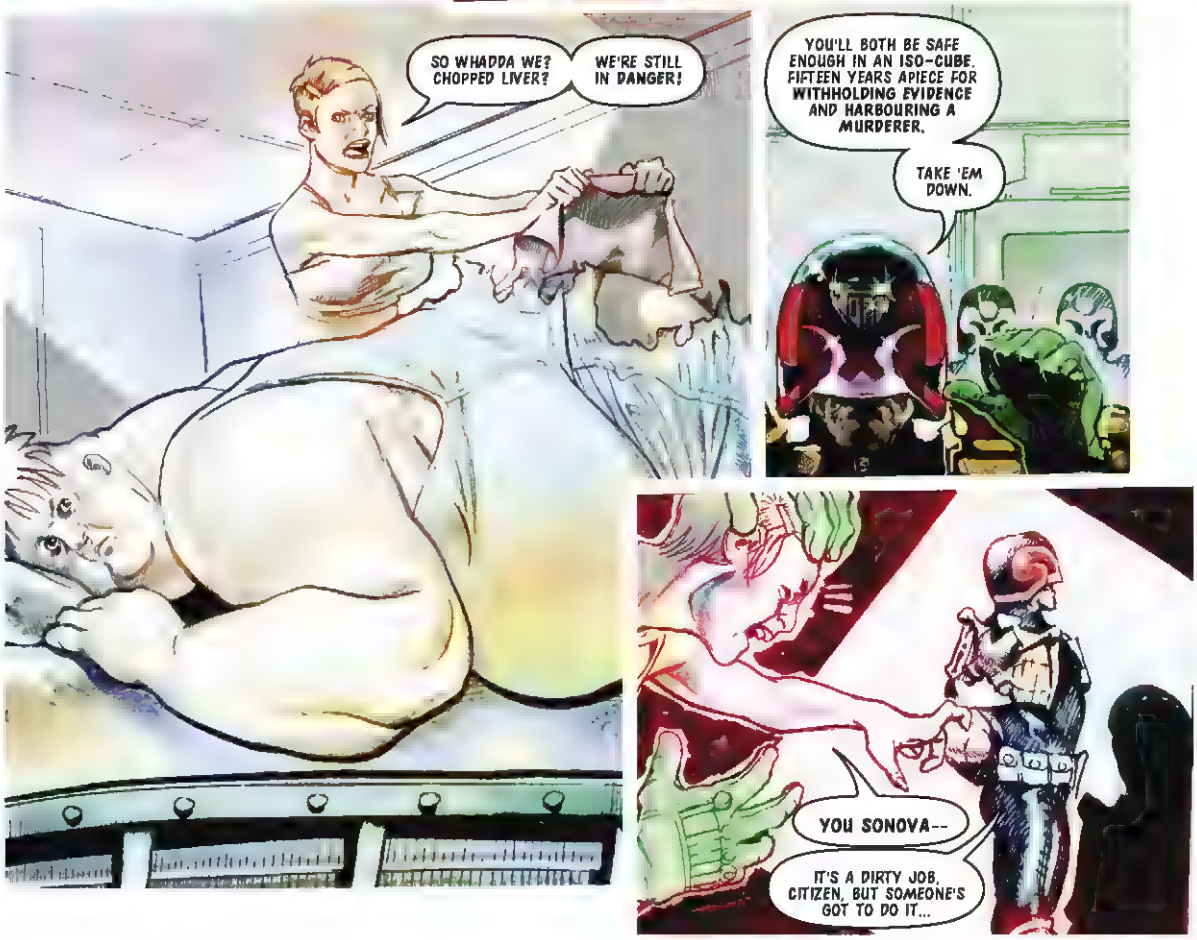
NO, SIR. WE'VE BEEN IN LOCKDOWN SINCE THE INCIDENT OCCURRED. THERE'S BEEN NO LEAKS--
IT'S UNLIKE GRANNY TO MISS AN OPPORTUNITY TO CROW, UNLESS...
...SHE DOESN'T KNOW HER MAN'S SUCCEEDED! MEANING HE'S STILL IN HERE SOMEWHERE!
BUT WE'VE ALREADY SCANNED FOR EXTRANEOUS BIO-SIGNS. EVERYONE'S ACCOUNTED FOR...
UHHH...I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD, MA.
YOU AIN'T HAPPY LETTIN' THAT OLD BAG WHACK MY MOAB, YOU GOTTA POISON MY BABY TOO!
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
MY STOMACH... IT FEELS FUNNY, KINDA FULL. THAT'S NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE...
IT MUSTA BEEN SOMETHIN' I ATE..
...OR SOMEONE!
OK, PERP, GAME'S UP!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF MOAB McGONIGAL!

WH-WHAT? I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'-!
NOT YOU, BUTTERBALL--
--HIM!
HEY, GO SUCK A LEMON!
I GOT ME A HOSTAGE HERE! ANY FALSE MOVES AN' CHUBBY GETS A CORONARY!
AN' NO FUNNY STUFF! I'M WEARIN' INFRARED LENSES SO I CAN SEE YOUSE ALL PLAIN AS DAY!
OH MY GOD... JIMMY, IS THAT YOU?
HIYA, DELILAH, HOW Y'DOIN'?
FINE, UNTIL YOU MADE ME A WIDOW, YOU FREAK!
HEY, BUSINESS IS BUSINESS!
YOU KNOW HIM?
HIS NAME'S JIMMY 'THE EEL' PYE. HE'S IN THE SAME LINE O' WORK AS MOAB, 'CEPT HE SPECIALISES--
--INSIDE JOBS.
THE CREEP HAD HIS BONES REPLACED WITH SOME KINDA GOO, SO HE COULD TURN LIQUID, SLIP IN AN' OUTTA PLACES UNSEEN, THAT KINDA THING!
NO ONE LIKES A STOOLIE, DEL!

NHHH...MA, I'M STARTIN' TO HURT REAL BAD!
HELP HIM, PLEASE! HE NEEDS A DOCTOR!
NO WAY!
LISTEN, THE KID DIES YOU DON'T HAVE A HOSTAGE AND YOU'RE FACING ANOTHER MURDER RAP.
IT'D BE WISE TO GIVE A LITTLE
OK...BUT NO TRICKS, LAWMAN! I GOT THE KID BY THE COLON AN' I KNOW HOW T'USE IT!
I'LL FETCH THE DUTY SURGEON--
NO, THE GUY I WANT IS A SPECIALIST.
HE HANDLES THIS KIND OF THING EVERY DAY...


I CAME AS FAST AS I COULD. WHERE'S THE PATIENT?
HERE.
BUT HE'S--
--SUFFERING FROM STOMACH CRAMPS. A BLOCKAGE OF SOME SORT.
HE NEEDS SOMETHING TO EASE IT.
HERE, THIS IS A LOCALISED MUSCLE RELAXANT IT'LL HELP, BUT BE WARNED-- IT WORKS PRETTY FAST.
THANKS...
OH
HEY, WHAT'S GOIN' ON-!
OH SWEET MOTHER OF GRUP!
WHAT'VE YOU DONE TO MY BOY? WHAT KIND OF DOCTOR ARE YOU?
I'M NOT. I'M A VET.
I LOOK AFTER THE XENOTYPES IN THE ALIEN ZOO. I GAVE HIM A SHOT OF WHAT WE USE WHEN THE BIG FELLAS ARE CONSTIPATED...
AAAAHHH
BLAAARRPP


REPLACED YOUR SKELETON WITH A PSYCHO-REACTIVE POLYMER, HUH? NOW I'VE SEEN IT ALL.
NHH... NO, YOU AIN'T... TRUST ME...
HOW DID IT WORK? SPIKE THE VICTIM'S FOOD SO THEY'D RUSH TO THE CAN WHERE YOU WERE LYING IN WAIT?
HEY, I'M A PRO! HELL, I *WAS* THE FOOD--
--AN' WHEN OLD LADY LYNCH LEARNS I SCREWED UP, I'M **DEAD MEAT!**
THAT DEPENDS. I'M SHORT AN INFORMANT.


SO WHADDA WE? CHOPPED LIVER?
WE'RE STILL IN DANGER!
YOU'LL BOTH BE SAFE ENOUGH IN AN ISO-CUBE. FIFTEEN YEARS APIECE FOR **WITHHOLDING EVIDENCE AND HARBOURING A MURDERER.**
TAKE 'EM DOWN.
YOU SONOVA--
IT'S A DIRTY JOB, CITIZEN, BUT SOMEONE'S GOT TO DO IT...

SILENT BUT DEADLY!
THEY CAME FROM OUTER SPACE...
PHARTZ!
IT'S RAINING PHARTZ! RESPIRATOR DOWN!
THE SMELL! IT'S OVERPOWERING!

THEY CAME IN ON THE SHUTTLE FROM ANDROMEDA -- TWELVE RETURNING MEMBERS OF THE MEGA-CITY ONE AEROBALL SQUAD.
IMMIGRATION OFFICERS NOTICED THE DISTINCT ODOUR, BUT NONE THOUGHT IT PECULIAR ENOUGH TO INVESTIGATE FURTHER.
YOU CITIZENS TRAVEL SEWAGE CLASS OR WHAT?
THIS PLACE IS VAST.
OUR TASK IS MIGHTY.
BUT WE WILL NOT FAIL. STAY IN CONTACT.
WHAT IS THIS, A GLEE CLUB MEETING? PICK UP THOSE BAGS AND GET OUT OF HERE!
AUTHORITY. MOST USEFUL.
SSSSSSSSS
WHAT THE HELL-?
DROKK, THE STENCH-!
IT'S ALL OVER ME! I—
L-LOOK!
KEEP BACK! THAT GAS COULD BE NOXIOUS!

HE IS MINE!
WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING?
OH GRUD, THAT THING! IT WAS IN ME -- N-NOW IT'S IN YOU!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU PEOPLE? HAVEN'T YOU WITNESSED AN EXECUTION BEFORE?
MOVE ALONG OR YOU'LL BE NEXT!
THE EARTH BEING REMEMBERED TOO MUCH.
THE LIVES OF THE LOWER SPECIES ARE UNIMPORTANT. OUR MISSION IS ALL.
GOOD HUNTING!

THEN THIS CLOUD SEEMED TA COME OUTA HIS HEAD, Y'KNOW -- LIKE A GHOST. MAN, WAS IT RIPE! LIKE, Y'KNOW -- CAN I SAY IT?
SAY WHAT?
UH, F-FART?
YOU JUST DID.
A BIG, FAT EGGY ONE.
IT WAS DISGUSTING! I FELT QUITE FAINT!
THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
THE CLOUD -- GHOST -- WHATEVER IT WAS, IT WRAPPED ITSELF ROUND THE JUDGE AND SORT OF... WENT INSIDE HIS HEAD.
THEN HE TURNS ROUND AND SHOOTS THE GUY. I MEAN, JUST TURNS ROUND AND SHOOTS THE GUY.
AND YOU DIDN'T GET THIS JUDGE'S NAME?
VICTIM WAS WITH A PARTY OF TWELVE AEROBALLERS RETURNING FROM ANDROMEDA 7. IMMIGRATION NOTICED A SMELL OF ROTTEN EGGS ON ALL OF THEM --
HYDROGEN SULPHIDE. STILL PICKING IT UP.
THEY FIGURED IT MUST'VE BEEN IN THE AIR ON ANDROMEDA, DIDN'T PURSUE IT.
WE THINK THE JUDGE CONCERNED WAS LUBES. HE WAS IN THE AREA, BEEN OUT OF CONTACT SINCE BEFORE THE INCIDENT. WE'VE GOT AN ALL UNITS OUT ON HIM.
AND THE REST OF THE PARTY JUST DUMPED THEIR BAGS AND TOOK OFF.
WEIRD. I'VE SENT UNITS TO THEIR HOME ADDRESSES. NONE OF THEM HAVE SHOWN UP. RELATIVES ARE WORRIED.
SPIRIT FORM -- YOU RECKON IT'S JUDGE DEATH?
CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE IT'S NOT. BETTER BREAK OUT THE SUCTION TRAPS.

THEY RANGED FAR AND WIDE, SCOURING THE CITY FOR THAT ELUSIVE ODOUR
TAXI
NOW AND THEN EASING OUT OF THEIR HOSTS, THE BETTER TO TASTE THE PASSING WIND FOR TELLTALE PARTICULATES
WOW! WHAT'VE YOU BEEN EATIN', PAL?
AND IF THEY SHOULD CHANCE TO BE DISCOVERED, NO MATTER
OH! THAT SMELL, I...
HUMANS WERE EXPENDABLE.
WE'VE GOT A 'LOCATE AND DETAIN' OUT ON YOU, LUBES.
WHY HAVEN'T YOU BEEN RESPONDING TO MESSAGES?
RADIO MUST BE DOWN.
ANY UNIT, GO TO 31221 MULHOLLAND, JUVES FIRING SCATTERBLASTER.
ANY UNIT, GO TO 31221 MULHOLLAND, JUVES FIRING SCATTERBLASTER.
YEAH?

SWAAAKKK
BDAM BDAM
NO-- AHHHHH
CONTROL, I...I'VE FOUND LUBES...!
-- LAST SEEN HEADING EAST ON SKEDMORE! LUBES IS ARMED AND DANGEROUS! EXERCISE EXTREME CAUTION!
DREDD! ON MY WAY!
HEY! LUBES!
KWANGO AND RITNER HERE -- JUDGE LUBES TURNING NORTH INTO CADY!
CREEP'S FIRING ON US!

DREDD INTERCEPTING!
WHANG
WHATEVER YOUR GAME IS, LUBES, IT'S OVER!
SKRUNNNNG
I WANT HIM ALIVE!
WATCH IT!
YOU'RE GOING AWAY, WISEGUY!

WH-WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT HAVE I DONE?
DON'T TRY TO PULL THAT ONE, LUBES!
MAYBE HE'S NOT PLAY-ACTING...
OH MAN, SOMEBODY'S CUT ONE!
HEY, LAY OFF THE BEENZ, LADY!
YOU -- STOP!
DETAIN THAT WOMAN!
HEY-!
NOWHERE LEFT TO GO! WHATEVER YOU ARE, GIVE YOURSELF UP!
I DO NOT TAKE COMMANDS FROM YOU!
I AM A GAS OF A NOBLE ORDER!
THAT GAS! IT'S... UHHHHH...
RESPIRATORS!

IT'S ESCAPING THROUGH THE VENT!
SUCTION TRAP!
K-DUNK!
THOOP
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, CREEP!

AT THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE --
IT'S A GASEOUS LIFEFORM, ORIGIN UNKNOWN. COMPOSITION 30 PER CENT OXYGEN, LESSER AMOUNTS OF HYDROGEN, HYDROGEN SULPHIDE, CARBON DIOXIDE, SOME OF THE NOBLE GASES.
SUCH LIFE IS POSSIBLE?
THERE'S YOUR PROOF.
EVIDENCE SUGGESTS THEY PARASITE OTHER LIFEFORMS, INHABITING AND CONTROLLING THEM.
AS WE'VE BEEN UNABLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH IT, WE'VE DECIDED TO SEND IN ONE OF OUR AUXILIARIES.
ENTERING CONTAINMENT NOW.
THIS IS SAFE?
IN THIS CASE, THE URGENCY OUTWEIGHS THE RISK.
I...IT'S...THE SMELL, I...
IT...IT'S GONE, VANISHED! I FEEL SICK -- I THINK I'D LIKE TO COME OUT NOW...
WE'RE NOT FOOLS. WE KNOW WHO'S TALKING TO US.
WHAT ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?
HONEST TO GRUD, IT'S ME -- DUFFY! COME ON, A JOKE'S A JOKE! I WANT TO GET HOME TONIGHT! MY WIFE'S HAVING A BABY!
STOP WASTING OUR TIME! THE MAN ASKED YOU A QUESTION!
EXCUSE ME FOR ATTEMPTING SUCH AN OBVIOUS RUSE! ONE NEVER KNOWS HOW GULLIBLE ONE'S HOSTS MAY BE!

I AM A PHART, A GAS OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF PHARTEZOA. I AND MY FELLOW GASES HAVE COME ON A SACRED MISSION TO FIND OUR QUEEN, WHO HAS TAKEN REFUGE IN YOUR CITY.
'PHART?'
PROBABLY SOUNDS BETTER IN ITS OWN LANGUAGE.
A QUEEN PHART... THAT'S A THOUGHT TO CONJURE WITH!
THE QUEEN IS RIPE! FOR THE GOOD OF FUTURE GENERATIONS SHE MUST BE MADE TO RETURN WITH US!
BE WARNED -- DO NOT ATTEMPT TO INTERFERE! THE LIVES OF LOWER SPECIES MEAN NOTHING TO A PHART!
YOU MAY BE A BIG NOISE ON YOUR OWN WORLD, PAL, BUT HERE YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER BAG OF WIND!
WE'VE GOT TO ASSUME THE WHOLE AEROBALL SQUAD'S INVOLVED. KEEP QUESTIONING. I'M GOING TO ORGANISE A ROUND-UP.
HOW CAN YOU CATCH THEM IF YOU CAN'T SEE THEM?
JUST FOLLOW YOUR NOSE.
ALL OVER THE CITY THE PEOPLE ARE SNIFFING OUT PHARTZ!
YES, THESE STRANGE GAS CREATURES FROM OUTER SPACE ARE IN THE CITY!
CAPABLE OF INHABITING THE HUMAN BODY, PHARTZ CAN BE RECOGNISED BY THE NOXIOUS AND POTENTIALLY LETHAL VAPOURS THEY GIVE OFF!

IF SEEING OR DETECTING THE ODOUR OF A PHART, DO NOT APPROACH!
PHART
- noxious lifeform
origin unknown
HAVE YOU SEEN THESE M
THESE ALIENS ARE DANGEROUS! THEY HAVE KILLED AND WILL NOT HESITATE TO DO SO AGAIN!
HUMAN LIFE DOESN'T MATTER A JOT TO A PHART!
TEAMS OF JUDGES ARE ON THE STREETS ARMED WITH SUCTION TRAPS! CITIZENS ARE ADVISED TO BE VIGILANT! REPORT ANY SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY IMMEDIATELY!
ASK YOURSELF, IS THAT PERSON NEXT TO YOU SUFFERING FROM UNPLEASANT FLATULENCE -- OR IS IT A DEADLY GAS FROM OUTER SPACE?
HELLO, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT? I...I THINK I SMELLED A PHART!
WHERE WAS THIS, CITIZEN?
WELL, UH, R-RIGHT HERE. I...I DON'T LIKE TO SAY THIS, BUT IT... IT CAME OUT OF ME.
I...I WONDERED IF ONE OF THOSE GHASTLY CREATURES HAD TAKEN ME OVER! I'M SO AFRAID!
YOU WOULDN'T BE CALLING US, CITIZEN. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

OHH! THE SMELL!
THAT AIN'T NATURAL!
HE...HE'S ONE OF THEM! CALL THE JUDGES!
N-NO, YOU'VE GOT IT WRONG-!
WEAAAAOOOOWEEEAAAOOOO
STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
UNNHH
THWOK
WE GOT ONE! RESPIRATORS!
IN THE CAN!
WE'RE TAKING YOU IN FOR QUESTIONING.
WH-WHY? WHAT'VE I DONE?

WITH THE PUBLIC ALERTED, JUDGES RAPIDLY BEGIN TO COME TO GRIPS WITH THE ALIEN MENACE.
HUMANS! YOU CANNOT CATCH THE WIND!
THIS SAYS DIFFERENT!
CONTROL, YOU GOT A FALLER. CLEAN-UP SQUADS TO BRINSLEY BOTTOM!
THAT MAKES EIGHT, CONTROL!
AEROBALLER JAXON HULX JUST CALLED IN. CLAIMS HIS RESIDENT PHART TRADED HIM IN FOR A TAXI DRIVER.
GETTING A LOT OF ACTIVITY ON THAT HANDSET, DREDD. NOTHING WE CAN UNDERSTAND. LOAD OF POPS AND HISSES -- MUST BE PHART TONGUE.
HOVERSHIPS ARMED WITH POWERFUL GAS SPECTROMETERS LEND THEIR WEIGHT TO THE HUNT --
WE HAVE THREE -- MAKE IT FOUR -- CONTACTS, SECTOR 65!
THEY'RE CONVERGING ON LIBERTY SQUARE!
THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM! SOMETHING'S UP!

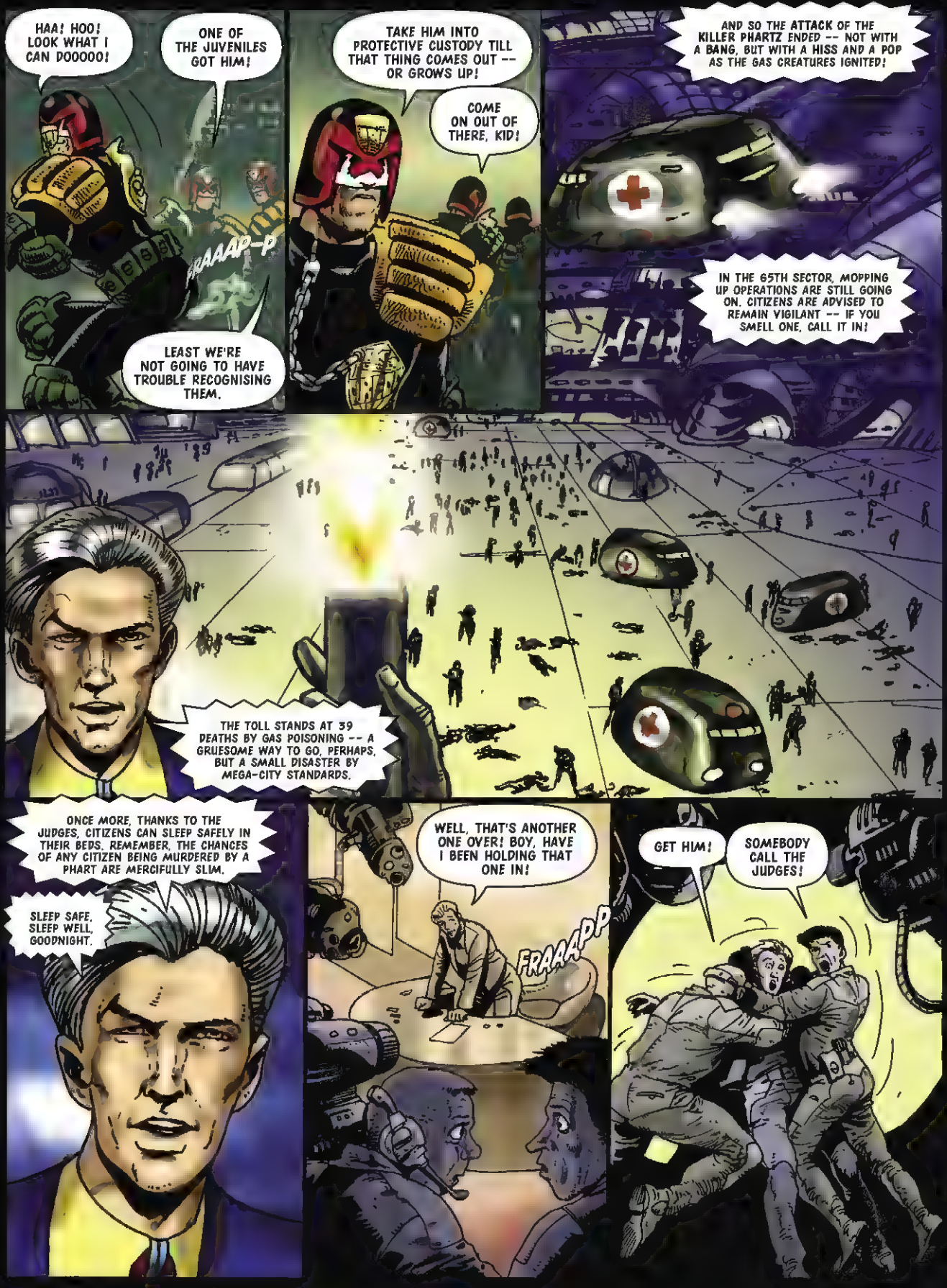
WAIT A MINUTE -- WE HAVE A FIFTH CONTACT, MIDDLE OF THE SQUARE!
WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
WE CANNOT WAIT. WE MUST ACT NOW.
SHE IS HERE.
PUBLIC FACILITY! CUBICLES FREE! WASH, SCRUB AND BLOW DRY, TWENTY CREDS!
I-IT'S THEM PHARTZ!
SURROUND THEM!
WE ARE DISCOVERED!
SEE TO THE BIRTHMOTHER, I WILL -- UHHHHH!
BDAM BDAM BDAM

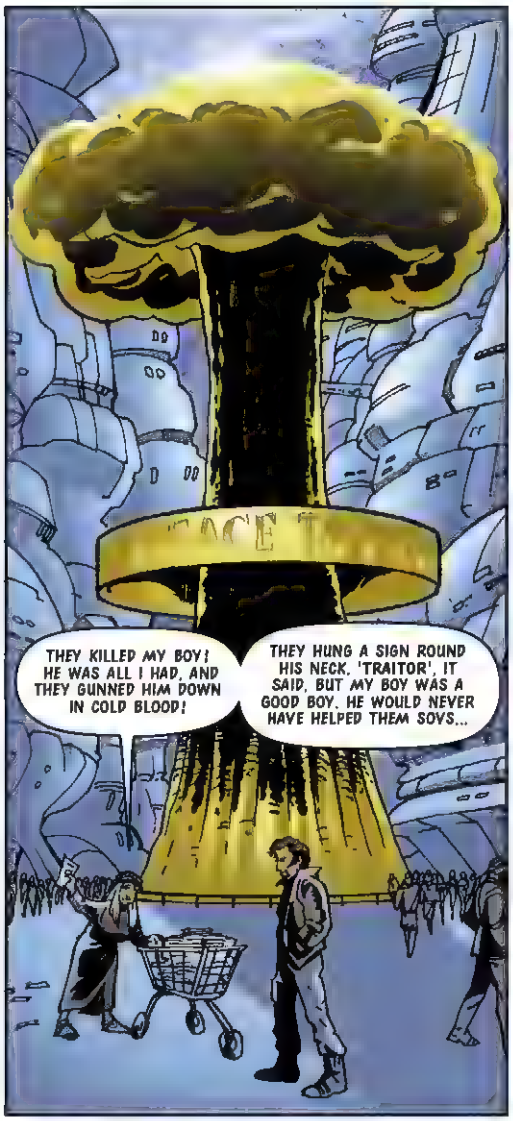
ONE MORE FOR THE ISO TANK!
THE REST ARE BLOWING COVER!
OOH! THEY'RE HORRIBLE! GET THEM AWAY FROM ME!
SCOOP 'EM UP!
ALL PHARTS NOW IN CUSTODY!
HOVERSHIP! WE'RE STILL PICKING UP A STRONG CONTACT, DREDD! IT'S RIGHT BESIDE YOU!
OH DEAR! OH ME! THAT'S GOT ME ALL OF A FLUTTER!
GOT TO BE HER. YES...WHAT BETTER COVER THAN A PUBLIC FACILITY ATTENDANT?
I'M SURE YOU'VE GOT ME ALL WRONG! DEAR ME! I FEEL ALL FUNNY--
I DO THINK THE SHOCK'S BROUGHT ME ON-!

IT'S A BIG ONE! RESPIRATORS!
HHHHA
IT'S TOO POWERFUL! SUCTION TRAPS AREN'T HAVING ANY EFFECT!
LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO--

-- EXPLODE!
KRAPP--
DROKK! BABY PHARTZ!
THAT'S WHY THEY WANTED IT BACK SO BAD -- THE QUEEN WAS READY TO BLOW OUT A WHOLE NEW GENERATION!
WE'RE KNEE-DEEP IN PHARTZ HERE, CONTROL! GONNA NEED MORE THAN SUCTION TRAPS!

WHOOOF
WHIFFF
HOLD IT -- OF COURSE! THE GAS IS FLAMMABLE!
SCATTERBLASTERS, WIDE BEAM!
WHOMF
WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF IT BEFORE? BURN 'EM!
HOVERSHIP, GIVE US MAXIMUM FLAME DOWN HERE!


HAA! HOO! LOOK WHAT I CAN DOOOOO!
ONE OF THE JUVENILES GOT HIM!
FRAAAP-P
LEAST WE'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE RECOGNISING THEM.
TAKE HIM INTO PROTECTIVE CUSTODY TILL THAT THING COMES OUT -- OR GROWS UP!
COME ON OUT OF THERE, KID!
AND SO THE ATTACK OF THE KILLER PHARTZ ENDED -- NOT WITH A BANG, BUT WITH A HISS AND A POP AS THE GAS CREATURES IGNITED!
IN THE 65TH SECTOR, MOPPING UP OPERATIONS ARE STILL GOING ON. CITIZENS ARE ADVISED TO REMAIN VIGILANT -- IF YOU SMELL ONE, CALL IT IN!
THE TOLL STANDS AT 39 DEATHS BY GAS POISONING -- A GRUESOME WAY TO GO, PERHAPS, BUT A SMALL DISASTER BY MEGA-CITY STANDARDS.
ONCE MORE, THANKS TO THE JUDGES, CITIZENS CAN SLEEP SAFELY IN THEIR BEDS. REMEMBER, THE CHANCES OF ANY CITIZEN BEING MURDERED BY A PHART ARE MERCIFULLY SLIM.
SLEEP SAFE, SLEEP WELL, GOODNIGHT.
WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER ONE OVER! BOY, HAVE I BEEN HOLDING THAT ONE IN!
FRAAAPP
GET HIM!
SOMEBODY CALL THE JUDGES!

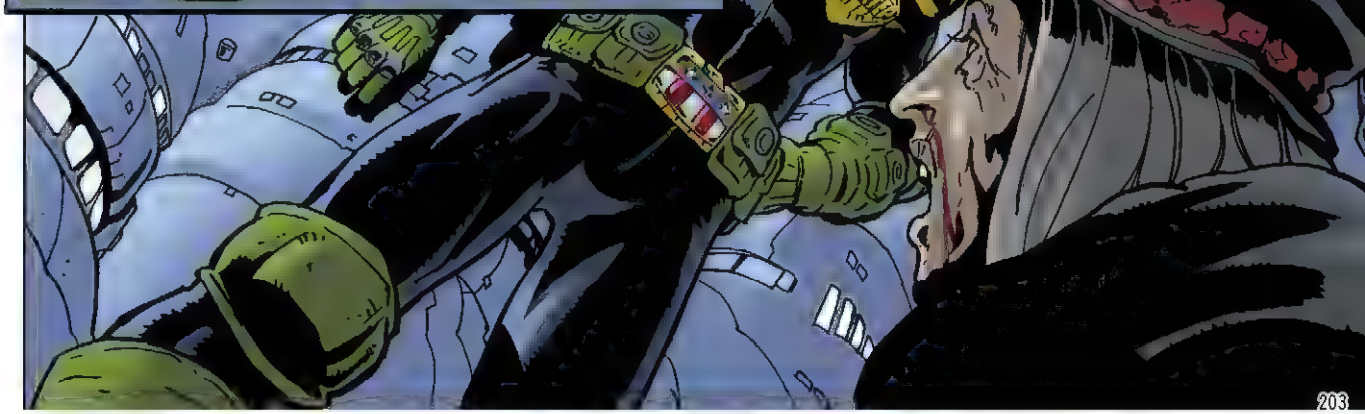

THEY KILLED MY BOY! HE WAS ALL I HAD, AND THEY GUNNED HIM DOWN IN COLD BLOOD!
THEY HUNG A SIGN ROUND HIS NECK. 'TRAITOR', IT SAID, BUT MY BOY WAS A GOOD BOY. HE WOULD NEVER HAVE HELPED THEM SOVS...

PLEASE, TAKE A LEAFLET. READ WHAT I GOT TO SAY. CONTACT THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT. TELL 'EM WHAT YOU THINK AND GET SOME JUSTICE FOR MY DEAD--

GODDAMN FREAK, GET YOUR HANDS OFFA ME!
WAK

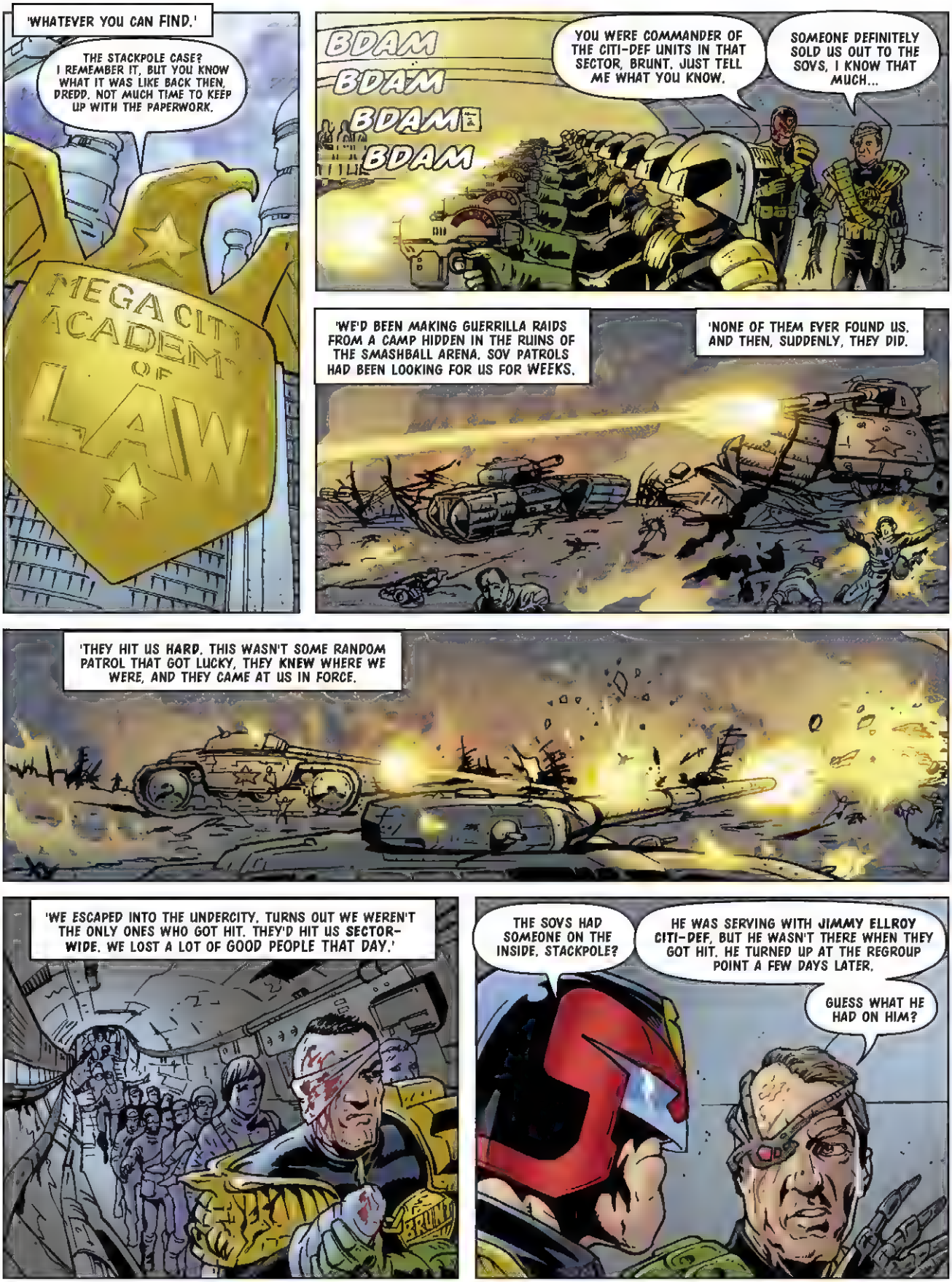
I LOST MY PARENTS IN THE WAR. YOU ASK ME, ALL THEM ENEMY COLLABORATORS GOT OFF LIGHT. A BULLET WAS TOO EASY FOR ANYONE WHO SOLD OUT TO THEM SOVS!
NO... PLEASE...

PLEASE, WON'T ANYONE HELP ME? ANYONE AT ALL..?

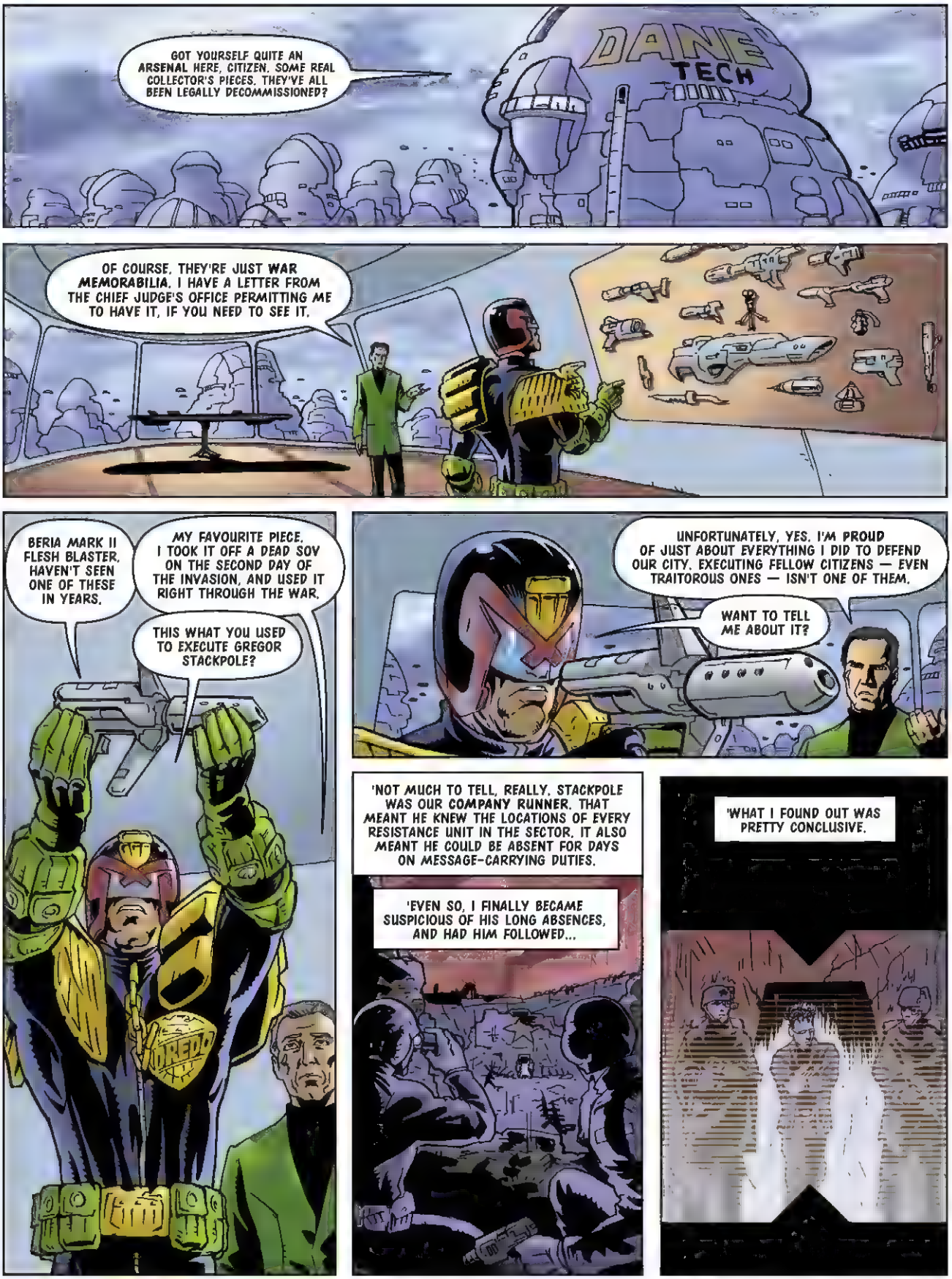


YOU'VE BEEN WARNED ABOUT THIS BEFORE, CITIZEN...
TROUBLE?
ILLEGAL PAMPHLETEERING, THIRD TIME IN AS MANY MONTHS. UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I'M PREPARED TO BE LENIENT.
HOW SO?
NAME'S MARTHA STACKPOLE. SHE'S REGISTERED TERMINALLY ILL, SUPPOSED TO BE IN A HOSPICE WARD OVER AT ST. JUDE LAW, BUT SHE KEEPS TURNING UP HERE AND TRYING TO GIVE OUT THESE THINGS.
WAR CRIME
ONE SON, GREGOR STACKPOLE. ALL THE FAMILY SHE HAD. HE WAS EXECUTED FOR TREASON DURING THE APOCALYPSE WAR. I GUESS IT MUST HAVE HIT HER HARD.
WAR CRIME
YOU WERE PROBABLY TOO YOUNG TO REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE BACK THEN, CARTER.
DIDN'T EVEN ENROL AT THE ACADEMY UNTIL '06, BUT I'VE READ THE DEPARTMENT-APPROVED HISTORIES ON THE SUBJECT.
I KNOW ABOUT THE FIELD COURT - MARTIALS, AND THE SUMMARY EXECUTIONS. THERE WAS A WAR ON, THE CITY WAS FIGHTING FOR ITS LIFE. YOU DID WHAT NEEDED TO BE DONE.
RIGHT.

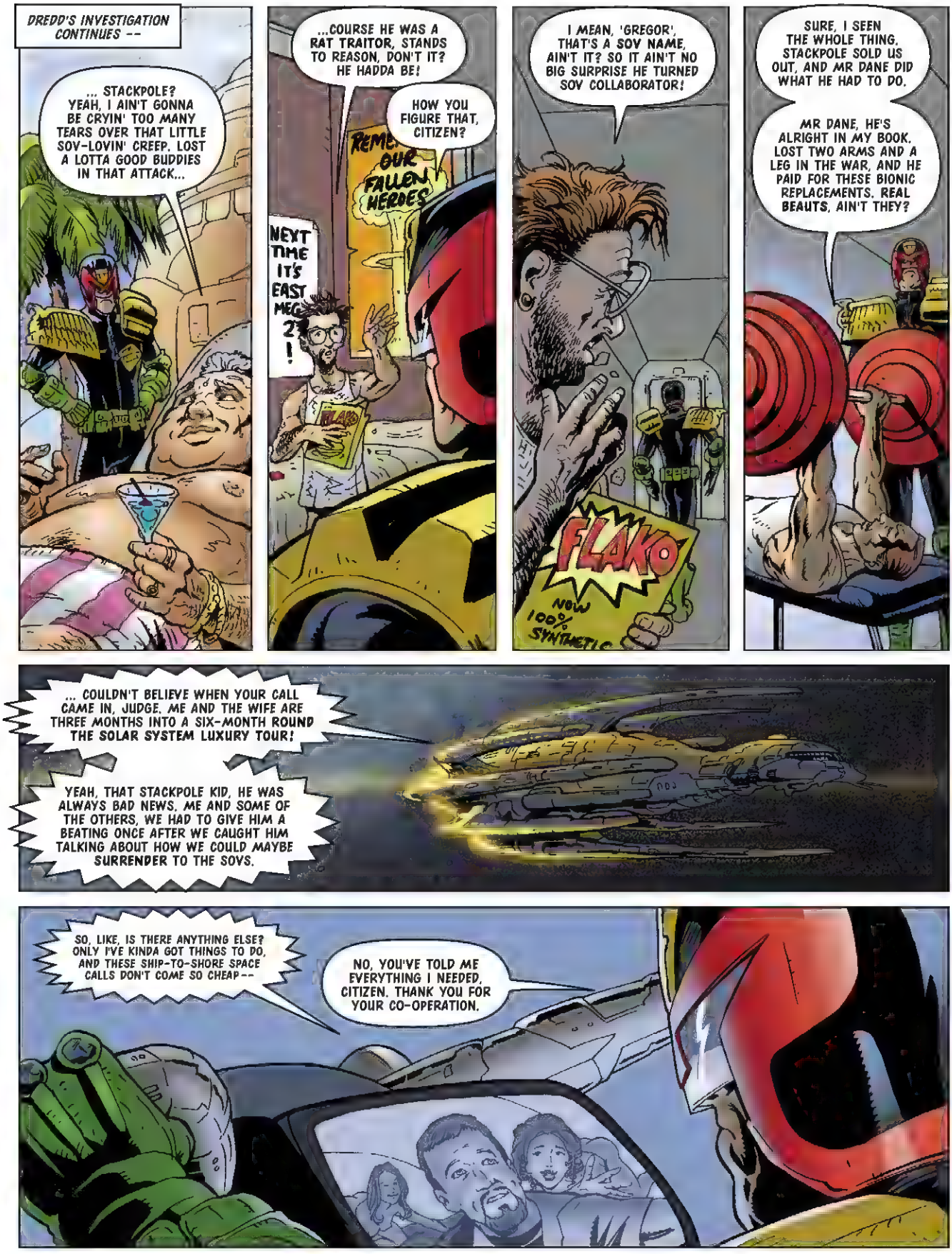
DEPARTMENT-APPROVED HISTORIES ARE ONE THING. WHAT IT WAS REALLY LIKE BACK THEN IS ANOTHER...
TRAITORS
LIKE YOU SAID, WE DID WHAT NEEDED TO BE DONE.
WHAT HAPPENS TO HER NOW?
WE'LL TAKE HER BACK TO THE HOSPICE, BUT SHE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH TIME LEFT. NEXT OF KIN OF CONVICTED WAR COLLABORATORS LOST MOST OF THEIR CITIZENS' BENEFITS, SO SHE'S ON MINIMUM T.I. CARE.
WAR CRIME
THERE'S ONLY ONE SENTENCE FOR COLLABORATORS.
P-PLEASE! DON'T DO IT!
CONTROL -- DREDD. WHAT'VE WE GOT ON A SUMMARY EXECUTION JOB IN '02? DECEASED'S NAME IS GREGOR STACKPOLE.
APOCALYPSE WAR RECORDS? THAT'LL TAKE SOME DIGGING, DREDD. WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?


'WHATEVER YOU CAN FIND.'
THE STACKPOLE CASE? I REMEMBER IT, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT IT WAS LIKE BACK THEN, DREDD. NOT MUCH TIME TO KEEP UP WITH THE PAPERWORK.
MEGACITY ACADEMY OF LAW
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
YOU WERE COMMANDER OF THE CITI-DEF UNITS IN THAT SECTOR, BRUNT. JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW.
SOMEONE DEFINITELY SOLD US OUT TO THE SOVS, I KNOW THAT MUCH...
'WE'D BEEN MAKING GUERRILLA RAIDS FROM A CAMP HIDDEN IN THE RUINS OF THE SMASHBALL ARENA. SOV PATROLS HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR US FOR WEEKS.
'NONE OF THEM EVER FOUND US. AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THEY DID.
'THEY HIT US HARD. THIS WASN'T SOME RANDOM PATROL THAT GOT LUCKY, THEY KNEW WHERE WE WERE, AND THEY CAME AT US IN FORCE.
'WE ESCAPED INTO THE UNDERCITY. TURNS OUT WE WEREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO GOT HIT. THEY'D HIT US SECTOR-WIDE. WE LOST A LOT OF GOOD PEOPLE THAT DAY.'
THE SOVS HAD SOMEONE ON THE INSIDE, STACKPOLE?
HE WAS SERVING WITH JIMMY ELLROY CITI-DEF, BUT HE WASN'T THERE WHEN THEY GOT HIT. HE TURNED UP AT THE REGROUP POINT A FEW DAYS LATER.
GUESS WHAT HE HAD ON HIM?

SOV SCRIP AND RATIONS! THIS WHAT THEY GAVE YOU FOR SELLING US OUT?
NO, WAIT! THIS ISN'T WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!
SURE IT IS, TRAITOR. IT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE.
BLAMM
A CIT CARRIED OUT THE EXECUTION? WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO BE IN COMMAND OF JIMMY ELLROY?
JUDGE MATHER, BUT HE DIED DURING THE ATTACK. THE CIT WAS THE UNIT'S ACTING COMMANDER.
YOU DIDN'T HOLD AN INVESTIGATION?
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE APOCALYPSE WAR? C'MON, DREDD, YOU DID YOUR SHARE OF SUMMARY EXECUTIONS BACK THEN...
'HOW MANY TIMES DID YOU STOP TO ASK QUESTIONS BEFORE YOU PULLED THE TRIGGER ON A COLLABORATOR?'
THERE'S ONLY ONE SENTENCE FOR COLLABORATORS.
...SIMMONS, GET A PROPER GRIP ON THAT LAWGIVER. GOOD GRUD, BOY, I'D RATHER FACE ANOTHER SOV TANK ASSAULT THAN LET YOU LOOSE ON THE CITY STREETS WITH MARKSMANSHIP LIKE THAT!
CONTROL -- DREDD. I NEED A LIST OF SURVIVING CITIZENS WHO SERVED IN JIMMY ELLROY BLOCK CIT-DEF AT THE TIME OF THE APOCALYPSE WAR...


GOT YOURSELF QUITE AN ARSENAL HERE, CITIZEN. SOME REAL COLLECTOR'S PIECES. THEY'VE ALL BEEN LEGALLY DECOMMISSIONED?
DANE TECH
OF COURSE, THEY'RE JUST WAR MEMORABILIA. I HAVE A LETTER FROM THE CHIEF JUDGE'S OFFICE PERMITTING ME TO HAVE IT, IF YOU NEED TO SEE IT.
BERIA MARK II FLESH BLASTER. HAVEN'T SEEN ONE OF THESE IN YEARS.
MY FAVOURITE PIECE. I TOOK IT OFF A DEAD SOV ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE INVASION, AND USED IT RIGHT THROUGH THE WAR.
THIS WHAT YOU USED TO EXECUTE GREGOR STACKPOLE?
UNFORTUNATELY, YES. I'M PROUD OF JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING I DID TO DEFEND OUR CITY. EXECUTING FELLOW CITIZENS — EVEN TRAITOROUS ONES — ISN'T ONE OF THEM.
WANT TO TELL ME ABOUT IT?
'NOT MUCH TO TELL, REALLY. STACKPOLE WAS OUR COMPANY RUNNER. THAT MEANT HE KNEW THE LOCATIONS OF EVERY RESISTANCE UNIT IN THE SECTOR. IT ALSO MEANT HE COULD BE ABSENT FOR DAYS ON MESSAGE-CARRYING DUTIES.
'EVEN SO, I FINALLY BECAME SUSPICIOUS OF HIS LONG ABSENCES, AND HAD HIM FOLLOWED...
'WHAT I FOUND OUT WAS PRETTY CONCLUSIVE.

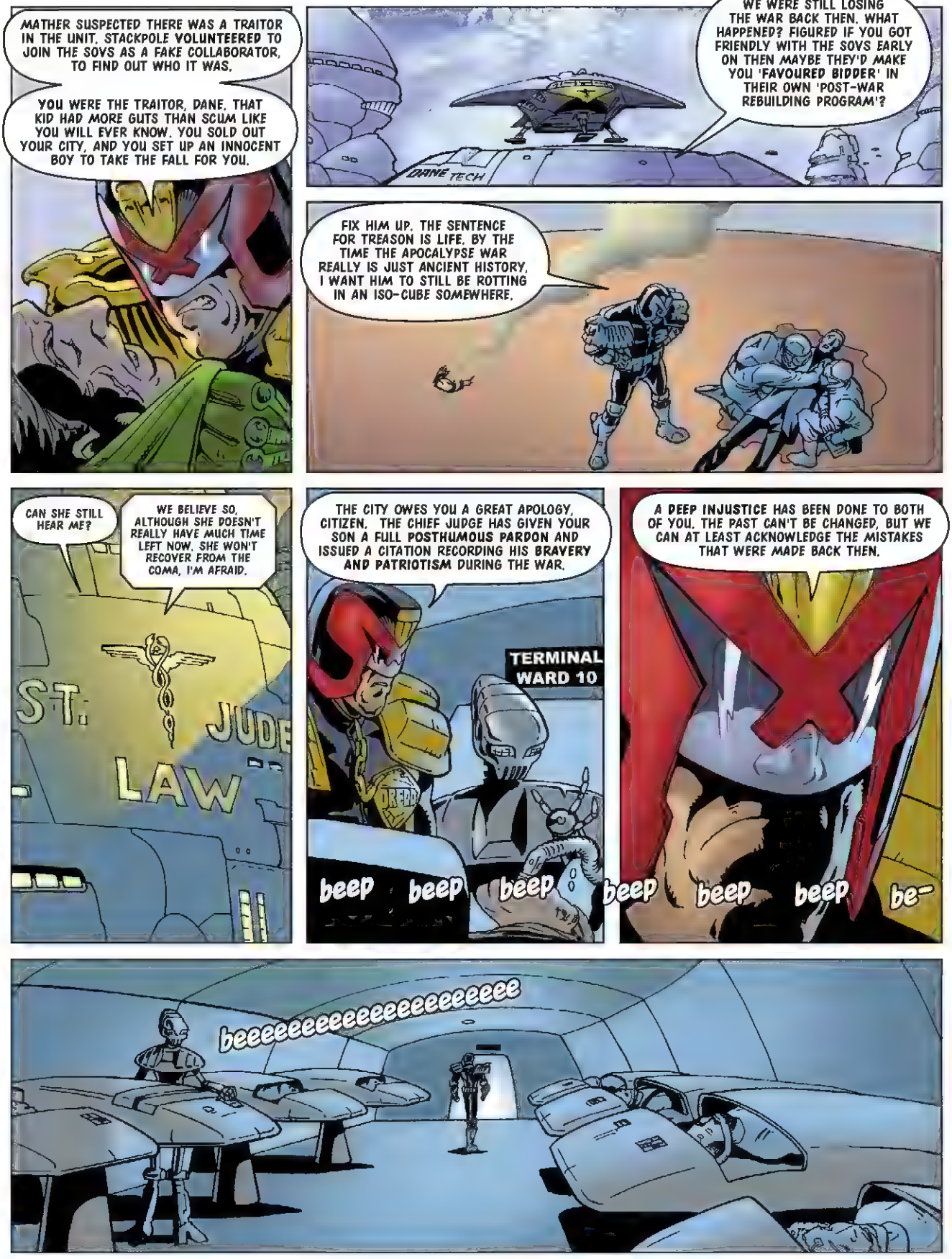
'THE SOVS HIT US THE NEXT DAY. WE CAUGHT STACKPOLE A FEW DAYS LATER. I GUESS YOU ALREADY KNOW WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT...'
YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY DOUBTS ABOUT HIS GUILT?
WITH THE EVIDENCE WE HAD AGAINST HIM? WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE UNDER THE SAME CIRCUMSTANCES?
YOU SEEM TO HAVE DONE WELL FOR YOURSELF SINCE THEN, CITIZEN.
I'VE BEEN LUCKY. MY WAR SERVICE MEANT I WAS FAVOURED BIDDER FOR SEVERAL CONTRACTS FOR THE CITY'S POST-WAR REBUILDING PROGRAM.
AND I'VE TRIED TO SPREAD MY GOOD FORTUNE AROUND, HELP OUT SOME OF THE MEN WHO SERVED UNDER ME BACK THEN.
I STILL KEEP IN TOUCH WITH MANY OF THEM. MY SECRETARY CAN GIVE YOU CONTACT DETAILS, IF YOU NEED THEM.
COULD BE USEFUL -- OUR RECORDS FROM BACK THEN AREN'T EVERYTHING THEY COULD BE.
THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, CITIZEN. YOU'VE BEEN VERY CO-OPERATIVE.


DREDD'S INVESTIGATION CONTINUES --
... STACKPOLE? YEAH, I AIN'T GONNA BE CRYIN' TOO MANY TEARS OVER THAT LITTLE SOV-LOVIN' CREEP. LOST A LOTTA GOOD BUDDIES IN THAT ATTACK...
...COURSE HE WAS A RAT TRAITOR, STANDS TO REASON, DON'T IT? HE HADDA BE!
HOW YOU FIGURE THAT, CITIZEN?
REMEMBER OUR FALLEN HEROES
NEXT TIME IT'S EAST MEGA CITY 2!
I MEAN, 'GREGOR', THAT'S A SOV NAME, AIN'T IT? SO IT AIN'T NO BIG SURPRISE HE TURNED SOV COLLABORATOR!
FLAKO
NOW 100% SYNTHETIC
SURE, I SEEN THE WHOLE THING. STACKPOLE SOLD US OUT, AND MR DANE DID WHAT HE HAD TO DO.
MR DANE, HE'S ALRIGHT IN MY BOOK. LOST TWO ARMS AND A LEG IN THE WAR, AND HE PAID FOR THESE BIONIC REPLACEMENTS. REAL BEAUTS, AIN'T THEY?
... COULDN'T BELIEVE WHEN YOUR CALL CAME IN, JUDGE. ME AND THE WIFE ARE THREE MONTHS INTO A SIX-MONTH ROUND THE SOLAR SYSTEM LUXURY TOUR!
YEAH, THAT STACKPOLE KID, HE WAS ALWAYS BAD NEWS. ME AND SOME OF THE OTHERS, WE HAD TO GIVE HIM A BEATING ONCE AFTER WE CAUGHT HIM TALKING ABOUT HOW WE COULD MAYBE SURRENDER TO THE SOVS.
SO, LIKE, IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE? ONLY I'VE KINDA GOT THINGS TO DO, AND THESE SHIP-TO-SHORE SPACE CALLS DON'T COME SO CHEAP --
NO, YOU'VE TOLD ME EVERYTHING I NEEDED, CITIZEN. THANK YOU FOR YOUR CO-OPERATION.

DREDD -- CONTROL. WE'RE GETTING QUERIES FROM JUSTICE CENTRAL. LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE DROPPING FRIENDLY HINTS THAT MAYBE INVESTIGATING APOCALYPSE WAR ANCIENT HISTORY ISN'T THE BEST USE OF A SENIOR JUDGE'S TIME.
STALL 'EM, CONTROL. ONE LAST WITNESS I WANT TO SPEAK TO.
HE'S THE ONLY NAME YOU FOUND WHO WASN'T ALREADY ON THE LIST DANE GAVE ME.
ISO BLOCK 243
...GREGO WASN'T NO ANGEL, JUDGE, BUT HE SURE WASN'T NO TRAITOR, THAT MUCH I CAN TELL YOU -- AND I DON'T CARE WHAT THEM OTHER GUYS SAY.
ME AND GREGO WAS BUDDIES. WE WAS IN THE JUVE CUBES TOGETHER, AND WE WAS IN THE RESISTANCE TOGETHER TOO.
'OLD JUDGE MATHER, HE KNEW US FROM OUR JUVE GANG DAYS, BUT HE KNEW WE WEREN'T AFRAID OF A FIGHT EITHER...
'IT WAS MATHER WHO MADE GREGO UNIT RUNNER, AND HE GAVE HIM SOME KINDA SECRET MISSION TO DO...'
STACKPOLE'S RUNNER WORK WAS COVER FOR SOMETHING ELSE? SOMETHING ONLY MATHER KNEW ABOUT?
YEAH, I BET THEM OTHER GUYS DIDN'T TELL YA THAT... BET THERE WAS LOTSA THINGS THEY DIDN'T TELL YA.
DREDD
...LIKE MAYBE HOW ORDINARY JOES LIKE THEM CAN AFFORD LUX CONAPT PADS, AN' FANCY OFF-WORLD HOLIDAYS AND ALL THE REST OF IT.
YOU GOT SOMETHING YOU WANT TO TELL ME, CITIZEN, LET'S HEAR IT.
DANETECH BUILDING

MR DANE? YOU ASKED TO BE INFORMED IF JUDGE DREDD CAME BACK? SECURITY SAYS HE'S JUST ENTERED THE FOYER.
THANK YOU, MARCY. SEND HIM IN AS SOON AS HE GETS HERE.
JUDGE DREDD, THIS IS AN UNEXPECTED-
ZIP IT, CREEP. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
SO ARE THE REST OF YOUR MEN, THE ONES YOU'VE BEEN PAYING OFF FOR YEARS NOT TO TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED BACK IN-
DROKK! STUB GUN!
FIZZZZZ

FFFZZZZZZZZZZZZAAAAAAAAAAKKKKKKK
DAMN YOU, DREDD! SO I MADE A MISTAKE! IT WAS OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO. WHY CAN'T YOU LET THE PAST LIE?
BECAUSE TREASON'S TREASON, CREEP--
AND THERE'S ONLY ONE SENTENCE FOR COLLABORATORS.
CONTROL -- DREDD. MED-TEAM URGENTLY REQUIRED, DANETECH INDUSTRIES.
HAH... TOO LATE FOR THAT, DREDD...
YOU'LL LIVE, CREEP. I'LL MAKE SURE OF IT.


MATHER SUSPECTED THERE WAS A TRAITOR IN THE UNIT. STACKPOLE VOLUNTEERED TO JOIN THE SOVS AS A FAKE COLLABORATOR, TO FIND OUT WHO IT WAS.
YOU WERE THE TRAITOR, DANE. THAT KID HAD MORE GUTS THAN SCUM LIKE YOU WILL EVER KNOW. YOU SOLD OUT YOUR CITY, AND YOU SET UP AN INNOCENT BOY TO TAKE THE FALL FOR YOU.
WE WERE STILL LOSING THE WAR BACK THEN. WHAT HAPPENED? FIGURED IF YOU GOT FRIENDLY WITH THE SOVS EARLY ON THEN MAYBE THEY'D MAKE YOU 'FAVOURED BIDDER' IN THEIR OWN 'POST-WAR REBUILDING PROGRAM'?
DANE TECH
FIX HIM UP. THE SENTENCE FOR TREASON IS LIFE. BY THE TIME THE APOCALYPSE WAR REALLY IS JUST ANCIENT HISTORY, I WANT HIM TO STILL BE ROTTING IN AN ISO-CUBE SOMEWHERE.
CAN SHE STILL HEAR ME?
WE BELIEVE SO, ALTHOUGH SHE DOESN'T REALLY HAVE MUCH TIME LEFT NOW. SHE WON'T RECOVER FROM THE COMA, I'M AFRAID.
ST. JUDE
LAW
THE CITY OWES YOU A GREAT APOLOGY, CITIZEN. THE CHIEF JUDGE HAS GIVEN YOUR SON A FULL POSTHUMOUS PARDON AND ISSUED A CITATION RECORDING HIS BRAVERY AND PATRIOTISM DURING THE WAR.
TERMINAL WARD 10
beep beep beep
A DEEP INJUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE TO BOTH OF YOU. THE PAST CAN'T BE CHANGED, BUT WE CAN AT LEAST ACKNOWLEDGE THE MISTAKES THAT WERE MADE BACK THEN.
beep beep beep be-
beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

SO I KNOW WHAT IT IS YOU ARE THINKING.
'CARLITO,' YOU ARE SAYING, 'WHY IS IT YOU ARE DOING THIS STRANGE THING WITH THIS BIG FAT DEAD GUY, AND ALL THOSE JUDGES AND BAD NEWS SCARY MOB GUYS? IS THIS WHY THEY ARE ALWAYS CALLING YOU CRAZY GUY?'
AND SO THEN I SAY TO YOU, 'PATIENCE, MY FRIENDS, FOR SOON YOU WILL BE SEEING THAT ALL THIS IS NOT SO CRAZY AFTER ALL...'
YOU ON THE STIFF! HALT OR I FIRE!

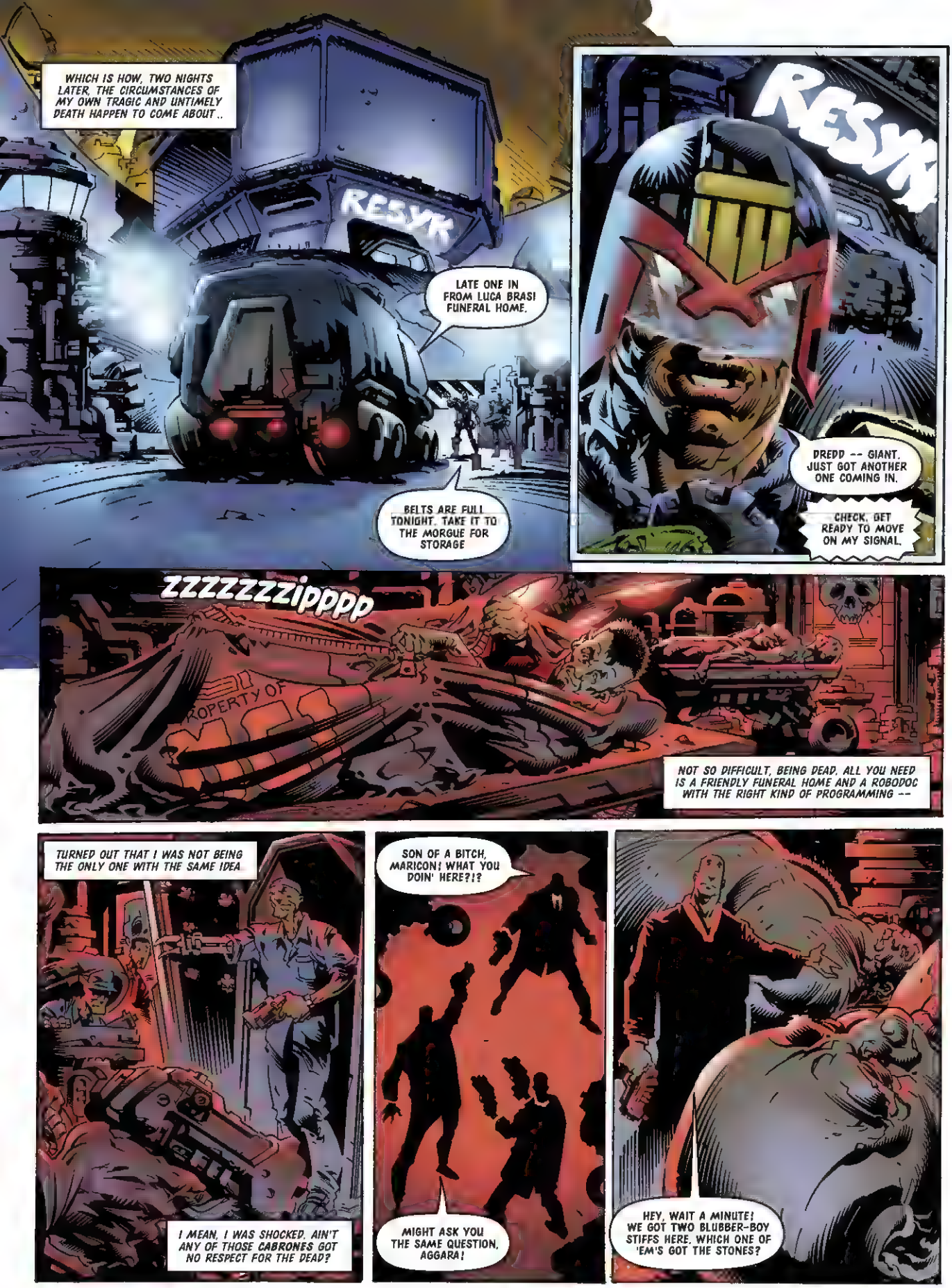
OKAY, SO MAYBE IT ALL STARTS ABOUT A WEEK AGO, WHEN LOUIE THE GUT -- YEAH, THAT'S HIM RIGHT THERE; SO HOW'D YOU GUESS? -- COMES BACK FROM MAKING HIS REGULAR SMUGGLING RUN THROUGH THE BLACK ATLANTIC TUNNEL.
OF COURSE, LOUIE'S SERVICES ARE IN HIGH DEMAND, AND NOT JUST BECAUSE OF HIS CARRYING CAPACITY.
NO, LOUIE HAD WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A SPECIAL GIFT --
MAYBE TWICE A WEEK HE MAKES THESE RUNS AND NEVER ONCE DO THE JUDGES STOP HIM.
IT'S LIKE HE'S INVISIBLE, OR SOMETHING. WHICH IS NO MEAN TRICK FOR A GUY WHO'S WIDER THAN A HOVER BUS.
OKAY. GO THROUGH, CITIZEN.
SO THERE HE IS, HOME FREE AND ON HIS WAY OUTTA CUSTOMS -- AND THEN WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENS?
NNNGGG-!

SOME MIGHT CALL IT BAD LUCK FINALLY CATCHING UP WITH HIM
WHUMP!
ME, I THINK IT HAD MORE TO DO WITH TOO MANY JUMBO HOTTIES.
CONTROL -- DREDD. MEAT WAGON REQUIRED, BLACK ATLANTIC CUSTOMS.
BETTER TELL 'EM TO BRING A LIFTING CRANE.
'BUT, CARLITO,' YOU ARE SAYING, 'SO WHAT DOES ALL THIS HAVE TO DO WITH YOU?'
A GOOD QUESTION, MIOS HERMANOS, SO JUST KEEP ON READING A LITTLE MORE.
HEY, YOU GUYS HEAR ABOUT LOUIE?
YEAH, HELLUVA FELLA.
REAL STAND-UP GUY.
UNNUVA BEST.
SEE? THAT'S ME RIGHT THERE...
CARLITO AGGARA.
BATO LOCO, THEY CALL ME, WHICH IS MEANING 'CRAZY GUY', ON ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE WILD AND CRAZY STUNTS I USED TO PULL WHEN I WAS YOUNGER, ONLY I DO NOT DO THOSE KIND OF THINGS ANYMORE, YOU UNDERSTAND...

WELL, NOT USUALLY.
HEY, REMEMBER WHEN LOUIE DID THAT PERP-RUNNING JOB, AND SMUGGLED PINT-SIZE RICKY INSIDE HIS GUT ALL THE WAY TO LUNA-CITY?
OR THAT HEIST JOB, WHEN HE SWALLOWED THE SAFE AND WALKED RIGHT ON PAST THE JUDGES WITH IT SAT IN HIS BELLY?
NOW, LOUIE WAS A POPULAR GUY, AND NOT JUST WITH THE LOCAL RESTAURATEURS, BUT TRUST ME WHEN I TELL YOU THAT THERE'S ANOTHER REASON WHY EVERY HOOD IS GIVING IT BIG WITH THE HAPPY THOUGHTS OF LOUIE THE GUT.
YEAH, HELLUVA FELLA.
UNNUVA BEST.
REAL STAND-UP GUY.
...'COS, NOT SO DEEP DOWN, ALL THOSE BUMS WAS REALLY THINKING ABOUT WAS THE FORTUNE IN UNCUT DIAMONDS WHICH LOUIE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE CARRYING AT THE TIME OF HIS UNFORTUNATE DEMISE.
NOT ME, THOUGH. ME, I HAD OTHER THINGS ON MY MIND...
HEY, CARLITO, I HEAR GRAND GUIGNOL'S BEEN LOOKIN' FOR YA. AND DON MORTE'S BOYS, TOO. AIN'T YA WORRIED NONE?
YOU KIDDING, HERMANO?
THAT BIG DUMMY GUIGNOL. IF HE HAD EVEN HALF A BRAIN HE MIGHT BE DANGEROUS, BUT WHAT YOU GONNA DO WITH A GUY WHOSE MAMMA GOT SURPRISED IN A DARK ALLEY ONE NIGHT BY ONE A' THEM KLEGGS?
AND, HEY, AS FOR THE DON AND HIS GOONS, I HEARD THAT--

WE'RE GOIN' FOR A RIDE, AGARRA. DON WANTS TO SEE YA.
S-SURE THING, BOYS. LEMME FINISH THIS HAND, AND THEN--
OKAY, SO NOW WE'RE GONNA MEET DON MORTE...
THE DON, HE WANTS TO THANK YOU FOR DROPPING BY TO SEE HIM, CARLITO.
FIRST THING YOU GOTTA KNOW IS THAT HE'S DEAD. ONLY BEFORE HE DIED HE ARRANGED FOR ONE OF THEM TAXIDERMY JOBS, SO HE COULD STAY ON AS HEAD OF THE FAMILY.
SECOND THING IS THAT ALL THE DON'S WISHES ARE 'INTERPRETED' BY VITO MACHIEVELLI, THE DON'S CONSIGLIORE
HE WANTS YOU TO DO A JOB FOR HIM, CARLITO. HE WANTS TO GET BACK CERTAIN LOST PROPERTY OF HIS.

NOW, YOU MIGHT THINK THIS IS SOME STRANGE ARRANGEMENT, BUT THE LAST DUMB MUTT TO ACTUALLY SAY THAT IS NOW PART OF THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE GIL GERARD MEMORIAL SPACEPORT.
UH, WHAT KINDA PROPERTY, VITO?
THE TWO MILL IN UNCUT STONES THAT LOUIE THE GUT WAS CARRYING WHEN HE MOST DISLOYALLY DECIDED TO DIE ON US.
THE DON AND ME, WE WANT YOU TO BREAK INTO THE RESYK MORGUE AND GET IT BACK.
BUT, VITO, AIN'T THE JUDGES MAYBE GONNA HAVE FOUND WHAT LOUIE WAS CARRYING? AIN'T THE REASON HE AIN'T BEEN PUT ON THE RESYK BELT IS BECAUSE THEY'VE GOT THE PLACE STAKED OUT AND ARE WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO TRY AND GRAB THEM STONES?
THEM'S GOOD POINTS, CARLITO, BUT THE DON HERE, HE'S ALREADY GOT A PLAN ALL FIGURED OUT.
LISTEN, AND HE'LL TELL YOU FOR HIMSELF...
SO NOW YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, RIGHT?
JUST MAKE SURE YOU DELIVER THE STONES BY THE END OF THE WEEK, OTHERWISE... HEY, DID YOU KNOW THE DON WON THE CONTRACT ON THAT NEW SPACEPORT EXTENSION THEY'RE BUILDING...?

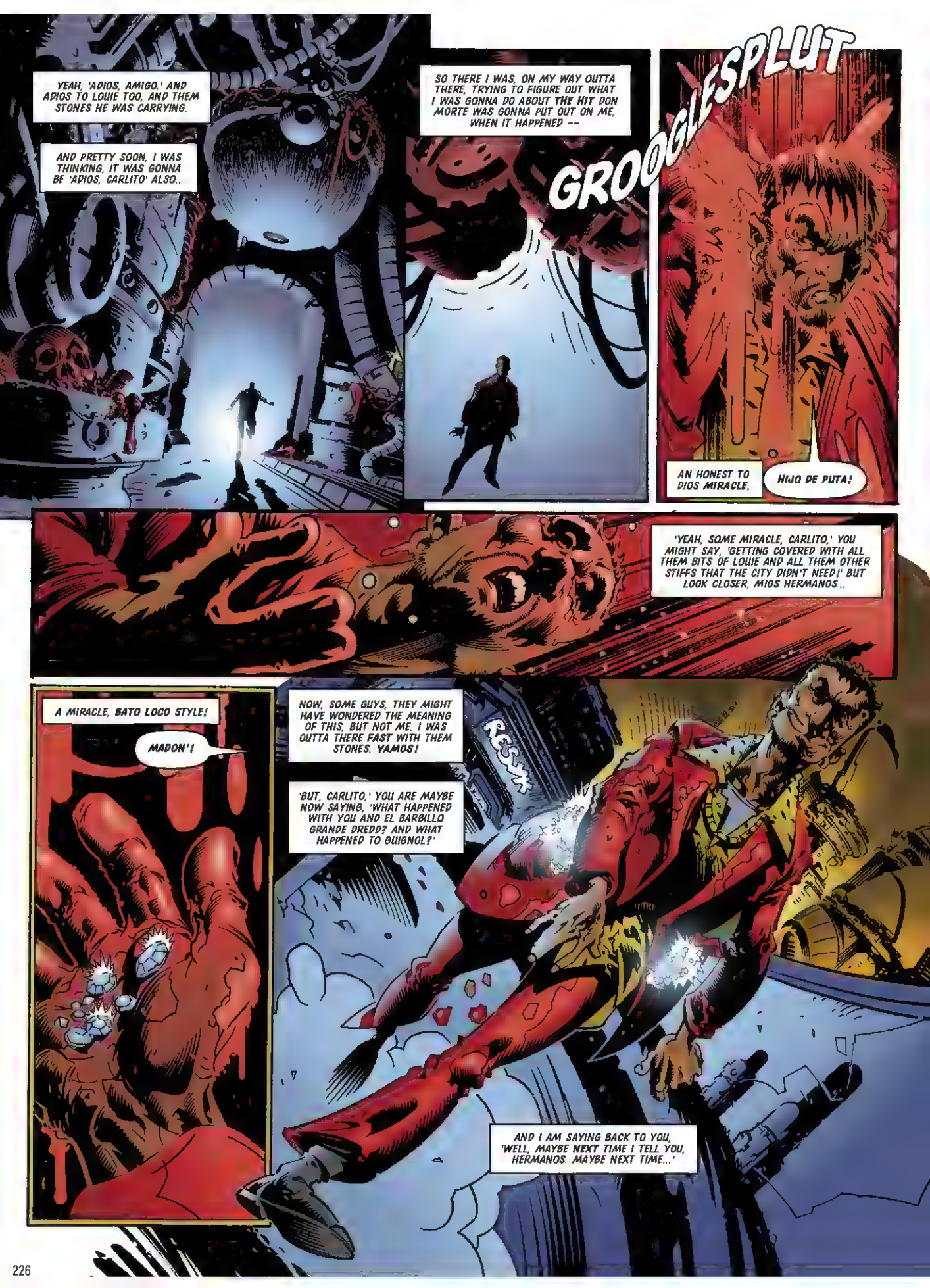

WHICH IS HOW, TWO NIGHTS LATER, THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF MY OWN TRAGIC AND UNTIMELY DEATH HAPPEN TO COME ABOUT..
RESYK
LATE ONE IN FROM LUCA BRASI FUNERAL HOME.
BELTS ARE FULL TONIGHT. TAKE IT TO THE MORGUE FOR STORAGE
RESYK
DREDD -- GIANT. JUST GOT ANOTHER ONE COMING IN.
CHECK. GET READY TO MOVE ON MY SIGNAL.
zzzzzzzzipppp
ROPERTY OF
NOT SO DIFFICULT, BEING DEAD. ALL YOU NEED IS A FRIENDLY FUNERAL HOME AND A ROBODOC WITH THE RIGHT KIND OF PROGRAMMING --
TURNED OUT THAT I WAS NOT BEING THE ONLY ONE WITH THE SAME IDEA.
I MEAN, I WAS SHOCKED. AIN'T ANY OF THOSE CABRONES GOT NO RESPECT FOR THE DEAD?
SON OF A BITCH, MARICON! WHAT YOU DOIN' HERE?!?
MIGHT ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION, AGGARA!
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! WE GOT TWO BLUBBER-BOY STIFFS HERE. WHICH ONE OF 'EM'S GOT THE STONES?

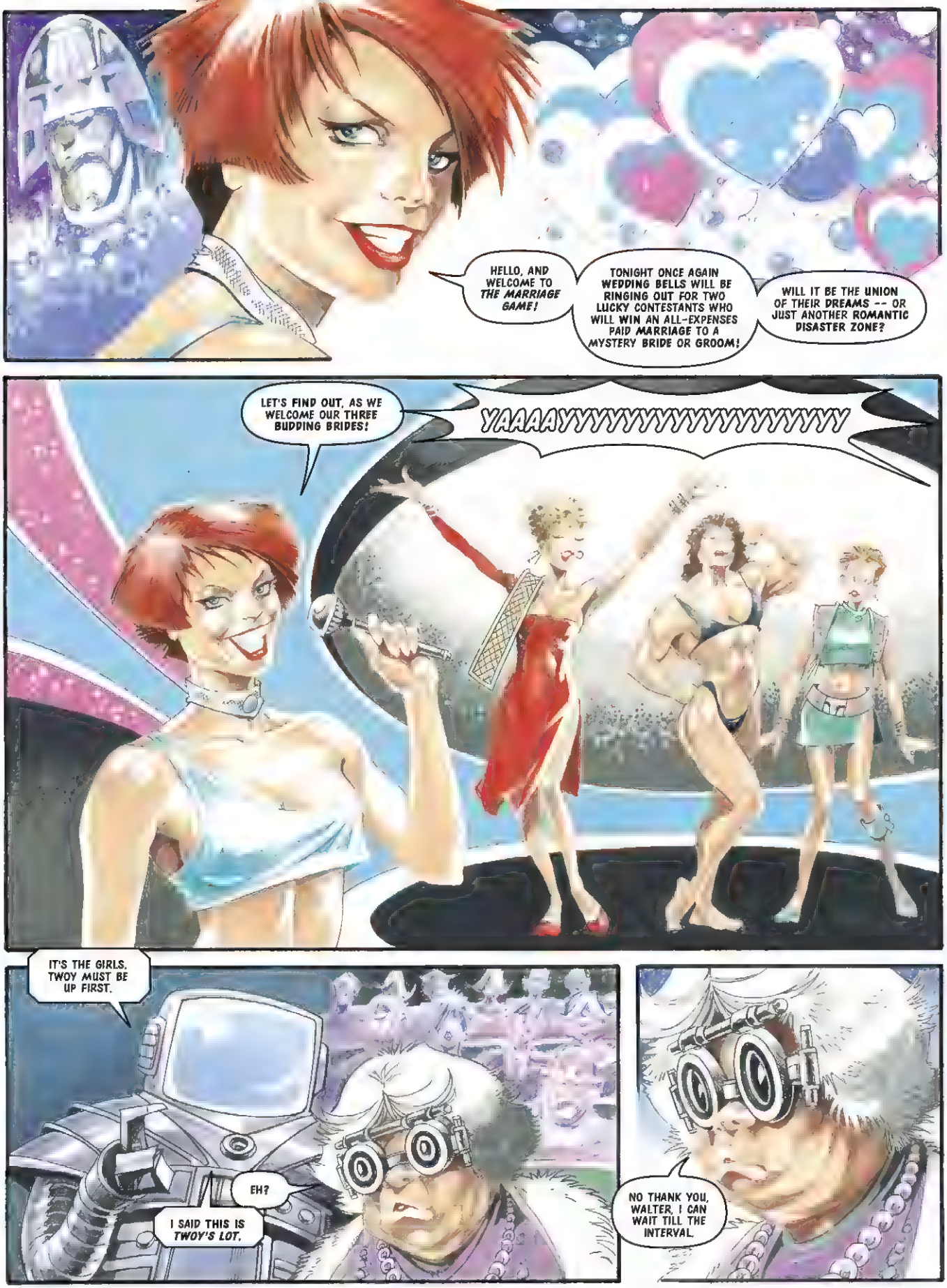
MADON'!
SKEEEEEE
OKAY, GET READY, AMIGOS, 'COS HERE COMES THE REAL FREAKSHOW PART OF THE STORY --
GUIGNOL-!
GUIDO GUISPERRE, AKA 'GRAND GUIGNOL', LOANSHARK LEGBREAKER AND GENERAL ALL-ROUND BAD NEWS GUY.
GUIDO, HE LIKES TO HANG SOMEONE UP ON A MEATHOOK AND GO TO WORK ON THEM WITH A LAS-SAW AND BLOWTORCH. AND THAT'S JUST ON HIS DAYS OFF.
ME AND HIM, WE GO WAY BACK
CARLITO, HEARD WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT MY MOMMA...
NO-ONE TALKS TRASH LIKE THAT ABOUT MY MOMMA!
VZZZTTT
MAMA MIA! NO, GUIDO... NO!
AAAGH!
URGH!
BLAM BLAM BLAM

AND THIS, MIOS HERMANOS, IS KIND OF WHERE WE CAME IN.
GUNSHOTS AND SCREAMS, ALL SQUADS, MOVE IN!
SEE?
GRUD-!
YOU ON THE STIFF! HALT OR I--
FFWACKKK!
OKAY, SO MAYBE THINGS WERE GETTING KINDA LOCO NOW, BUT HOW IS THIS MY FAULT?
I MEAN, ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS BREAK INTO A MORGUE AND STEAL TWO MILLION CREDS FROM THE BELLY OF A DEAD GUY --

KRAAASHHH
MY FRIENDS, IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK FOR?
UUUUUHHH!
heh heh heh
ARRIVEDERCI, CARLITO!
ARRIVEDERCI, CREEP.
BDAM BDAM
YEAH, CRAZY CARLITO, SAVED BY EL BARBILLO GRANDE HIMSELF! AIN'T NO-ONE BACK IN THE BARRIO BLOCKS GONNA BELIEVE THIS ONE!
HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE 'EM, PUNK. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST

YOU SURE ABOUT THAT, HERMANO?
DROKK -- THE GRINDERS!
CHUNKA
CHUNKA
PULL ME OUT FROM UNDER THIS THING, CREEP THAT'S AN ORDER!
ADIOS, AMIGO!
BLAM
QUICK, DREDD -- GRAB ON!
SKRUNCH
THE LITTLE CREEP, THE ONE WHO GOT AWAY. FIND HIM.


YEAH, 'ADIOS, AMIGO,' AND ADIOS TO LOUIE TOO, AND THEM STONES HE WAS CARRYING.
AND PRETTY SOON, I WAS THINKING, IT WAS GONNA BE 'ADIOS, CARLITO' ALSO..
SO THERE I WAS, ON MY WAY OUTTA THERE, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT I WAS GONNA DO ABOUT THE HIT DON MORTE WAS GONNA PUT OUT ON ME, WHEN IT HAPPENED --
GROOGLESPLUT
AN HONEST TO DIOS MIRACLE.
HIJO DE PUTA!
'YEAH, SOME MIRACLE, CARLITO,' YOU MIGHT SAY, 'GETTING COVERED WITH ALL THEM BITS OF LOUIE AND ALL THEM OTHER STIFFS THAT THE CITY DIDN'T NEED!' BUT LOOK CLOSER, MIOS HERMANOS..
A MIRACLE, BATO LOCO STYLE!
MADON'!
NOW, SOME GUYS, THEY MIGHT HAVE WONDERED THE MEANING OF THIS, BUT NOT ME. I WAS OUTTA THERE FAST WITH THEM STONES. VAMOS!
'BUT, CARLITO,' YOU ARE MAYBE NOW SAYING, 'WHAT HAPPENED WITH YOU AND EL BARBILLO GRANDE DREDD? AND WHAT HAPPENED TO GUIGNOL?'
RESUK
AND I AM SAYING BACK TO YOU, 'WELL, MAYBE NEXT TIME I TELL YOU, HERMANOS. MAYBE NEXT TIME...'


HELLO, AND WELCOME TO THE MARRIAGE GAME!
TONIGHT ONCE AGAIN WEDDING BELLS WILL BE RINGING OUT FOR TWO LUCKY CONTESTANTS WHO WILL WIN AN ALL-EXPENSES PAID MARRIAGE TO A MYSTERY BRIDE OR GROOM!
WILL IT BE THE UNION OF THEIR DREAMS -- OR JUST ANOTHER ROMANTIC DISASTER ZONE?
LET'S FIND OUT, AS WE WELCOME OUR THREE BUDDING BRIDES!
YAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY
IT'S THE GIRLS. TWOY MUST BE UP FIRST.
EH?
I SAID THIS IS TWOY'S LOT.
NO THANK YOU, WALTER, I CAN WAIT TILL THE INTERVAL.

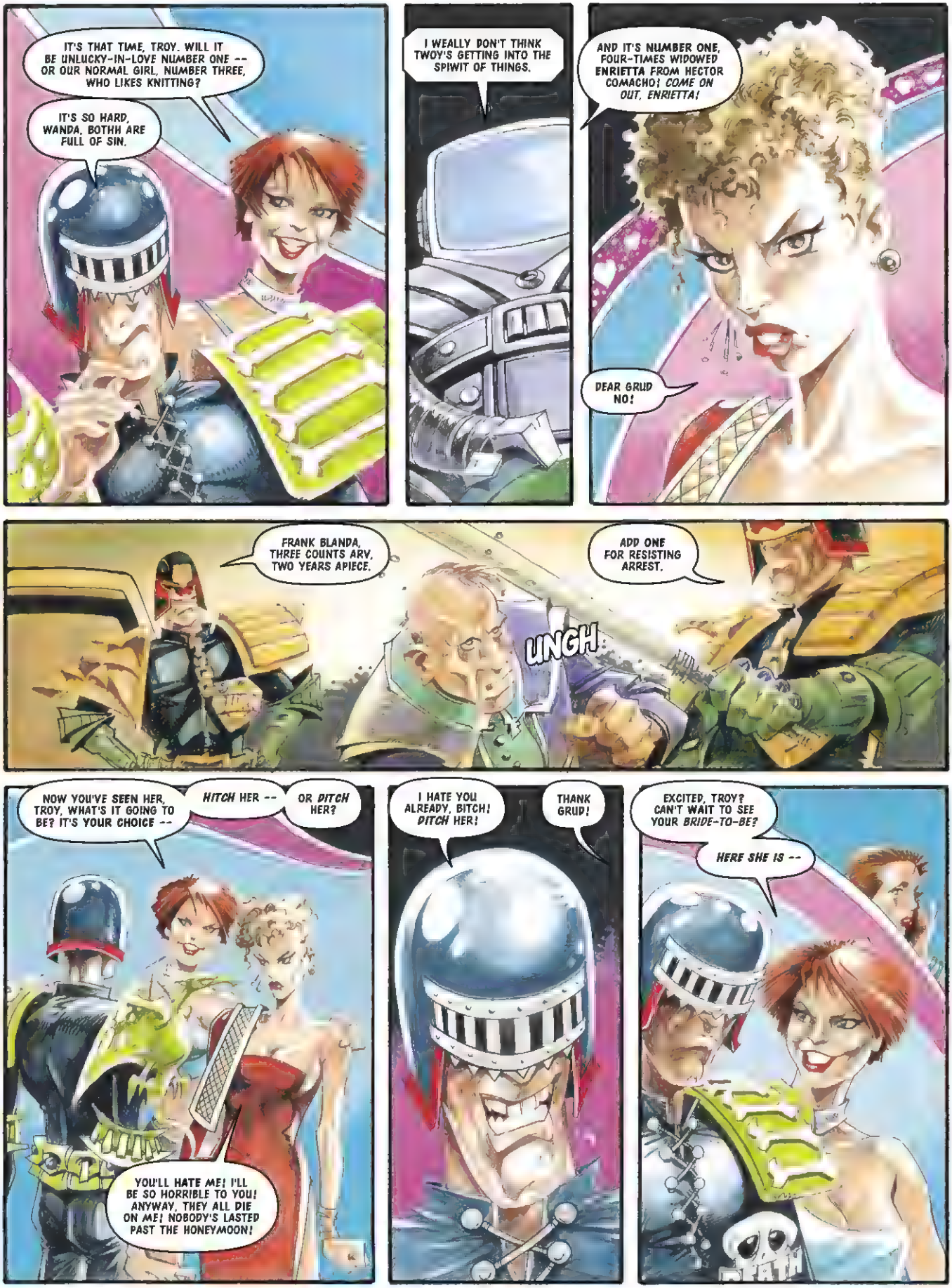
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, NUMBER ONE, AND WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?
MY NAME'S ENRIETTA, WANDA, AND I COME FROM HECTOR COMACHO BLOCK!
YAAAAYYYYYYYYY
NOW, ENRIETTA, YOU'VE BEEN MARRIED FOUR TIMES BEFORE, AND THEY ALL ENDED TRAGICALLY. TELL US ABOUT THEM.
MY FIRST HUSBAND WAS STRUCK BY A FALLING BATGLIDER, WANDA -- AT THE RECEPTION. MY SECOND CONTRACTED BILK'S DISEASE ON... ON OUR HONEYMOON...
WE'VE GOT SEVEN IN. SIXTY-ONE INVITATIONS -- SEVEN'S NOT BAD.
WAIT A SEC—
RAZOR GURNING -- WANTED FOR THE SECTOR 99 SHOOTINGS. THAT'S EIGHT.
YOU KNOW YOUR ROBOT'S IN THE AUDIENCE?
WALTER?
NOTHING TO DO WITH ME ANYMORE. HE LOOKS AFTER MRS GUNDERSON NOW.
ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET THIS DONE, AND REMEMBER, LOW-KEY. WE'VE GOT INNOCENT CITIZENS OUT THERE.

SO...SO...ALL I WANT, WANDA, IS SOMEONE WHO...WHO LIVES LONG ENOUGH TO...TO GET HIM HOME...!
THERE THERE, MAYBE TONIGHT YOUR LUCK WILL CHANGE, AND I CAN TELL YOU, WE'VE GOT A REALLY LOVELY FELLA FOR YOU.
SOB! SOB!
MY NAME'S DILLY, WANDA, AND I COME FROM JERRY SPRINGER BLOCK!
YAAAYYYYYY
CAN I SEE YOUR TICKET, SIR?
YES, THAT'S ALL CORRECT. I'M PLEASED TO TELL YOU, YOU'VE BEEN CHOSEN TO TAKE PART IN OUR AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION GAME, 'ONE-NIGHT STAND'!
A NIGHT OF PASSION WITH A FAMOUS STAR? THIS IS MY LUCKY NIGHT!
SO, DILLY, DO YOU SPEND MUCH TIME AT THE BLOCK GYM?
I'VE BEEN JERRY SPRINGER MUSCLE QUEEN FOR THE PAST THREE YEARS, WANDA. I CAN BENCH-PRESS 250 KILOS AND BEND A MAN LIKE A COATHANGER.
WELL, I GUESS IT DEPENDS WHAT HE'S INTO!
HELLO, NUMBER THREE, WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?
CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THE INVITATION COMES THROUGH THE DOOR, I FIGURE COME ALONG FOR A LAUGH, NEXT THING I'M IN WITH A CHANCE OF DATIN' SOME PRIME POOTSIE!
WHO'S THE DOLL?
I'M NOT ALLOWED TO SAY, SIR, BUT IF I WAS TO MENTION THE INITIALS J.D....
JOJO DIVINE! OH, MAN!
WAIT A MINUTE -- COULD BE JUICY DOOLAN, THE HULA BABE...
EITHER WAY, I CAN'T LOSE!

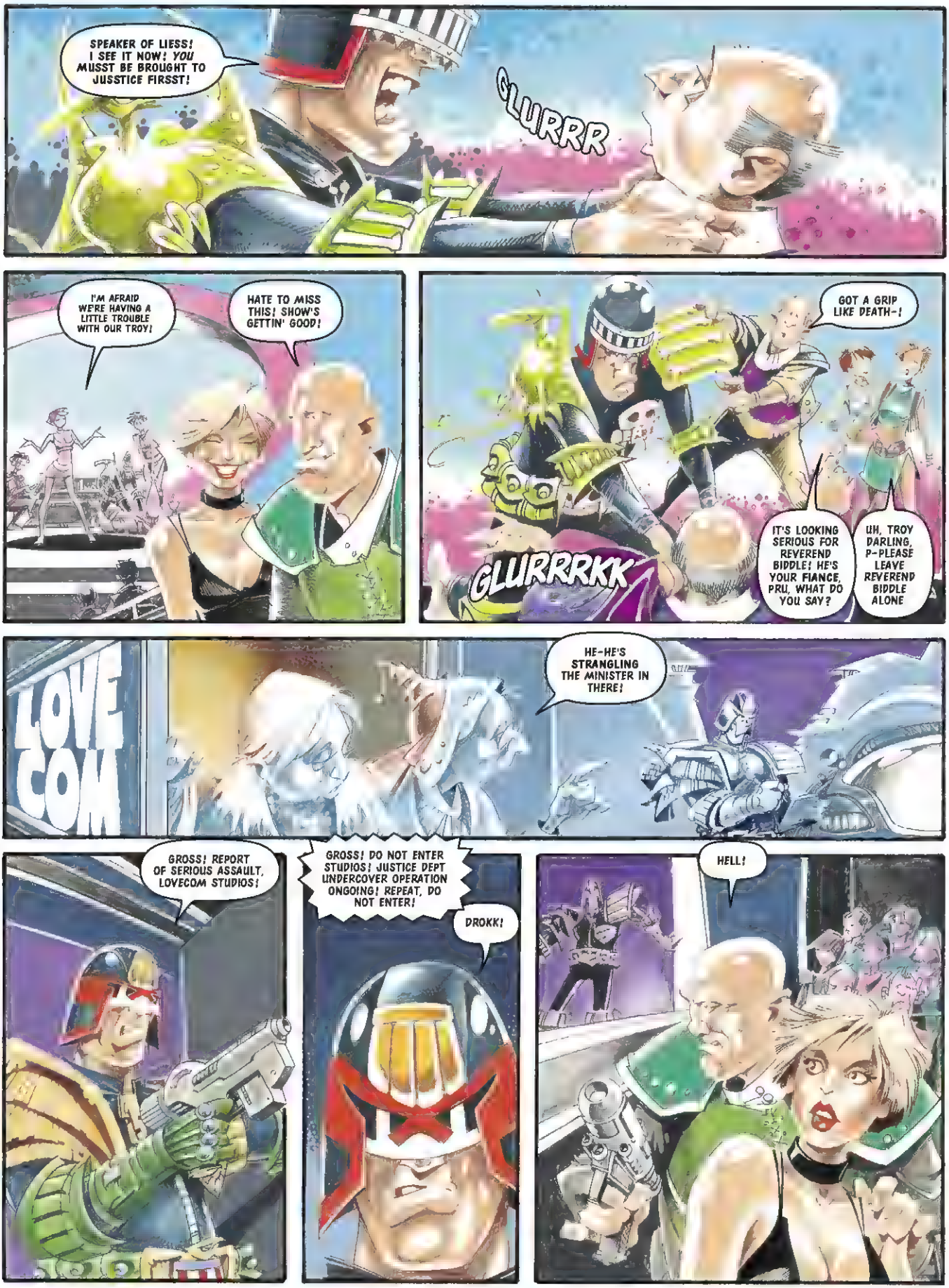
HELLO, NUMBER ONE, WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND HOW MUCH TIME AM I GOING TO GIVE YOU?
D-D-DREDD!
BASTARDS-!
ZWAKK!
CRAYTON FLUDD, SERVING NINE IN ISO-BLOCK 51. ABSCONDED LAST YEAR, STILL GOT FIVE TO RUN.
REMAINDER OF SENTENCE AND THREE ON TOP.
NEXT.
WELL, THREE LOVELY, LOVELY GIRLS, I'M SURE YOU'LL AGREE!
NOW LET'S MEET THE HUNKY FELLA ONE OF THOSE LOVELY, LUCKY GIRLS IS GOING TO MARRY!
HIS NAME IS TROY, AND TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME JUST DOESN'T DO HIM JUSTICE!
GASP! YAAAAYY OOOOH!

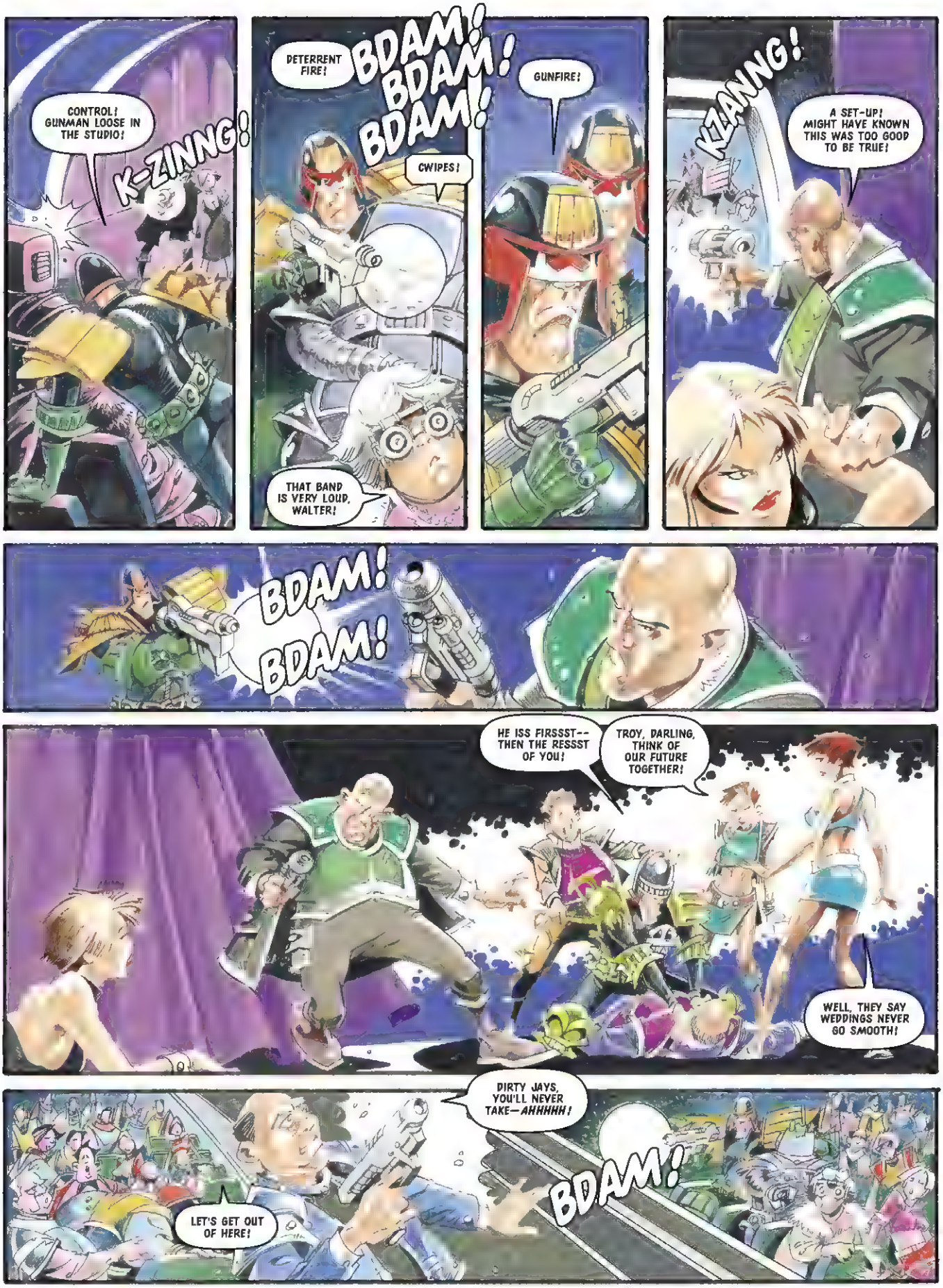
WELL, YOU'RE CERTAINLY DRESSED TO KILL, TROY! TELL US A LITTLE ABOUT YOURSELF.
I'M 26, WANDA, AND I'M AN ACTOR. AT THE MOMENT I'M PLAYING JUDGE DEATH AT MRS GUNDERSON'S HOUSE OF HORRORS IN SYLVIA PLATH BLOCK.
SO THAT EXPLAINS THE STUNNING LITTLE BLACK NUMBER.
TELL ME, ANY FUNNY LITTLE INCIDENTS HAPPEN AT THE HOUSE?
WELL, NO, WANDA. STRANGE THINGS -- HORRIBLE THINGS -- BUT NOTHING FUNNY. NOTHING FUNNY HAPPENS THERE, NO.
YOU SEE, ALL LIFE IS A CRIME, WANDA. YOU CAN'T LAUGH AT IT. IT ONLY ENCOURAGES IT.
I'M SORRY! I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT! IT'S THE JOB -- IT GETS TO YOU!
IT'S TEWWIFIC PUBLICITY, MRS GUNDERSON, BUT I'M A TWIFLE WOWWIED ABOUT TWOY'S STATE OF MIND.
EH?
PERHAPS IT'S TIME TO TAKE ON A NEW ACTOR.
YES, QUITE A CATCH! I DO HOPE IT DOESN'T MEAN WE HAVE TO LOSE TROY.
SOMETIMES I GET THESE URGES...LIKE I WANT TO KILL THE WHOLE WORLD, OR...OR I'LL FIND MY HANDS ROUND A VISITOR'S NECK, AND THEY...THEY THINK IT'S ALL PART OF THE SHOW BUT I REALLY WANT TO STRANGLE THEM, TO HEAR THEIR LAST BREATH RATTLE IN THEIR THROATS...!
SO, TROY, WOULD YOU SAY YOU'RE A GREGARIOUS SORT?
IT'S HIM -- DEATH. HE INFECTS YOU. EVERY DAY IN THAT HOUSE IT GETS WORSE, UNTIL...UNTIL ALL YOU CAN THINK ABOUT IS KILLING AND PUNISHING AND PURGING PEOPLE...
OOOH! WHAT *HAVE* YOU LET YOURSELVES IN FOR?

I'M SPEAKING TO MY LAWYER! THIS IS ENTRAPMENT!
NEXT.
FIRST QUESTION -- I'VE TAKEN TO LYING IN A COFFIN IN MY SPARE TIME. CAN YOU THINK OF ANY OTHER INTERESTS WE MIGHT SHARE?
THERE'S NOTHING I WANT TO SHARE WITH YOU! YOU'RE A CRACKPOT! I THINK IT'S A CRUEL JOKE INVITING ME ON HERE WITH YOU!
TRY ANYTHING ON ME, PAL, AND I'LL RIP YOUR FACE OFF!
I LIKE TO KNIT. I...I SUPPOSE YOU COULD DO THAT IN A COFFIN. IT SEEMS RATHER UNUSUAL, THOUGH.
LOVE TO, GORGEOUS, BUT I DON'T WANNA BE ON THE VID. SOME GEEKS LOOKING FOR ME, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
WE CAN DISGUISE YOU, SIR. NO-ONE WILL KNOW IT'S YOU
A FREAKIN' STING!
FREAKIN' A.
YOU'VE REJECTED NUMBER TWO, THAT'S OUR DILLY FROM JERRY SPRINGER!
KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, FREAKO!
WE'VE REACHED THAT FATEFUL MOMENT HERE ON THE MARRIAGE GAME! WILL THE WEDDING BELLS RING FOR NUMBER ONE--OR WILL IT BE NUMBER THREE WHO SAYS I DO?
BEFORE WE FIND OUT, IT'S TIME TO INTRODUCE TONIGHT'S MINISTER -- IT'S THE REVEREND JEFFERSON BIDDLE OF THE CHURCH OF GRUD, BILLY GRAHAM BLOCK!
THANK YOU! BLESS YOU! BLESS YOU!

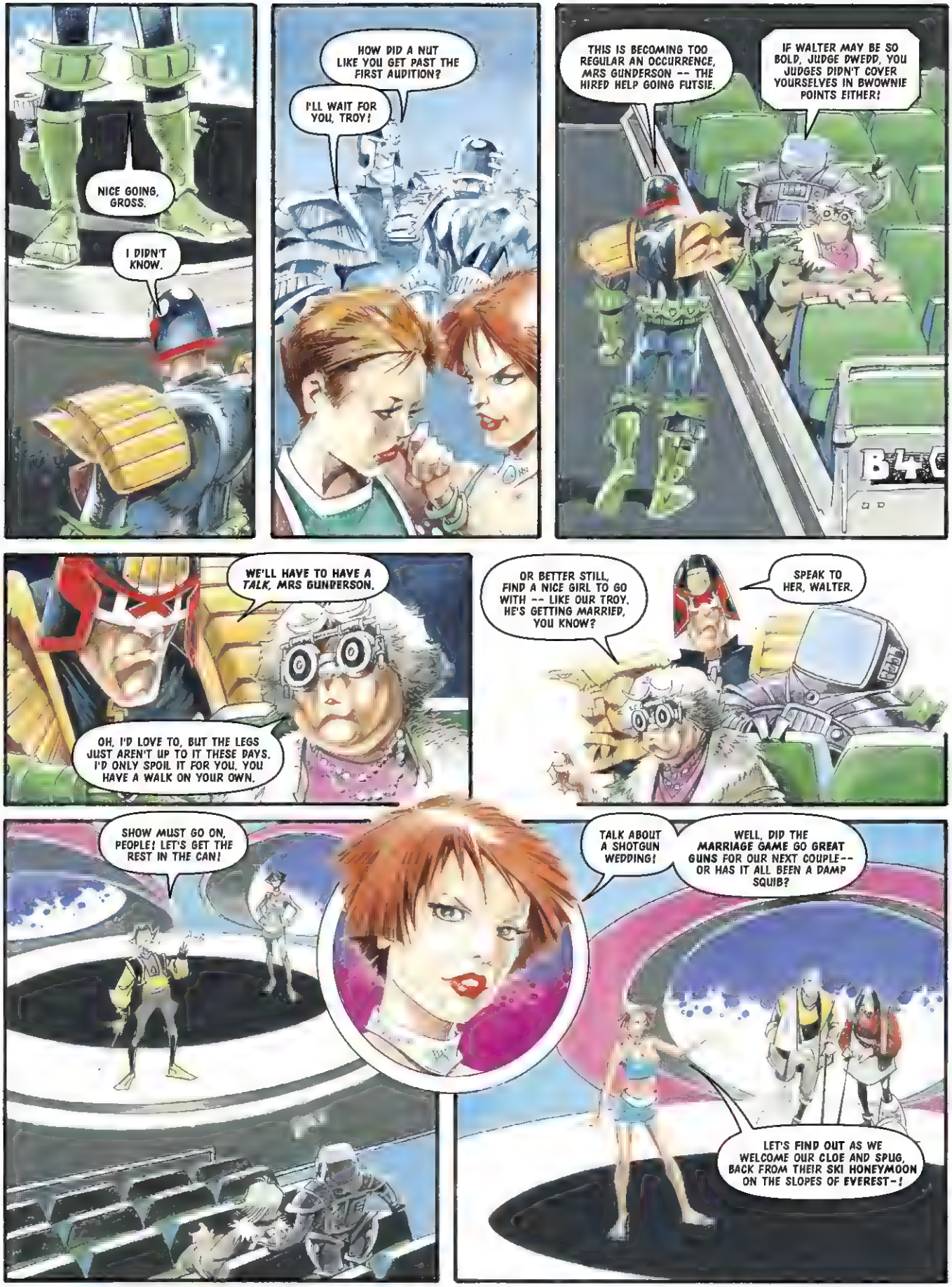

IT'S THAT TIME, TROY. WILL IT BE UNLUCKY-IN-LOVE NUMBER ONE -- OR OUR NORMAL GIRL, NUMBER THREE, WHO LIKES KNITTING?
IT'S SO HARD, WANDA. BOTHH ARE FULL OF SIN.
I WEALLY DON'T THINK TWOY'S GETTING INTO THE SPIWIT OF THINGS.
AND IT'S NUMBER ONE, FOUR-TIMES WIDOWED ENRIETTA FROM HECTOR COMACHO! COME ON OUT, ENRIETTA!
DEAR GRUD NO!
FRANK BLANDA, THREE COUNTS ARV, TWO YEARS APIECE.
ADD ONE FOR RESISTING ARREST.
UNGH
NOW YOU'VE SEEN HER, TROY, WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE? IT'S YOUR CHOICE --
HITCH HER --
OR DITCH HER?
YOU'LL HATE ME! I'LL BE SO HORRIBLE TO YOU! ANYWAY, THEY ALL DIE ON ME! NOBODY'S LASTED PAST THE HONEYMOON!
I HATE YOU ALREADY, BITCH! DITCH HER!
THANK GRUD!
EXCITED, TROY? CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOUR BRIDE-TO-BE?
HERE SHE IS --
DEATH

-- IT'S *PRU*, OUR NERVOUS KNITTER FROM LEE HARVEY OSWALD!
TAKE HER IN YOUR ARMS, TROY, FOR YOUR FIRST, PASSIONATE EMBRACE!
AAAH! OW! HE'S *BITING* ME!
EASY, TIGER! EASY!
TALK ABOUT ANIMAL PASSIONS! THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME FOR THAT LATER, TROY!
SORRY! SORRY! D-DON'T KNOW WHAT GOT INTO ME...!
GURNING NEXT.
CREEP ALWAYS CARRIES. CAREFUL WITH HIM.
CHECK.
YOUR BIG DAY, PRU! HAPPY?
T-TO BE HONEST, WANDA, I...I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS. HE DOES SEEM, WELL...A BIT STRANGE.
WE'VE GOT YOUR SIGNATURE ON THAT PRE-NUPTIAL CONTRACT! NO LEAVING THIS ONE AT THE ALTAR!
MARRIAGE IS A SOLEMN INSTITUTION AND NOT TO BE ENTERED INTO LIGHTLY. I'M SATISFIED THAT THESE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE GIVEN DUE CONSIDERATION TO THE VOWS THEY ARE ABOUT TO TAKE, AND STAND BEFORE US BLESSED BY GRUD AND BOUND BY MUTUAL LOVE AND THE HOPE FOR A LONG AND HAPPY LIFE TOGETHER.
LIFE? NO! THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT --
ALL CRIME IS COMMITTED BY THE LIVING, THEREFORE LIFE ITSELF MUST BE A CRIME! YOU MUST SEE THAT! IT'S A SSIMPLE EQUATION!
I DON'T QUITE FOLLOW, OLD CHAP.
NO, YOU WOULDN'T, WITH YOUR LIFFE EVERLASTING AND GRUD ALMIGHTY, FILLING THEIR HEADS WITH THAT RUBBISH! IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU THEY'D PROBABLY ALL WALK OFF THE CLIFFS LIKE LEMMINGS!


SPEAKER OF LIESS! I SEE IT NOW! YOU MUSST BE BROUGHT TO JUSSTICE FIRSST!
GLURRR
I'M AFRAID WE'RE HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH OUR TROY!
HATE TO MISS THIS! SHOW'S GETTIN' GOOD!
GOT A GRIP LIKE DEATH-!
GLURRRKK
IT'S LOOKING SERIOUS FOR REVEREND BIDDLE! HE'S YOUR FIANCE, PRU, WHAT DO YOU SAY?
UH, TROY DARLING, P-PLEASE LEAVE REVEREND BIDDLE ALONE
LOVE COM
HE-HE'S STRANGLING THE MINISTER IN THERE!
GROSS! REPORT OF SERIOUS ASSAULT, LOVECOM STUDIOS!
GROSS! DO NOT ENTER STUDIOS! JUSTICE DEPT UNDERCOVER OPERATION ONGOING! REPEAT, DO NOT ENTER!
DROKK!
HELL!


CONTROL! GUNMAN LOOSE IN THE STUDIO!
K-ZINNG!
DETERRENT FIRE!
BDAM! BDAM! BDAM!
GUNFIRE!
CWIPES!
THAT BAND IS VERY LOUD, WALTER!
KZANNG!
A SET-UP! MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THIS WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!
BDAM! BDAM!
HE ISS FIRSSST-- THEN THE RESSST OF YOU!
TROY, DARLING, THINK OF OUR FUTURE TOGETHER!
WELL, THEY SAY WEDDINGS NEVER GO SMOOTH!
DIRTY JAYS, YOU'LL NEVER TAKE—AHHHHH!
BDAM!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

BLAMM!
DREDD! SPIDER COOK IS HEADING FOR THE SIDE EXIT!
HOLD IT, SPIDER!
BDAMM!
KAH-W
CONTROL, WE'RE GOING TO NEED MED-WAGONS AND TRAUMA COUNSELLORS! THAT'S PRIORITY ONE!
DEATH!!!!!
HE'S DEAD.
I-I'M SORRY! IT WASN'T MY FAULT! HE MADE ME DO IT!
DON'T TELL ME -- MRS GUNDERSON'S HOUSE OF HORRORS?
BE KIND TO HIM, JUDGE! I KNOW UNDERNEATH HE'S A GOOD MAN!

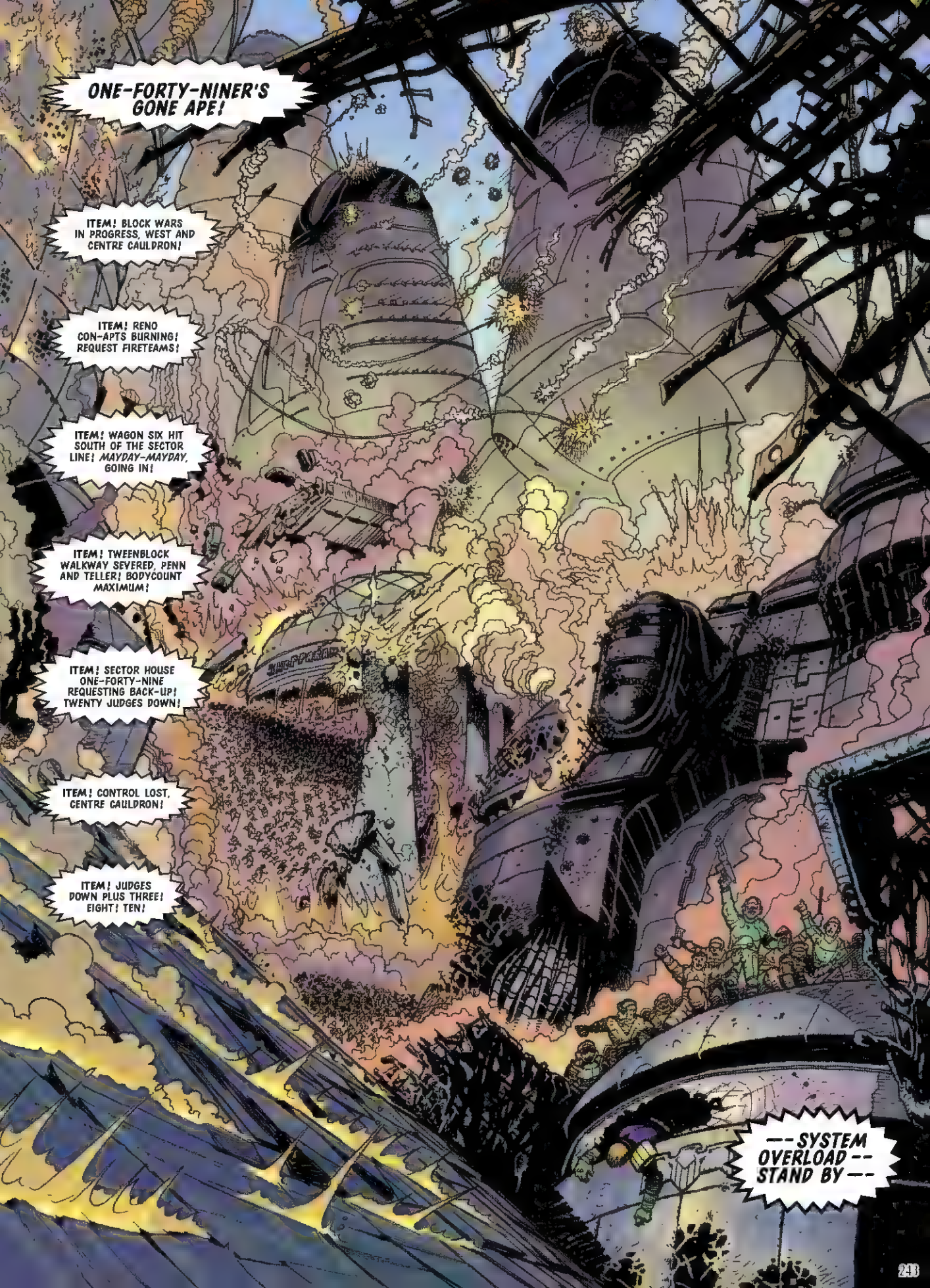

NICE GOING, GROSS.
I DIDN'T KNOW.
HOW DID A NUT LIKE YOU GET PAST THE FIRST AUDITION?
I'LL WAIT FOR YOU, TROY!
THIS IS BECOMING TOO REGULAR AN OCCURRENCE, MRS GUNDERSON -- THE HIRED HELP GOING FUTSIE.
IF WALTER MAY BE SO BOLD, JUDGE DWEDD, YOU JUDGES DIDN'T COVER YOURSELVES IN BWOWNIE POINTS EITHER!
WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE A *TALK*, MRS GUNDERSON.
OH, I'D LOVE TO, BUT THE LEGS JUST AREN'T UP TO IT THESE DAYS. I'D ONLY SPOIL IT FOR YOU. YOU HAVE A WALK ON YOUR OWN.
OR BETTER STILL, FIND A NICE GIRL TO GO WITH -- LIKE OUR TROY. HE'S GETTING MARRIED, YOU KNOW?
SPEAK TO HER, WALTER.
SHOW MUST GO ON, PEOPLE! LET'S GET THE REST IN THE CAN!
TALK ABOUT A SHOTGUN WEDDING!
WELL, DID THE MARRIAGE GAME GO GREAT GUNS FOR OUR NEXT COUPLE-- OR HAS IT ALL BEEN A DAMP SQUIB?
LET'S FIND OUT AS WE WELCOME OUR CLOE AND SPUG, BACK FROM THEIR SKI HONEYMOON ON THE SLOPES OF EVEREST-!

JANUARY FIRST, 2099:
HAPPY NEW YEAR, MY FRIENDS!
AND THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT I WANT THIS NEW YEAR TO BE FOR MEGA-CITY ONE: HAPPY.
THAT IS WHY I HAVE CALLED YOU, MY MOST TRUSTED SENIOR JUDGES, HERE TO THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE THIS MORNING: TO TALK ABOUT CHANGES.
TO TALK ABOUT THE FUTURE.
'MY FRIENDS'?
IN ONE YEAR'S TIME THE TWENTY-SECOND CENTURY BEGINS. I PROPOSE THAT WE BE READY FOR IT. WE CAST OUT THE OLD -- THE COLD, IRON FIST OF BLIND AND BRUTAL JUSTICE, NO LONGER NEEDED IN OUR BRAVE NEW WORLD -- AND WE BRING IN THE NEW.
WITH THIS IN MIND, TWO FRESH POLICIES ARE TO BE PURSUED FROM MIDNIGHT TONIGHT:
CJ
CLARENCE GOODMAN

JUDICIAL CONTROL OF THE CITY WILL BE PARTIALLY RELAXED, ALLOWING THE CITIZENS GREATER FREEDOM TO POLICE THEMSELVES;
AND THE GENETIC LAWS WILL BE REPEALED, GRANTING THE CURSED EARTH MUTANTS ACCESS TO OUR CITY.
WHAT?
ADDRESS THE CHIEF JUDGE PROPERLY, DREDD --
RELAX, CAL. HIS CONCERN IS ONLY NATURAL.
IT'S A RECIPE FOR DISASTER. THE CITIZENS WILL BE TOO BUSY PREYING ON EACH OTHER TO POLICE THEMSELVES.
AS FOR THE MUTANTS: EVEN WITHOUT THE HEALTH RISK THEY POSE, THEY'RE NOT ABOUT TO FORGET FIFTY YEARS OF GENETIC APARTHEID.
IF YOU COULD ONLY HEAR YOURSELF, DREDD...
YOU'RE TRAPPED IN THE PAST, OLD FRIEND. THE PUBLIC ORDER RESTRICTIONS, THE MUTANT LAWS -- THEY WERE MADE IN A DIFFERENT TIME. THE CITY WAS IN CHAOS, WE TEETERED ON THE BRINK EVERY DAY --
BUT THE ATOMIC WARS, THE BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON, THE CIVIL WAR IN TEXAS -- THEY'RE OVER NOW. WE'VE LET THEIR LEGACY RULE US FOR FAR TOO LONG.
THE TIME HAS COME TO GIVE OUR PEOPLE FREEDOM -- AND TO WELCOME OUR MUTANT BRETHREN IN FROM THE COLD.
OUR PEOPLE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH FREEDOM, CHIEF JUDGE --
AND OUR MUTANT BRETHREN WILL COME IN FROM THE COLD AND CUT OUR THROATS.
MARK MY WORDS.

KEPT PINCHING MYSELF TO CHECK I WASN'T DREAMING...
I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL.
AND DID YOU SEE HOW CHUMMY HE WAS? OLD GOODMAN'S NEVER BEEN A HARD MAN, BUT MY MOM USED TO ACT TOUGHER THAN THAT.
HE MIGHT AS WELL'VE PATTED OUR LITTLE HEADS AND GIVEN US ALL CANDY...
THESE POLICIES ARE MADNESS. TROUBLE IS, A LOT OF THE YOUNGER JUDGES MIGHT WELL BUY INTO THAT BRAVE NEW WORLD GARBAGE..
GRUD.
WELL...I DON'T LIKE TO BE THE ONE TO SAY IT, BUT...
FORGET IT. AS S.J.S. CHIEF, CAL'S THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD FORCE THE RESIGNATION -- AND THAT WOULDN'T SUIT HIM POLITICALLY UNTIL GOODMAN'S SCREW-UP WAS TOTAL.
AMBITIOUS BOY, OUR CAL.
CHIEF JUDGE CAL, NO THANK YOU...
QUIET.
CITIZENS OF MEGA-CITY ONE!
LET ME BEGIN BY WISHING YOU A VERY HAPPY TWENTY-NINETY-NINE!
WITH YOUR HELP, CITIZENS, I WILL MAKE THIS OUR CITY'S BEST YEAR EVER!

THE BAD TIMES ARE LONG SINCE OVER FOR US. YOU DESERVE YOUR FREEDOM BACK, CITIZENS -- AND FROM MIDNIGHT THAT IS WHAT YOU'LL HAVE!
JUDICIAL ON-STREET PRESENCE WILL BE REDUCED BY FIFTY PER CENT. WATCHING BAYS WILL ONLY BE MANNED DURING THE HOURS OF DARKNESS. SPY-IN-THE-SKY CAMS WILL NOT BE DEPLOYED
YOU WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR OWN LIVES.
I HAVE CHOSEN SECTOR ONE-FOUR-NINE TO BEGIN THE PROGRAMME. IF IT IS THE SUCCESS I FULLY EXPECT IT TO BE, THE REST OF THE CITY WILL FOLLOW SUIT AT MIDNIGHT.
THE CAULDRON.
SWELL.
THE STREETS ARE YOURS, CITIZENS.
WE TRUST YOU.
ITEM! ONE-FORTY-NINER THROUGHWAY JAMMING UP!
BETTER GET OVER THERE
GUESS SO.


ONE-FORTY-NINER'S GONE APE!
ITEM! BLOCK WARS IN PROGRESS, WEST AND CENTRE CAULDRON!
ITEM! RENO CON-APTS BURNING! REQUEST FIRETEAMS!
ITEM! WAGON SIX HIT SOUTH OF THE SECTOR LINE! MAYDAY-MAYDAY, GOING IN!
ITEM! TWEENBLOCK WALKWAY SEVERED, PENN AND TELLER! BODYCOUNT MAXIMUM!
ITEM! SECTOR HOUSE ONE-FORTY-NINE REQUESTING BACK-UP! TWENTY JUDGES DOWN!
ITEM! CONTROL LOST, CENTRE CAULDRON!
ITEM! JUDGES DOWN PLUS THREE! EIGHT! TEN!
--SYSTEM OVERLOAD-- STAND BY--

CAULDRON'S ON THE BOIL, DREDD.
ANY WORD FROM GOODMAN?
WELCOME TO SECTOR 14
NOT SINCE HE PULLED THE HALF OF US BACK, NO.
THEN WE GO IN.
BUT--
ON MY AUTHORITY.
ALL RIGHT!
CONTROL -- BUNKER! GET BACK-UP IN FROM SURROUNDING SECTORS!
YOU JUDGES KEEP YOUR DISTANCE! BILLY CLINTON'S RUNNIN' THE CAULDRON NOW!
CLEAR 'EM!
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

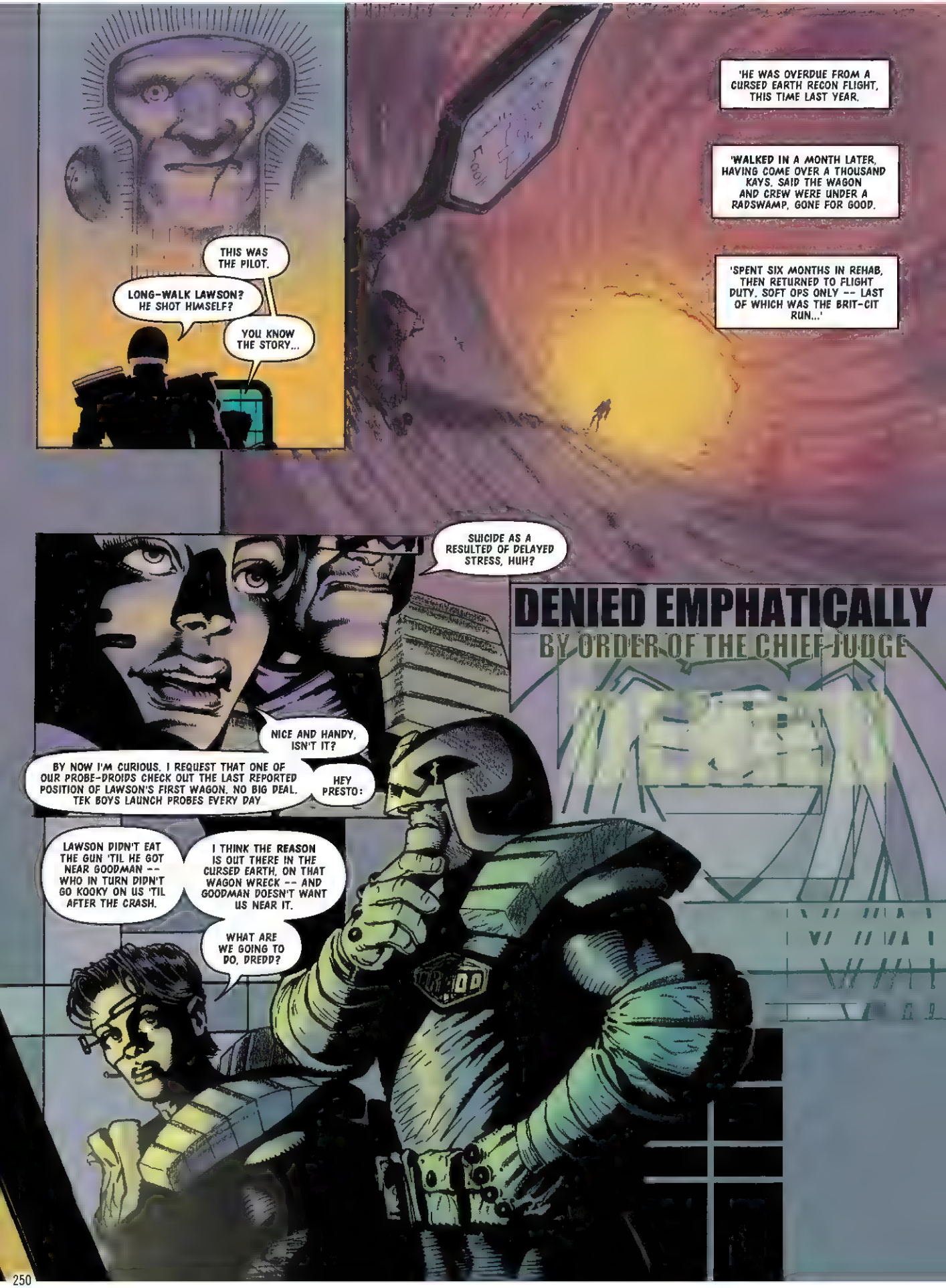
I WANT UNITS EVERYWHERE! MAKE YOUR PRESENCE FELT! H-WAGONS -- FIRE SUPPRESSION ON THE BLOCK WARS, RIOT-FOAM THE PLAZAS! EXPEDITE!
WE'RE TAKING THE CAULDRON BACK!
JUDGES! HALT OR BE FIRED UPON!
I KNEW IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE --
SCATTER!
YOU WERE WARNED!
BDAM
SPREAD OUT, START ON THE BLOCKS! LOCK 'EM ALL DOWN!
WITH ME, CHAMBERS!
PICK A BLOCK--
-- ANY BLOCK.
I CAN ORDER DREDD ARRESTED --
NO.
BECAUSE YOU DON'T WANT TO BLOW IT TOO EARLY, CLARENCE.
NOT WITH SO MUCH LEFT TO DO.

POUR IT ON! FULL COVERAGE!
TWO-TEN! SONIC CANNON, NORTH FACE OF MULDER!
OH, THANK YOU, JUDGE! IF YOU HADN'T BEEN HERE--
RETURN TO YOUR APARTMENT, CITIZEN.
B-B-BUT YOU SAVED ME FROM THOSE BRUTES, DEAR! YOU MUST COME IN AND HAVE A CUP OF--
GO HOME.
FTOOM
TWO-TEN FROM SEVEN, CANNON OUT--
OKAY, SON! LET'S KILL US A JAAAAAH!
BDAM
DAD!
DON'T TRY IT, BOY! KICK THE WEAPON CLEAR!
KICK IT CLEAR!

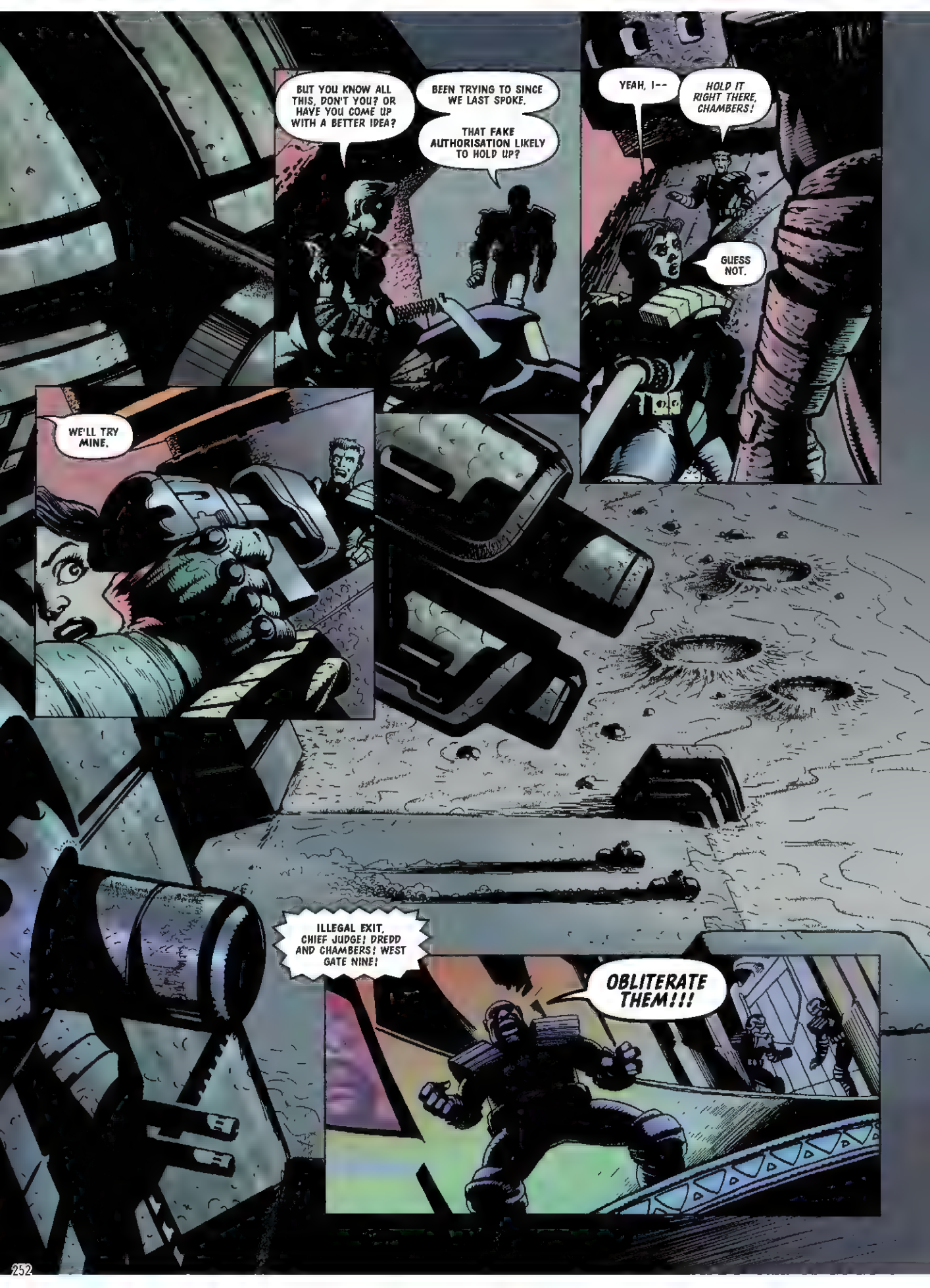
WE MEET AGAIN...
WHAT KEPT YOU?
NEIGHBOURS REPORTED SOUNDS OF CRYING...
DROP YOUR WEAPONS. ONE CHANCE.
WELL, LOOK WHO'S BACK...
YOU THINK YOU CAN GIVE US THE CAULDRON AN' THEN EXPECT US TO HAND IT OVER AGAIN? DROKK YOU!
CONTROL TO DREDD! REPORT TO THE CHIEF JUDGE, PRIORITY ONE!
BDAM BDAM BDAM BDAM BDA
LAST TRANSMISSION GARBLED, CONTROL--
THIS IS GOODMAN, DREDD.
PRIORITY ONE.

WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, COUNTERMANDING MY ORDERS?!
I ORDERED ALL UNITS OUT OF THE CAULDRON! AND YOU WALTZ IN LIKE WHAT I SAY DOESN'T MATTER A DAMN!
AND I'M THE CHIEF JUDGE!!!
I ACTED TO RESTORE ORDER. THE MINUTE YOU STARTED PULLING JUDGES OUT, WE LOST THE WHOLE SECTOR.
AND THAT SUITED YOU JUST FINE, DIDN'T IT? YOU WERE DETERMINED MY EXPERIMENT WOULD FAIL!
CITIZENS WERE DYING LONG BEFORE I MOVED IN. I TOLD YOU, CHIEF JUDGE:
YOU CAN'T TRUST THE PEOPLE.
APARENTLY NOT. THANKS TO THE ONE-FOUR-NINE DEBACLE, ANY CHANGES TO THE PUBLIC ORDER LAWS WILL HAVE TO BE SUSPENDED.
AND, AH, SUCH A POLICY U-TURN MIGHT CAUSE TROUBLE IN ITSELF...
I'M MORE CONCERNED ABOUT YOU LETTING MUTIES INTO THE CITY--
SILENCE!
THAT IS SET IN STONE, DREDD.
DISMISSED.

SO LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU...
WE'RE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE
HE'S NIXED THIS FREEDOM CRAP FOR NOW -- BUT HE'S STILL DETERMINED TO BRING THE MUTIES IN. THAT'LL MAKE THE CAULDRON LOOK LIKE A GRUDDAMNED PICNIC...
YOU BEEN MAKING AN UNAUTHORISED DATABANK SEARCH, CHAMBERS?
ABSOLUTELY.
WHAT'S THAT?
OH, THAT?
'THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CHIEF JUDGE LAST WEEK.
'IT'S GOODMAN'S TURN IN BRIT-CIT FOR THE CHRISTMAS GOODWILL SUMMIT. HE'S COMING HOME ON WAGON NINE-FIVER. HALF A MINUTE FROM TOUCHDOWN SHE STARTS TO CARTWHEEL AND SPREADS HERSELF ALL OVER THE PAD.
'THIS IS GOODMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE CRASH...'
OFF LINE
-- BEFORE I COULD STOP HIM, THE PILOT PULLED HIS LAWGIVER, PLACED IT IN HIS MOUTH AND FIRED ONCE. I EJECTED IMMEDIATELY --
BLACK BOX REGISTERED A SINGLE GUNSHOT. IT DIDN'T REVEAL WHAT GOODMAN WAS DOING ON THE FLIGHT DECK WHEN HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN STRAPPED IN AMIDSHIPS.
THEN THINGS GET WEIRD.


THIS WAS THE PILOT.
LONG-WALK LAWSON? HE SHOT HIMSELF?
YOU KNOW THE STORY...
'HE WAS OVERDUE FROM A CURSED EARTH RECON FLIGHT, THIS TIME LAST YEAR.
'WALKED IN A MONTH LATER, HAVING COME OVER A THOUSAND KAYS. SAID THE WAGON AND CREW WERE UNDER A RADSWAMP, GONE FOR GOOD.
'SPENT SIX MONTHS IN REHAB, THEN RETURNED TO FLIGHT DUTY. SOFT OPS ONLY -- LAST OF WHICH WAS THE BRIT-CIT RUN...'
SUICIDE AS A RESULTED OF DELAYED STRESS, HUH?
DENIED EMPHATICALLY
BY ORDER OF THE CHIEF JUDGE
NICE AND HANDY, ISN'T IT?
BY NOW I'M CURIOUS. I REQUEST THAT ONE OF OUR PROBE-DROIDS CHECK OUT THE LAST REPORTED POSITION OF LAWSON'S FIRST WAGON. NO BIG DEAL. TEK BOYS LAUNCH PROBES EVERY DAY
HEY PRESTO:
LAWSON DIDN'T EAT THE GUN 'TIL HE GOT NEAR GOODMAN -- WHO IN TURN DIDN'T GO KOOKY ON US 'TIL AFTER THE CRASH.
I THINK THE REASON IS OUT THERE IN THE CURSED EARTH, ON THAT WAGON WRECK -- AND GOODMAN DOESN'T WANT US NEAR IT.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, DREDD?

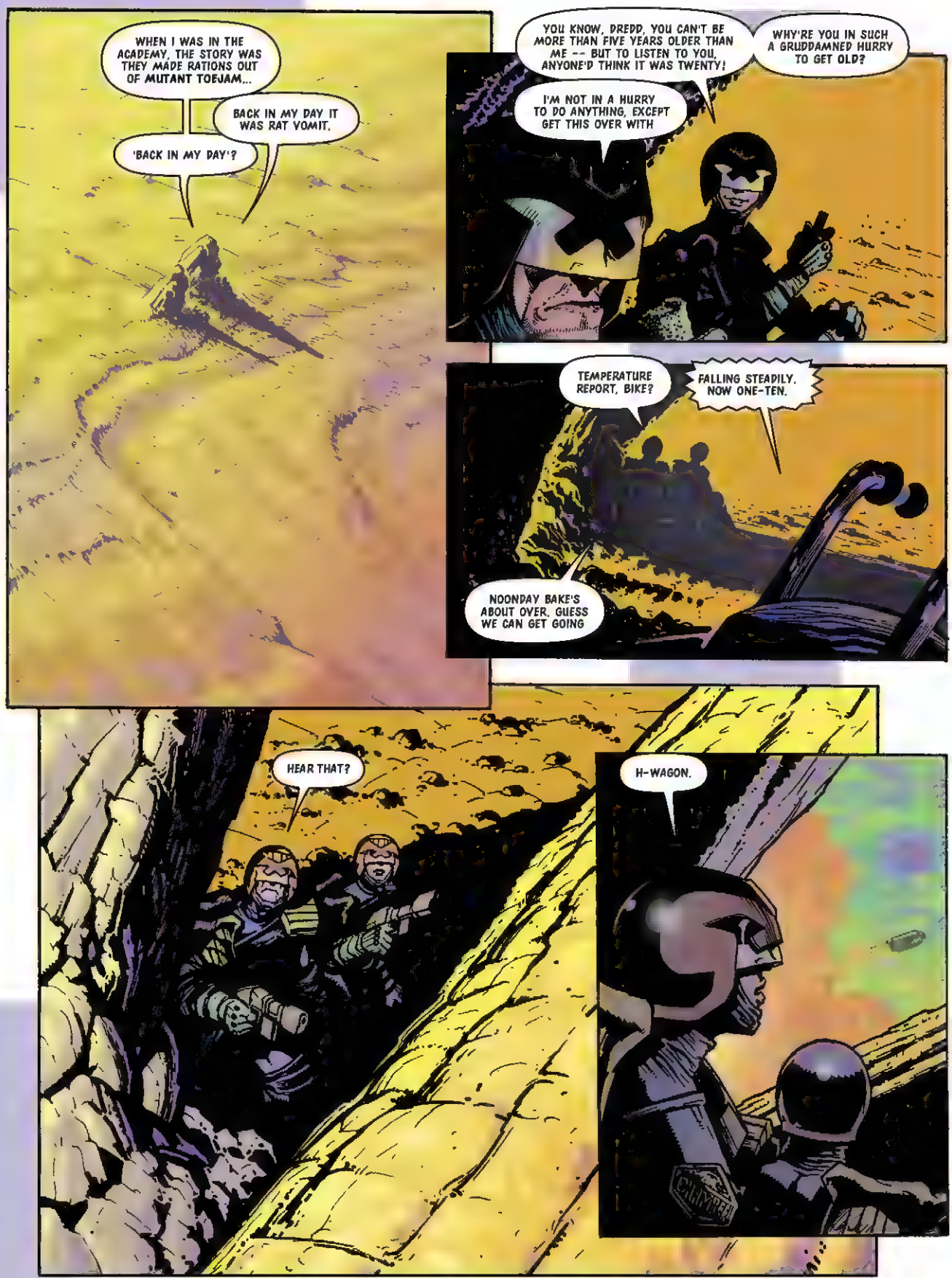
MIDNIGHT:
CONTROL TO DREDD!
GO AHEAD.
YOU ASKED TO BE KEPT NOTIFIED ON CHAMBERS? SHE JUST CALLED IN RADIO SILENCE.
LAST LOCATION?
TURNING ONTO WEST WALL HIGHWAY. YOU WANT TO BE PATCHED THROUGH WHEN SHE BREAKS SILENT RUNNING?
NEGATIVE. TAP-GANG ON HOLD, ALLEY FORGE. TEN APIECE. DREDD OUT
AIN'T IT KINDA DARK TO START A CIRCUIT TOUR, CHAMBERS?
AUTHORISATION'S CHARLIE ECHO TWO ZERO, ORR. SOONER YOU CHECK IT, SOONER I'M OUT OF YOUR HAIR.
IF YOU'RE SURE YOU DON'T WANNA WAIT 'TIL FIRST LIGHT...
I'M SURE
BY RIGHTS I OUGHT TO ARREST YOU.
GET ON WITH IT, THEN.
DREDD, THIS IS THE ONLY WAY. WHATEVER'S WRONG WITH GOODMAN, WHATEVER'S GOT HIM TAKING THE CITY TO HELL -- IT STARTED A YEAR AGO, OUT THERE ON THAT WAGON WRECK..
WE CAN'T STOP HIM BY THE BOOK. HE'S THE CHIEF JUDGE, HE CAN WRITE THE GRUDDAMN BOOK ANY WAY HE WANTS. TO STOP HIM, WE NEED TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED..
WE NEED TO SEE THE WRECK.

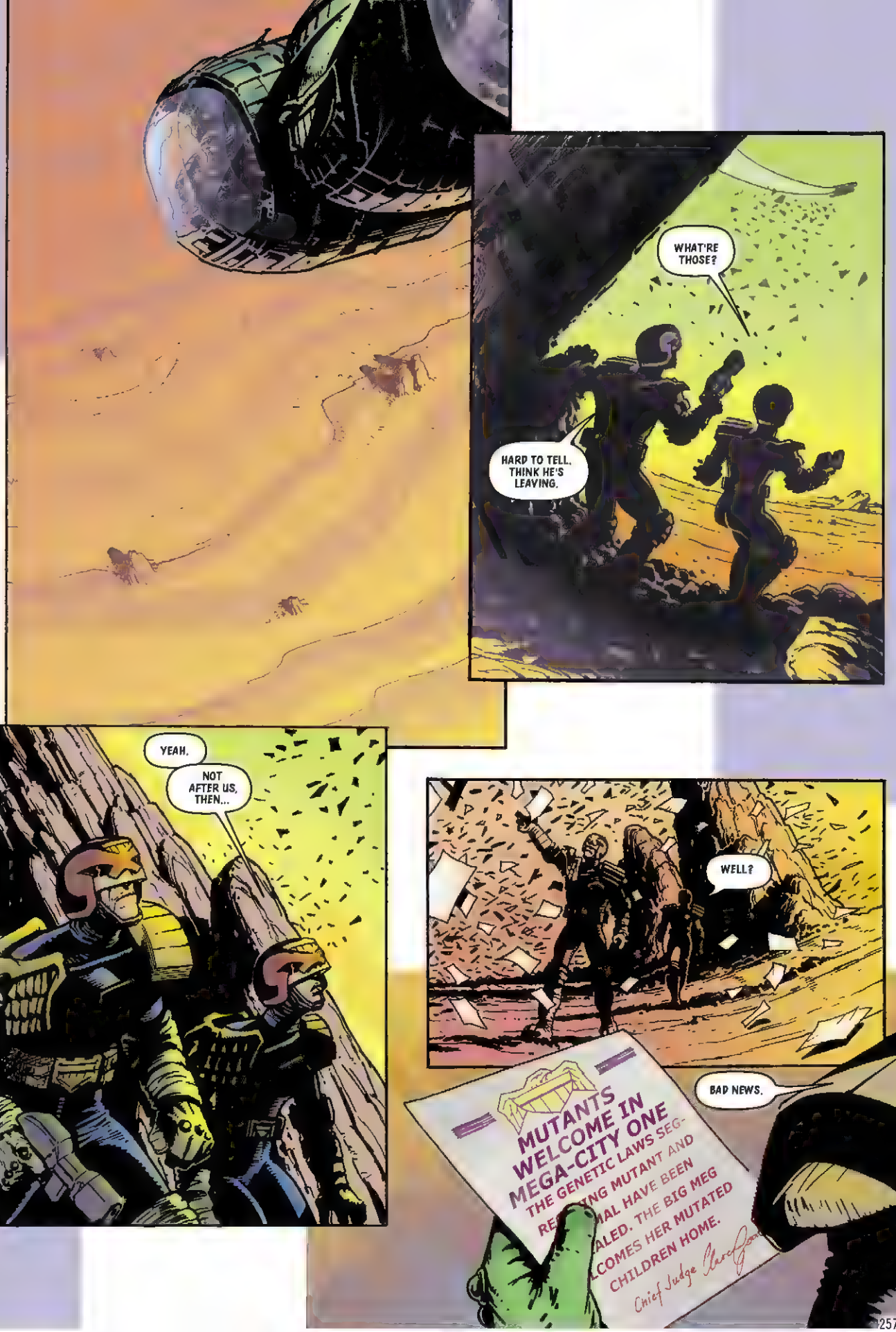

BUT YOU KNOW ALL THIS, DON'T YOU? OR HAVE YOU COME UP WITH A BETTER IDEA?
BEEN TRYING TO SINCE WE LAST SPOKE.
THAT FAKE AUTHORISATION LIKELY TO HOLD UP?
YEAH, I--
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, CHAMBERS!
GUESS NOT.
WE'LL TRY MINE.
ILLEGAL EXIT, CHIEF JUDGE! DREDD AND CHAMBERS! WEST GATE NINE!
OBLITERATE THEM!!!

BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
THEY LOCK US, WE'RE DEAD! WEAVE!
THEY'RE OFF-SCREEN, CHIEF JUDGE. WE'RE SCRAMBLING THE WAGONS NOW -- BUT IN THE CURSED EARTH AND AT NIGHT, WE'VE AS GOOD AS LOST 'EM...
UNDERSTOOD.
IF THEY SHOW UP AGAIN -- ANYWHERE -- I WANT THEM SHOT ON SIGHT. PASS THE WORD TO ALL GATE UNITS.
THAT IS ALL.
GOOD BOY, CLARENCE.
GOOD BOY.

WAGONS REPORT NO CONTACT WITH DREDD OR CHAMBERS, CHIEF JUDGE. YOU WANT ANOTHER SWEEP?
NEGATIVE. ORDER THEM TO RETURN AND REFUEL. I WANT THEM PREPPED FOR TAKE-OFF BY 07:00.
CHIEF JUDGE, ABOUT THIS NEW OP YOU ORDERED... I'VE BEEN GETTING QUERIES FROM SOME OF THE PILOTS AND CREW CHIEFS, AND I WANTED TO REQUEST CONFIRMATION --
YOU'VE GOT IT.
SIR?
YOU ASKED FOR CONFIRMATION. THAT WAS IT.
UH... YESSIR. I'LL NOTIFY YOU WHEN THEY LAUNCH.
WAGON CONTROL OUT

HOW'S IT FEEL TO BE A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE, DREDD?
LOUSY.
NO GOING BACK NOW.
WOULD YOU LOOK AT THIS? ELECTRICAL STORMS, IMPOSSIBLE TERRAIN, POISONOUS WATER, EVERY INDIGENOUS LIFEFORM HOSTILE..
HOW THE HELL DID LAWSON DO IT?
HE COULDN'T, CHAMBERS. YOU CAN'T WALK A THOUSAND KAYS ACROSS THE CURSED EARTH -- NOT WOUNDED, LOW ON RATIONS AND WITH ONLY A HANDGUN FOR PROTECTION.
NOT UNLESS YOU'VE GOT HELP...
EXACTLY.
IF SOMETHING DID COME BACK WITH HIM, THAT COULD BE WHAT PROMPTED HIS SUICIDE.
AND WENT ON TO AFFECT THE CHIEF JUDGE? BRR.
WELL, BIKE'S LOCKED ON TO THE PROJECTED ROUTE HIS WAGON WAS ON WHEN IT CRASHED...
SOMETIME AROUND NOON TOMORROW, WE OUGHT TO KNOW THE TRUTH.


WHEN I WAS IN THE ACADEMY, THE STORY WAS THEY MADE RATIONS OUT OF MUTANT TOEJAM...
BACK IN MY DAY IT WAS RAT VOMIT.
'BACK IN MY DAY'?
YOU KNOW, DREDD, YOU CAN'T BE MORE THAN FIVE YEARS OLDER THAN ME -- BUT TO LISTEN TO YOU, ANYONE'D THINK IT WAS TWENTY!
WHY'RE YOU IN SUCH A GRUDDAMNED HURRY TO GET OLD?
I'M NOT IN A HURRY TO DO ANYTHING, EXCEPT GET THIS OVER WITH
TEMPERATURE REPORT, BIKE?
FALLING STEADILY. NOW ONE-TEN.
NOONDAY BAKE'S ABOUT OVER. GUESS WE CAN GET GOING
HEAR THAT?
H-WAGON.


WHAT'RE THOSE?
HARD TO TELL. THINK HE'S LEAVING.
YEAH.
NOT AFTER US, THEN...
WELL?
BAD NEWS.
MUTANTS WELCOME IN MEGA-CITY ONE
THE GENETIC LAWS SEG-
MUTANT AND
HAVE BEEN
THE BIG MEG
HER MUTATED
CHILDREN HOME.
Chief Judge

'I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN.'
GOTTA BE HITTING A FIVE-FIGURE COUNT. AND EVERY DROKKING ONE OF 'EM HEADED FOR THE MEG...
THOSE DAMN LEAFLETS. WHAT DO THEY THINK THEY'RE GOING TO FIND?
FOOD, SHELTER, MEDICAL AID, SECURITY...
REVENGE, MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE.
THIS TRUE?
MUTIES WELCOME IN THE BIG MEG NOW, HUH? TRUE? SAY?
MAYBE WE START WELCOME RIGHT HERE! MAYBE HAVE LAWBOY SWEETMEATS FOR SUPPER! MAYBE HAVE LAWBITCH FOR FUN!
SAY?
SAY?!?
BIKE?

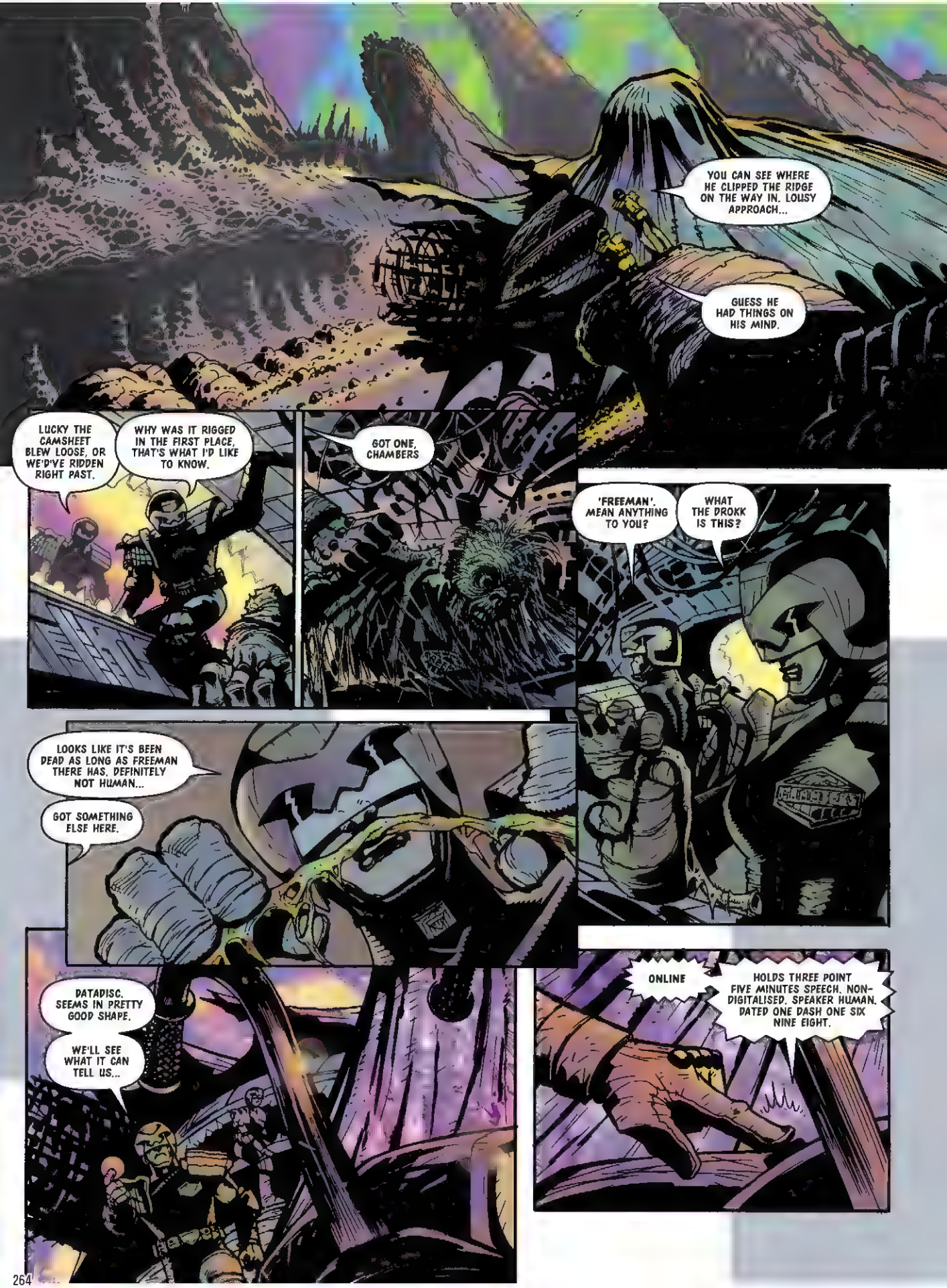
ROJ.
BRAK
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
ALL?
ALL.
HEATSEEKERS
HI-EX.
SAY!
BAKOOOM
...uuhhh...

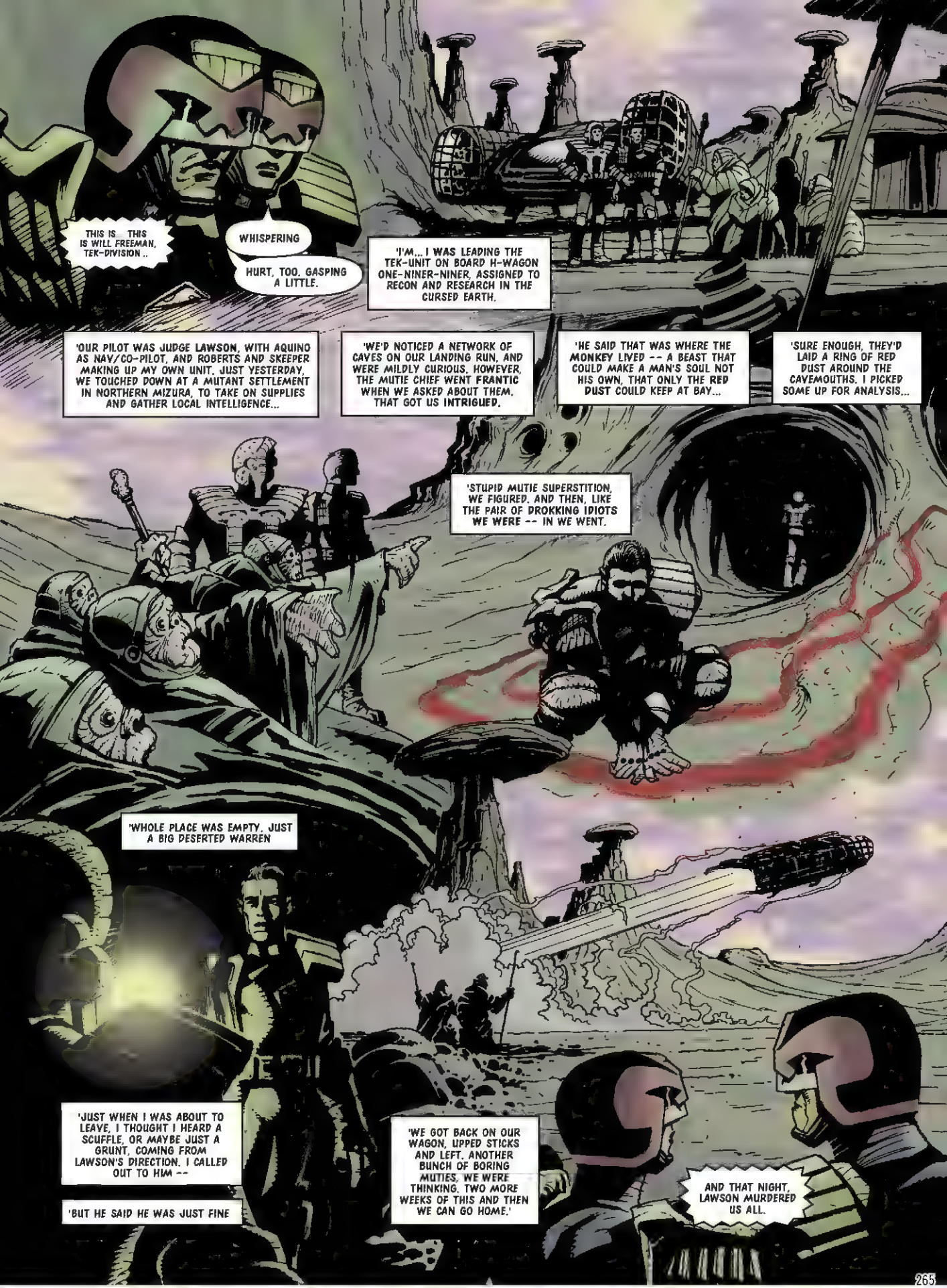
GRRUPP... HELP ME...
PLEASE, NORMO -- SAY HELP ME!
MAYBE
YOU COME FAR?
CLEAR FROM... FROM MIZURA...
MEGA-CITY SHIP CAME DOWN AROUND THERE, MAYBE A YEAR AGO. KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT?
BIG CRASH ON OOZARKS, MANY MONTH BACK. DUNNO IF...IF YOURS.
W-WEST OF BLACK HILL--
LAWBOY, HELP! SAY HELP! PLEASE!
VERY WELL.
BADAMM
THE MUTIES'VE BEEN OUT HERE TOO LONG TO CHANGE FOR THE BETTER. GOODMAN CAN OFFER 'EM ALL THE FORGIVENESS HE LIKES: THEY DON'T HAVE AN OUNCE OF IT FOR US.
HATE LIKE THAT RUNS WAY TOO DEEP.
YOU REALLY ARE A RAY OF SUNSHINE IN AN OTHERWISE MISERABLE WORLD, AREN'T YOU?
WE CAN MAKE ANOTHER THIRTY KAYS BEFORE DARK. LET'S GET MOVING.

ZZZZZZ
ZZZZZZZ
ZZZ--SNORK
NAUGHTY BOY, CLARENCE!
WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU THINK YOU WERE UP TO?
GOING TO RAISE THE ALARM WHILE I WAS SLEEPING, WERE YOU? TRY AND SHOOT ME, EVEN? MM?
I... I...
TAP TAP
I THINK YOU'VE FORGOTTEN WHO'S CALLING THE SHOTS ROUND HERE, CLARENCE...
I THINK YOU NEED REMINDING.
NO! N--
CONTROL FROM GOODMAN: SEND MARTINI UP HERE AT ONCE.
AFFIRMATIVE, CHIEF JUDGE.

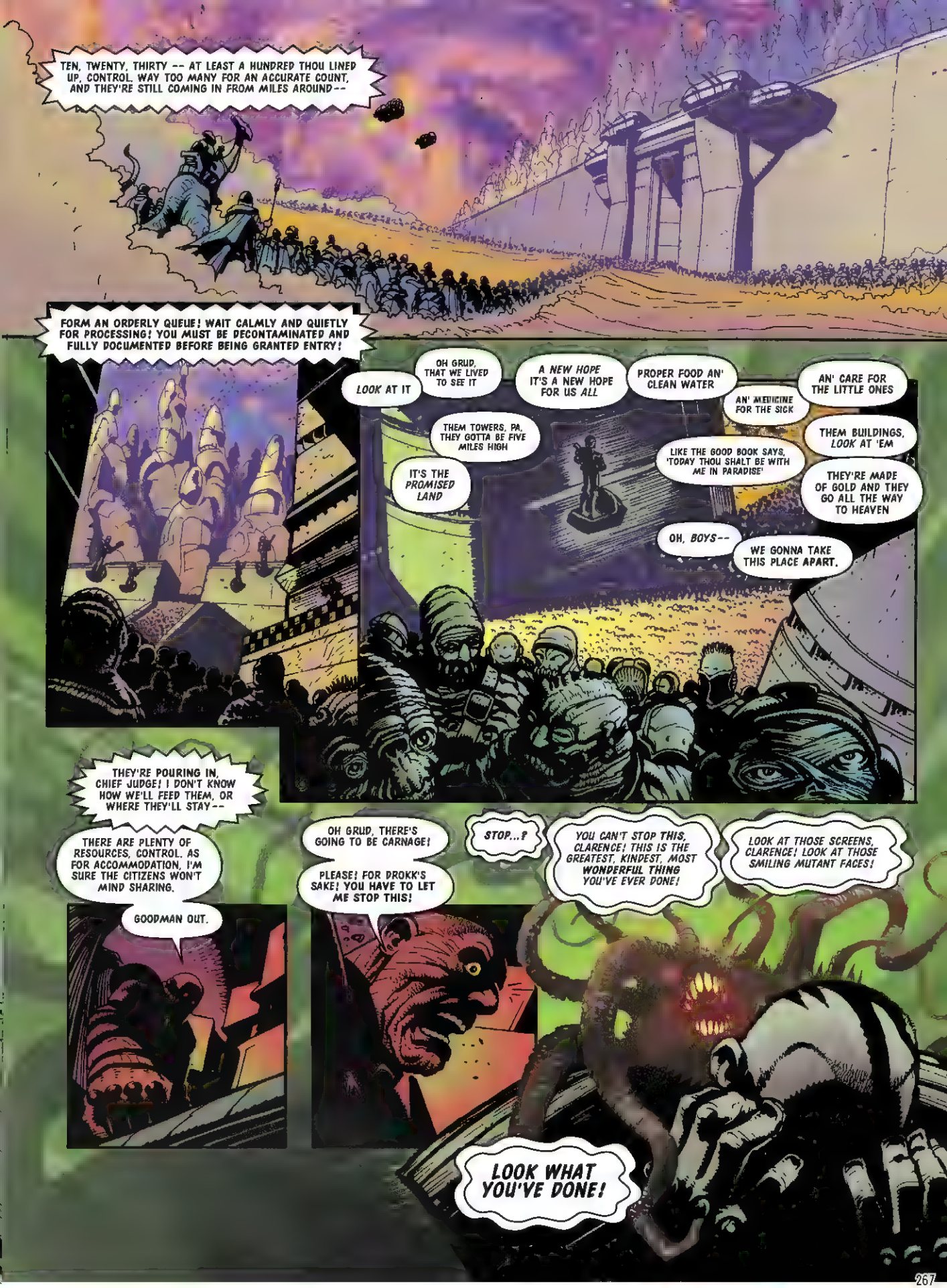
YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, CHIEF JUDGE?
MARTINI...
I WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR MAKING MY INTERROGATION LESS OF AN ORDEAL LAST WEEK. YOU SHOWED ADMIRABLE TACT AND RESTRAINT.
WELL, YOU'D BEEN THROUGH A LOT, CHIEF JUDGE. I DIDN'T SEE ANY POINT IN MAKING THINGS HARDER THAN THEY HAD TO BE.
QUITE.
ANYWAY, THANK YOU FOR--
MARTINI? YOUR SIDEARM DOESN'T LOOK VERY CLEAN. I DON'T APPROVE OF JUDGES WHO NEGLECT THEIR EQUIPMENT...
I -- I ASSURE YOU IT'S IN EXCELLENT CONDITION, CHIEF JUDGE!
HERE YOU
BADAMM
PERHAPS I COULD INSPECT IT...?
YESSIR! AT ONCE!
CONTROL, I'VE JUST BEEN FORCED TO SHOOT MARTINI IN THE COURSE OF AN ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE. CAN YOU SEND UP A MED-TEAM?
GOOD GRUD! ON THEIR WAY, CHIEF JUDGE!

... SOMETHING ABOUT GOING TOO FAR WITH MY REFORMS, AND THEN HE WENT FOR HIS GUN...
I REACTED INSTINCTIVELY. MY GRUD, IF I'D BEEN A SECOND SLOWER-!
GOOD JOB YOU'VE LOST NONE OF YOUR SPEED, CHIEF JUDGE. CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING?
NO, CAL. I...
I'D LIKE TO BE ALONE
AS YOU WISH.
GRUD DAMN YOU! YOU'VE MADE ME A MURDERER!
YOU'RE ALREADY A MURDERER, A HUNDRED THOUSAND TIMES OVER.
ALL THE MUTANTS YOU'VE CONDEMNED TO THE CURSED EARTH .. TO SCRABBLE FOR FOOD IN THE NUCLEAR RUINS... TO LIVE LIKE RATS AND PREY UPON EACH OTHER...
THEY'RE ON YOUR CONSCIENCE TOO, CLARENCE. DON'T FORGET IT.
DON'T PREACH TO ME! DON'T BUTCHER MY JUDGES AND JUSTIFY IT AFTERWARDS!
YOU WEREN'T ASLEEP! YOU SET ME UP! YOU WERE PLAYING WITH ME-- YOU SICK, EVIL LITTLE BASTARD!
MAYBE I AM EVIL, CLARENCE...
BUT WE BOTH KNOW HOW I GOT THAT WAY, DON'T WE?


YOU CAN SEE WHERE HE CLIPPED THE RIDGE ON THE WAY IN. LOUSY APPROACH...
GUESS HE HAD THINGS ON HIS MIND.
LUCKY THE CAMSHEET BLEW LOOSE, OR WE'D'VE RIDDEN RIGHT PAST.
WHY WAS IT RIGGED IN THE FIRST PLACE, THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW.
GOT ONE, CHAMBERS
'FREEMAN'. MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
WHAT THE DROKK IS THIS?
LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN DEAD AS LONG AS FREEMAN THERE HAS. DEFINITELY NOT HUMAN...
GOT SOMETHING ELSE HERE.
DATADISC. SEEMS IN PRETTY GOOD SHAPE.
WE'LL SEE WHAT IT CAN TELL US...
ONLINE
HOLDS THREE POINT FIVE MINUTES SPEECH. NON-DIGITALISED. SPEAKER HUMAN. DATED ONE DASH ONE SIX NINE EIGHT.


THIS IS... THIS IS WILL FREEMAN, TEK-DIVISION..
WHISPERING
HURT, TOO. GASPING A LITTLE.
'I'M... I WAS LEADING THE TEK-UNIT ON BOARD H-WAGON ONE-NINER-NINER, ASSIGNED TO RECON AND RESEARCH IN THE CURSED EARTH.
'OUR PILOT WAS JUDGE LAWSON, WITH AQUINO AS NAV/CO-PILOT, AND ROBERTS AND SKEEPER MAKING UP MY OWN UNIT. JUST YESTERDAY, WE TOUCHED DOWN AT A MUTANT SETTLEMENT IN NORTHERN MIZURA, TO TAKE ON SUPPLIES AND GATHER LOCAL INTELLIGENCE...
'WE'D NOTICED A NETWORK OF CAVES ON OUR LANDING RUN, AND WERE MILDLY CURIOUS. HOWEVER, THE MUTIE CHIEF WENT FRANTIC WHEN WE ASKED ABOUT THEM. THAT GOT US INTRIGUED.
'HE SAID THAT WAS WHERE THE MONKEY LIVED -- A BEAST THAT COULD MAKE A MAN'S SOUL NOT HIS OWN, THAT ONLY THE RED DUST COULD KEEP AT BAY...
'SURE ENOUGH, THEY'D LAID A RING OF RED DUST AROUND THE CAVEMOUTHS. I PICKED SOME UP FOR ANALYSIS...
'STUPID MUTIE SUPERSTITION, WE FIGURED. AND THEN, LIKE THE PAIR OF DROKKING IDIOTS WE WERE -- IN WE WENT.
'WHOLE PLACE WAS EMPTY. JUST A BIG DESERTED WARREN
'JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE, I THOUGHT I HEARD A SCUFFLE, OR MAYBE JUST A GRUNT, COMING FROM LAWSON'S DIRECTION. I CALLED OUT TO HIM --
'BUT HE SAID HE WAS JUST FINE
'WE GOT BACK ON OUR WAGON, UPPED STICKS AND LEFT. ANOTHER BUNCH OF BORING MUTIES, WE WERE THINKING. TWO MORE WEEKS OF THIS AND THEN WE CAN GO HOME.'
AND THAT NIGHT, LAWSON MURDERED US ALL.

'I'D JUST FINISHED CHECKING THE RED DUST -- HIGH RAD CONTENT, LOTS OF IRON AND SULPHUR, NO BIG DEAL -- WHEN I HEARD THE SHOTS.
"I'M CUTTING THE TRIP SHORT,' HE SAID. 'WE'RE GOING HOME NOW.'
'I HADN'T TIME TO PULL MY GUN. I WENT FOR HIM -- WE STRUGGLED --
'AND THAT'S WHEN I SAW IT.
'THAT THING... CONTROLLED LAWSON. TOTALLY. AND IF IT DOES REACH THE CITY, AND GETS NEAR ANYONE IN AUTHORITY...
'IT LEFT ME FOR DEAD... AND I WILL BE. BUT I HAVE TO TRY. I'M GOING TO JUMP LAWSON. USE THE RED DUST. HOPE IT WORKS ON THE MONKEY LIKE THE MUTIES SAID.
'IF I CAN GET IT, WE'LL CRASH. WE'LL ALL DIE. IF NOT -- WELL, MAYBE SOMEONE'LL FIND THIS DISC AND KNOW HOW TO HANDLE IT. GRUD GO WITH YOU, IF YOU DO...
'GRUD HELP MEGA-CITY ONE IF YOU DON'T.'
SO HE TRIES IT... BURNS AN ARM, OR WHATEVER THAT IS IN THERE, OFF THE MONKEY... THEY CRASH, BUT LAWSON SURVIVES... AND THE MONKEY MAKES THE POOR DROKKER WALK ALL THE WAY HOME
WE'D BETTER HOPE TO GRUD THERE'S SOME OF THAT DUST LEFT


TEN, TWENTY, THIRTY -- AT LEAST A HUNDRED THOU LINED UP, CONTROL. WAY TOO MANY FOR AN ACCURATE COUNT, AND THEY'RE STILL COMING IN FROM MILES AROUND--
FORM AN ORDERLY QUEUE! WAIT CALMLY AND QUIETLY FOR PROCESSING! YOU MUST BE DECONTAMINATED AND FULLY DOCUMENTED BEFORE BEING GRANTED ENTRY!
LOOK AT IT
OH GRUD, THAT WE LIVED TO SEE IT
A NEW HOPE IT'S A NEW HOPE FOR US ALL
PROPER FOOD AN' CLEAN WATER
AN' CARE FOR THE LITTLE ONES
AN' MEDICINE FOR THE SICK
THEM TOWERS, PA, THEY GOTTA BE FIVE MILES HIGH
IT'S THE PROMISED LAND
LIKE THE GOOD BOOK SAYS, 'TODAY THOU SHALT BE WITH ME IN PARADISE'
THEM BUILDINGS, LOOK AT 'EM
THEY'RE MADE OF GOLD AND THEY GO ALL THE WAY TO HEAVEN
OH, BOYS--
WE GONNA TAKE THIS PLACE APART.
THEY'RE POURING IN, CHIEF JUDGE! I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'LL FEED THEM, OR WHERE THEY'LL STAY--
THERE ARE PLENTY OF RESOURCES, CONTROL. AS FOR ACCOMMODATION, I'M SURE THE CITIZENS WON'T MIND SHARING.
GOODMAN OUT.
OH GRUD, THERE'S GOING TO BE CARNAGE!
PLEASE! FOR DROKK'S SAKE! YOU HAVE TO LET ME STOP THIS!
STOP...?
YOU CAN'T STOP THIS, CLARENCE! THIS IS THE GREATEST, KINDEST, MOST WONDERFUL THING YOU'VE EVER DONE!
LOOK AT THOSE SCREENS, CLARENCE! LOOK AT THOSE SMILING MUTANT FACES!
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

THAT'S IT?
THAT'S IT.
GRUD, DREDD, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW WELL THE STUFF WORKS. ALL FREEMAN MANAGED TO DO WAS WOUND IT --
BADLY ENOUGH FOR LAWSON TO CRASH THE WAGON.
WHAT WE DO KNOW IS, THE MONKEY'S GOT ITS HOOKS IN THE CHIEF JUDGE. CLEVER LITTLE DROKKER -- BIDES ITS TIME 'TIL LAWSON GETS CLOSE ENOUGH TO GOODMAN, THEN JUMPS HIM...
AND UNLESS WE GET TO HIM FAST, THERE'LL BE ENOUGH MUTIES THROUGH THE GATES TO BRING MEGA-CITY ONE TO HER KNEES.
'COURSE, YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THE TEN THOUSAND JUDGES BETWEEN US AND GOODMAN, HAVE YOU?
GOOD POINT.
AH, PIECE OF CAKE.

YOU DO REALISE WE'LL BE KILLING JUDGES, DON'T YOU?
UH-HUH.
I MEAN, WE WON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE. THEY'LL PUT THEMSELVES BETWEEN US AND THE CHIEF JUDGE. THEY'LL NEVER BUY A STORY ABOUT A MONKEY...
THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE IT US OR THEM.
IF THAT'S THE PRICE OF BREAKING THE CREATURE'S HOLD ON GOODMAN, THEN IT'LL HAVE TO BE PAID. EVERY JUDGE SHOULD BE READY TO DIE TO PROTECT THE CITY.
I AM. YOU ARE.
THEY SHOULD BE, TOO.
RAD GEAR'LL HAVE TO DO FOR DISGUISES. WE'LL SLIP IN WITH ONE OF THE MUTIE COLUMNS.
DREDD, I'M NOT SURE ABOUT THIS...
GET SURE.

CHIEF JUDGE, THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!
WE'RE ESTIMATING TEN THOUSAND MUTANTS AT THIS GATE ALONE! THAT WORKS OUT AT A MILLION TOTAL AND WE CAN'T PROCESS MORE THAN A DOZEN AN HOUR--
THEN SPEED IT UP.
STREAMLINE THE PROCEDURE. SCRUB THE SEARCHES AND LIE-DETECTORS -- JUST PUT 'EM STRAIGHT THROUGH TO DECONTAM.
AS LONG AS THERE'S NO RISK OF INFECTION, ALL ARE WELCOME IN MY CITY.
ALL ARE-!
SIR, YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! YOU CAN'T IMAGINE THE KIND OF SCUM WE'D BE LETTING ONTO THE STREETS!
SILENCE!
THESE PEOPLE ARE OUR FRIENDS! WE *OWE* THEM! AND YOU CALL THEM SCUM?!?
YOU'RE RELIEVED, PETTIMAN! PLACE YOURSELF UNDER DETENTION! AND NEVER QUESTION MY ORDERS AGAIN!
JUST CAN'T GET THE STAFF THESE DAYS, CAN YOU...?

IF...IF YOU GO AHEAD WITH THIS NOW, THOUSANDS ARE GOING TO DIE.
ORDINARY MUTANTS ARE ONE THING, BUT OUT THERE ARE CREATURES WHO WANT ONLY TO DESTROY THIS CITY: GILA MUNJA, DEVIL'S LAPDOGS, SLAVERS, GRUD KNOWS WHAT...
AND YOU KNOW WHAT, CLARENCE?
YOU DESERVE THEM ALL.
YOU DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT HELPING MUTANTS, DO YOU? ALL YOU WANT IS TO DESTROY...!
PERHAPS.
YOU CALLED ME EVIL, CLARENCE. AND YOU MIGHT WELL BE RIGHT.
BUT YOU MADE ME THAT WAY...CHIEF JUDGE.
I WAS BORN OUT THERE, IN THAT ATOMIC HELL BEYOND YOUR GATES...
NO MEDICAL AID. NO BIG MEG COMFORT. NO JUDGES TO PROTECT ME. ALL I COULD DO WAS EXIST ON THE SCRAPS THE LOCAL MUTIES THREW ME, AND SUFFER IN THE BAKING DAY AND FREEZING NIGHT --
AND ROT. AND FESTER.
THE MUTANTS CALLED ME THE MONKEY, AND THEY FEARED ME -- BUT YOUR IDIOT JUDGES WOULDN'T LISTEN TO THEIR WARNINGS, AND NOW I'VE GOT MY HOOKS IN YOU.
SO YES, I'M EVIL. I ENJOYED THE SLAUGHTER I CREATED IN THE CAULDRON. I ENJOYED MAKING YOU SHOOT THAT IDIOT MARTINI --
AND I'LL ENJOY TURNING YOUR CITY INTO HELL AND RULING IT AS KING.

INTERROGATION AND SEARCH UNITS NOW CLOSING! ALL MUTANTS PROCEED STRAIGHT TO DECONTAM SECTION!
ARE THEY CRAZY?
GOTTA BE THE MONKEY'S DOING.
WE DON'T GET TO THE CHIEF JUDGE SOON, WE'LL HAVE A WAR IN OUR WAY
BETTER AND BETTER.
ITEM! MUTANT DISTURBANCE REPORTED, LUMSDEN MALL!
ITEM! ALL WALL SECTORS ON FULL ALERT! RIOT TEAMS TO STANDBY!
ITEM! MUTANTS SPILLING ONTO HARKER MEZZANINE!
ITEM! WEST WALL HIGHWAY JAMMED! TRAFFCOMS OVERLOADED!
ITEM! DITTO UNDERPASSES SIX THROUGH FIFTY! UNITS DESPATCHED!
ITEM! JUDGE RESERVES NEARING EXHAUSTION! REQUEST UNITS DIVERTED FROM NORTH SECTOR BLOCK WARS!
CHIEF JUDGE -- IT'S STARTED! YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE THE ORDER TO CLOSE THE GATES! ANY MORE MUTIES AND WE'LL BE SWAMPED!
SIR! PLEASE!
GRUDDAMN IT--
GIVE THE ORDER!!!

AAACCHHH-!
NO! STOP! THE JUDGES'LL THROW US OUT AGAIN!
DON'T YOU SEE WE'LL ONLY GET ONE CHANCE?!?
ALL WE NEED!
CITY OURS!
SKKRIP
THAT'S OUR TRANSPORT...
LET GO, YOU SCUM!
THAT IDEA, LAWBOY! ALL WAY DOWN!
HEY! LEAVE HIM BE!
NO, CHAMBERS--
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM

BLEECKER! ARE YOU--
CHAMBERS?!? B-BUT I THOUGHT--
DREDD!
CONTROL FROM BLEECKER!
WAIT! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
DREDD AND CHAMBERS ARE BACK! POSITIVE I.D., HIGHWAY EXIT NINE! REQUEST IMMEDIATE BACK-UP!
REPEAT, DREDD AND CHAMBERS SIGHTED! NEAREST UNIT RESPOND IMMEDI--
BADAMM
I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE HIM. LET'S GO.
YOU... YOU JUST... MY GRUD...
HE WAS BOUND TO I.D. US. THEY'LL HAVE UNITS HERE IN SECONDS.
LET'S GO.

CHIEF JUDGE, THIS IS CAL! DREDD'S JUST BEEN SIGHTED -- CHAMBERS TOO!
STOMM!
ASSASSINATION RUN! THEY'RE AFTER ME!
KILL THEM NOW!
HE WASN'T EVEN ARMED! YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO--
NOW'S NOT THE TIME, CHAMBERS
MAKE TIME!!!
I KNEW HE'D BE BACK!
YOU'RE QUITE SAFE, CHIEF JUDGE. NO-ONE GETS PAST MY SPECIAL JUDICIAL SQUAD...
SO YOU SAY, CAL!
SO YOU SAY!

THIS IS YOUR DROKKING WAKE-UP CALL, DREDD! BLEECKER WAS ONE OF OURS! HE DIDN'T HAVE TO DIE!
WRONG!
THIS MONKEY FREAK IS OUT TO DESTROY MY CITY, CHAMBERS. AS LONG AS I'M ALIVE, THAT AIN'T GONNA HAPPEN.
ANYONE WHO GETS IN MY WAY DIES. NO EXCEPTIONS
ANYONE
I...
I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS...
CAN'T HELP WHAT YOU THINK.
BAKOOM
GUNBIRD FIVE! FOUND 'EM! LOCKED AND HOLDING!
HOLDING?!?
THEY'RE AWAITING YOUR ORDERS, SIR --
THEN OPEN DROKKING FIRE!!!

ROJ.
BRRRRRRTTT
ARMOUR PIERCING!
BAMM
KRISSSHH
YEAH, YOU TRY FOR THE GUNS, FLYBOY...
SEE WHAT HAPPENS.
NOW LAND!
GUNBIRD FIVE JUST CEASED TRANSMISSION, SIR.
WHAAAT?!?
HE'S KILLED THEM ALL! HE'S COMING FOR ME!
JUDGE CAL, THIS CANNOT CONTINUE. WE MUST CLOSE THE GATES, OR THE CITY WILL BE FINISHED--
GOODMAN WON'T GIVE THE ORDER, SLOCUM. HE'S QUITE CLEARLY OUT OF HIS MIND.
THEN...THEN SOMEONE ELSE WILL HAVE TO GIVE IT.
YES.
I WILL, WON'T I?

YOU KNOW HOW TO FLY THIS THING, CHAMBERS?
I KNOW HOW TO CRASH IT.
THAT'S A START.
DREDD'S LIKE A GRUDDAMNED BULLET -- YOU FIRE HIM AND HE NEVER STOPS 'TIL HE HITS THE TARGET...
WHY ISN'T SOMEONE *DOING SOMETHING?!?*
THE ENTIRE SJS IS LOYAL TO YOU! YOU SAID IT YOURSELF, THE CHIEF JUDGE IS MAD --
NO-ONE WOULD STAND IN YOUR WAY!
THERE'S THE GRAND HALL, TEN O'CLOCK LOW--
GOODMAN'S ROOMS ARE UP TOP. STRAIGHT IN.
GIVE HER THE HAMMER.

CONTROL TO GUNBIRD FIVE, YOU ARE ENTERING GRAND HALL AIRSPACE! COMMENCE DECELERATION!
GUNBIRD FIVE, RESPOND IMMEDIATE!
HOLY GRUD!
CHIEF JUDGE CLARENCE GOODMAN, UNDER THE AUTHORITY INVESTED IN ME--
KERASSSHHHH
NO!!!

YOU WANT HIM, DREDD?
YOU COME AND GET HIM!
BADAM BADAMBADAM BADAM
CHAMBERS--!
NN!
OH! GOOD SHOOTING!
COME ON, DREDD! TRY AGAIN! YOU MIGHT GET LUCKY --
YOU MIGHT HIT GOODMAN!
BDAM
THE RED DUST, CHAMBERS --
DO IT! DO IT NOW!
WUH -- WILCO...
NO! NOT THAT! NOT THE DUST!
EEEIIIIII!

BITCH!
AAAAH!
IT'S GONE SOLID! DREDD!
I NEED YOU, WOMAN! YOU TOOK MY HOST! I NEED YOU!
QUICK, DREDD --
IT'S GHOSTING OUT AGAIN!
SHOOT IT! BURN IT!
YOU'LL DIE--
YOU SAID WE HAD TO BE READY TO DIE! TO PROTECT THE CITY! YOU WERE RIGHT!
I'M READY, DREDD! SHOOT!
NOW! BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
BURN THE BASTARD!

NNOOAAGGHH!
INCENDIARY.
YOU'RE... UNDER... ARREST, DREDD--
NO, CAL.
HE'S NOT
THE WEST WALL GATES WERE ORDERED CLOSED AT ONCE.
OF THE FIVE THOUSAND MUTANTS WHO HAD ENTERED MEGA-CITY ONE, ONLY HALF OBEYED THE ORDER TO SURRENDER.
IT WOULD BE SEVERAL WEEKS BEFORE THE REST WERE FOUND AND TERMINATED

THOSE THAT DID GIVE UP WERE KICKED OUT STRAIGHT AWAY...
WE'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU FOR THIS!
GRUDDAMN YOU NORMO BASTARDS!
HOW CAN YOU BE SO CRUEL? YOU GIVE US ALL A TASTE OF HEAVEN, JUST TO THROW US BACK TO HELL!
TOUGH! GET LOST!
SEPERATE CEREMONIES WERE HELD ALL THE NEXT DAY, HONOURING THE FIFTY-SEVEN JUDGES WHO HAD DIED IN THE MUTANT INCURSION --
BUT JUDGE DREDD ONLY WENT TO ONE
CHAMBERS

2000 AD Prog 1336: Cover by **Brian Bolland**

2000 AD Prog 1340: Cover by **Ian Gibson**

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WRITERS

John Wagner has been scripting for **2000 AD** for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd, Strontium Dog, Ace Trucking, Al's Baby, Button Man* and *Mean Machine.* Outside of **2000 AD** his credits include **Star Wars, Lobo, The Punisher** and the critically acclaimed **A History of Violence.**

Garth Ennis first came to prominence as a writer on *Troubled Souls*, the Northern Ireland-set series he created with John McCrea for **Crisis.** As well as scripting its sequel, *For a Few Troubles More* and *True Faith* (created with Warren Pleece), he was also a regular contributor to **2000 AD** and the **Judge Dredd Megazine**, writing *Judge Dredd, Strontium Dogs, The Corps, Time Flies, Chopper* and *Sleeze 'n' Ryder.* Outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, his well-received run on **Hellblazer** was followed by **Preacher**, the hugely successful DC Vertigo series he created with Steve Dillon, as well as titles such as **Hitman, Goddess, Bloody Mary**, and a lengthy run on **The Punisher**.

Robbie Morrison is one of **2000 AD**'s most popular writers, having co-created *The Bendatti Vendetta, Shakara, Shimura* and *Vanguard,* as well as being one of the select few writers to have chronicled the adventures of *Judge Dredd* in **2000 AD** and the **Judge Dredd Megazine.** He is also co-creator of fan-favourite strip *Nikolai Dante*, which won an Eagle award for 'Best Character' in 2002, beating *Judge Dredd* to this accolade for the first time in almost twenty years. In the US, he has written **Spider-Man's Tangled Web** for Marvel and **The Authority** for DC/WildStorm. His and artist Charlie Adlard's critically acclaimed graphic novel **White Death** has also been hugely successful in both Europe and the US.

Gordon Rennie is one of **2000 AD** and the **Megazine**'s most prolific creators, with co-creative credits for *Caballistics, Inc., Glimmer Rats, Missionary Man, Necronauts, Storming Heaven, Rain Dogs* and *Witchworld.* He has also written **Daily Star** *Dredd* strips, *Judge Dredd, Harke and Burr, Mean Machine, Past Imperfect, Pulp Sci-Fi, Rogue Trooper, Satanus, Terror Tales, Tharg the Mighty, Vector 13, Absalom* and *Aquila.*

ARTISTS

Carlos Ezquerra was the co-creator of *Judge Dredd, Strontium Dog, Rat Pack, Major Eazy* and many other fan favourite characters, he designed the classic original Dredd costume as well as visually conceptualising Mega-City One. In addition to these credits he also illustrated *A.B.C. Warriors, Judge Anderson, Tharg the Mighty,* and *Cursed Earth Koburn* amongst many other stories. Outside of the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic', Ezquerra illustrated the first *Third World War* episodes in **Crisis** magazine, and become a regular collaborator with Garth Ennis, working on **Adventures in the Rifle Brigade, Bloody Mary, Just a Pilgrim, Condors, The Magnificent Kevin** and two special **Preacher** episodes. He died in 2018 but his profound influence on the world of comic art cannot be overstated.

John Burns' painted art has graced several **2000 AD** series, notably in lengthy runs on *Judge Dredd* and *Nikolai Dante*, as well in as his own co-creations, *The Bendatti Vendetta* and *The Order.* Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, he has pencilled Eclipse's *ESPers* and the James Bond miniseries, *A Silent Armageddon.*

Cam Kennedy is another hugely popular **2000 AD** artist, having illustrated many *Judge Dredd* strips and co-created luckless wannabe creator *Kenny Who?* and the *Taxidermist.* A key early *Rogue Trooper* artist, he has also drawn *Batman/ Judge Dredd: Vendetta in Gotham, Judge Dredd, Tharg the Mighty, Tharg's Future Shocks*, and *The V.C.'s.* His extracurricular work includes *Axel Pressbutton, Batman,* Lobo, *Nick Fury: Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.*, and *Star Wars.*

Patrick Goddard's clean art style has graced many strips in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic. Co-creator of the **Megazine** series *Wardog*, he has pencilled *Judge Dredd, Mean Machine, Middenface McNulty, Sinister Dexter* and took over the art duties on *Savage* from Charlie Adlard.

Charlie Adlard made his debut pencilling *Judge Dredd* in the eponymous **Megazine**; since then, he's also illustrated *Armitage* and *Judge Hershey* in the Meg, and *Judge Dredd, Nikolai Dante, Pulp Sci-Fi* and *Rogue Trooper* in **2000 AD.** His most recent work for the Galaxy's Greatest Comic is the official sequel to *Invasion!*, the hard-hitting *Savage.* Beyond **2000 AD**, Adlard has illustrated, **Astronauts in Trouble, Codeflesh**, DC/Wildstorm's **The Establishment, Shadowman, The X-Files, The Walking Dead** and the graphic novels **White Death** and **Rock Bottom.**

SOMETHING STINKS IN MEGA-CITY ONE!

He's been a thorn in Dredd's side since the Apocalypse War, but will Orlok the Assassin finally be brought to justice?

Meanwhile, the Big Meg is invaded by the silent but deadly (smelling) Phartz from space! The Chief Judge's man, Armon Gill has escaped from a Cursed Earth correction facility and has his sights set on terminating Hershey. And superstar writer Garth Ennis (**Preacher, The Boys**) returns to write his final Dredd story, *Monkey On My Back*, drawn by John Higgins (**Watchmen**).

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